THE LITERARY DIGEST

PUBLIC OPINION (New York) combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST

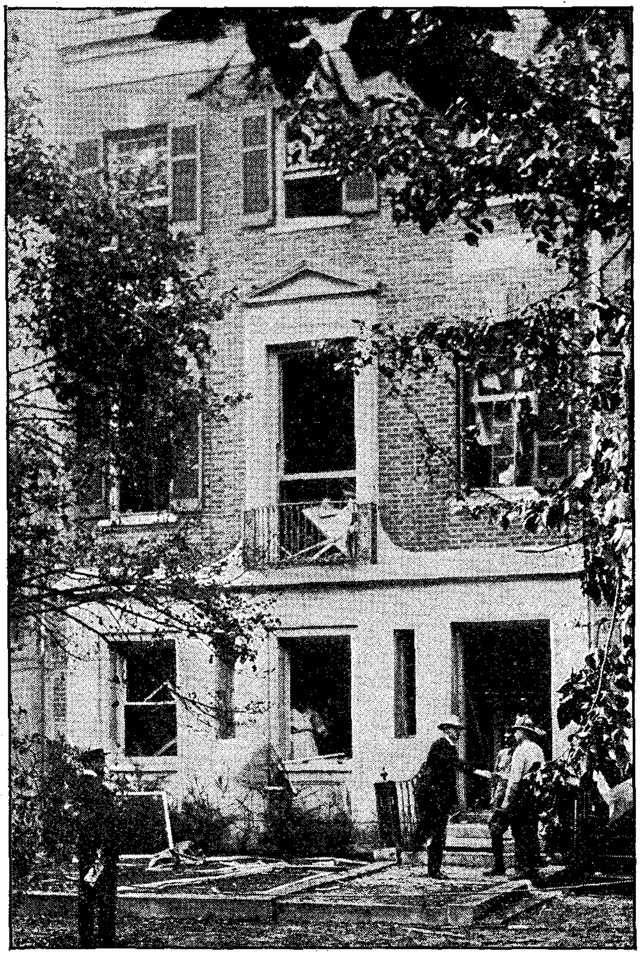
Published by Funk & Wagnalls Company (Adam W. Wagnalls, Pres.; Wilfred J. Funk, Vice-Pres.; Robert J. Cuddihy, Treas.; William Neisel, Sec'y), 354-360 Fourth Ave., New York

Vol. LXI, No. 11 New York, June 14, 1919 Whole Number 1521

TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

WHAT IS BACK OF THE BOMBS?

WHO THREW THE BOMBS of June 2, or who mailed the infernal machines of May 1, is a matter for the Secret Service and the police. Why the bombs were thrown, what is the reason for a series of outrages making democratic America resemble the Russia of the Czars, and a career on the American bench as hazardous as that of a Muscovite Grand Duke, is the question which the American press has set itself to answer in earnest. These attempted assassinations may be the work of "a little group of desperate criminals," as the New York *Globe* has it, or of "a few individuals obsessed with Bolshevistic or radical designs who do not recognize the utter absurdity of an attempt at a reign of terror in this country," as the Philadelphia *Record* concludes. They may indicate, as Attorney-General A. Mitchell Palmer says, "nothing but the lawless attempt of an anarchistic element in the population to terrorize the country and thus stay the hand of the Government," which "they have utterly failed to do." Judge Nott, of New York, whose house was one of the targets for the bomb-throwers, considers the attempt on his life "a concerted and criminal alien plot of Bolsheviki and sympathizers and of radical organizations to terrorize the judiciary, the public officers, and the upholders of law and order throughout this country." The crimes may be, as the New York *Times* is convinced, "plainly of Bolshevik or I. W. W. origin." Or it may be, as radicals quoted by the New York *Call* assert, "unjust to blame all radicals, liberals, anarchists, laborites, indiscriminately" for a deed "not in any way encouraged" by the anarchist movement. A Socialist alderman even contends that these simultaneous explosions in eight cities were the result of "a frame-up on the part of the police."



"THESE ATTACKS WILL ONLY INCREASE THE ACTIVITIES OF OUR CRIME-DETECTING FORCES,"

Declares Attorney-General Palmer, whose Washington home, shown above, was damaged by a bomb-explosion on June 2.

During the night of June 2 bombs were exploded in eight cities. One burst in front of the home of Attorney-General A. Mitchell Palmer, in Washington; another wrecked the home of Judge Charles C. Nott, of New York. One of six Pittsburg homes damaged by explosions was that of a Federal judge. In Massachusetts bombs were placed in the homes of a Boston judge and a Congressman in a suburban city. A bomb was exploded in the home of the Mayor of Cleveland, in the rectory of a Catholic Church in Philadelphia, and in the home of a Philadelphia jeweler, while a Paterson silk-manufacturer's house was dynamited. The New York and Boston judges had been conspicuous in sentencing advocates of violence, and Attorney-General Palmer is charged with the enforcement of the Espionage Act. Whatever the choice of these victims may indicate, however fortunate it was that but two persons were killed, one probably a bomb-thrower, the fact is, declares the New York *World*, that—

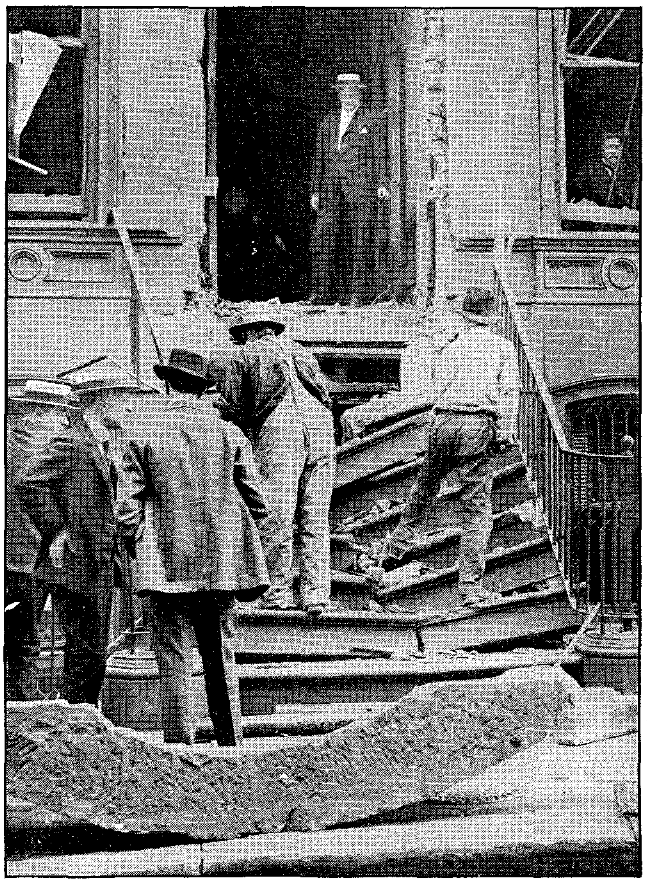
> "Murder is being preached in the United States openly and defiantly. Murder has access to the mails. Murder is openly advocated in public assemblages. The organs of murder are on sale in the streets. Murder is rampant, and it means the murder of government as well as the murder of men. There has been no suppression of murderous speech except as it interfered with war."

With this newspaper, which it would call capitalist, *The Call* thoroughly agrees on this particular point. "Violence is violence," it says, "and murder is a reversion to the brute; it never served in the long run any cause but the cause of human slavery." The Socialist journal continues:

> "All the fine frenzy of 'nationalism,' 'patriotism,' 'democracy' and 'liberty' can not wipe out the stain, the horror of murder committed in their names. Whether it be dropping bombs on

defenseless cities in Great Britain or Germany; whether it be sending out liquid fire from one or the other side of armies locked in mortal combat; whether it be bullets and the torch on the hillsides of Ludlow, murdering women and little children in the name of capitalist 'law and order'; whether it be a murderous food blockade, or whether it be the midnight assassin placing bombs at the doors of individuals, it is all a denial of civilization; it is all a return to brutishness that bodes ill for the race that suffers it. . . . . . .

"Socialists, above all other groups in the community, have no toleration for the advocates of either private or public vengeance. This vengeance generally serves the very thing against which its advocates complain. This murderous action gives opportunity and excuse for more repressive laws, more arbitrary force in the interest of reaction."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"DEATH WOULD BE TOO GOOD FOR THESE CRIMINALS,"

Says Judge Charles C. Nott, Jr., of the persons who mistakenly thought to terrify him when they placed a bomb in the vestibule of his New York home, imperiling the lives of two women and a child asleep in the house.

The Call apparently would thus, in a way, hold the whole world responsible for these outrages. But another leader of Socialist opinion is much more specific. Victor Berger, convicted under the Espionage Law, and fighting for his seat in Congress, says that the bomb-throwings, while "insane," are the logical answers to the "insane outraging of the free press and free speech by the ruling class."

That we, as a nation, are responsible for this destruction of life and property, Frank Morrison, secretary of the American Federation of Labor, agrees. But his contention is that the country is simply "reaping the result of its immigration policy—or lack of policy—during all these years." As he says:

"For years the trade-union movement has urged the restriction of immigration, but the workers were opposed by steamship companies, the Steel Trust, and other employers of labor who stimulated immigration at the rate of 1,000,000 persons a year.

"Many of these immigrants were herded in large cities or other industrial centers. They were encouraged to use their own language and to perpetuate traditions of their mother country.

"At election time, in innumerable instances, they were voted *en bloc*, and if they would organize a trade-union or suspend work to stop exploitation, they were enjoined, clubbed, and jailed. This is an old story in West Virginia, Colorado, Pennsylvania, and elsewhere.

"What can Americanism mean to those persons? They do not even understand our language. To them Americanism means a petty boss and low wages. They know nothing of our theory of government. . . . . . .

"Bomb-throwing is always a challenge to organized society, and should be met in that spirit. But the question must be traced back to its root and treated accordingly. Americanism must be more than a shibboleth. It must mean education, opportunity, and social justice for all. We must vitalize our declarations and our beliefs that injustice has no place on American soil.

"In this soil bomb-throwing will wither and die."

But the New York *Times* takes issue with Secretary Morrison's idea that proper immigration restrictions would keep out bomb-throwers. For one thing, there is as yet no absolute evidence that all the bomb-throwers are aliens. Again, it has been found that "restricted immigration, even when as rigidly applied as in Canada, does not exclude all the enemies of society." But, it declares, since we do admit immigrants so freely, we should see to it that the newcomers are "protected against false and dangerous leaders, that they should have a fair chance to become good Americans." As *The Times* believes:

"The advocates of revolution who speak in halls and from soap-boxes, the foreign-language newspapers that every day teach the doctrines of class hatred, and the periodicals printed in English which have notoriously aided and abetted in the dissemination of revolutionary doctrines are a thousand times more directly responsible than our policy of immigration for the state of mind which has borne its natural fruit in these attempted assassinations by bombs. . . . . . .

"We have given the utmost freedom of speech to the revolutionary agitators, who are the worst enemies of the immigrants; means must be found to shut off the ceaseless flow of falsehood and to teach truth."

So, too, the Buffalo *Evening News* contends that "the only sensible way to combat Socialism, I. W. W.-ism, Bolshevism, and all the other radical 'isms' at war with democracy is to adopt the methods of propaganda employed by the Reds." It says:

"The teachers of Socialism and Bolshevism are assiduous in instruction. They are not content to teach the gospel of revolution only to those who come to them, but they go out into the highways and byways to deliver their message. They teach their false doctrine to the children and to the immigrants. They are forever at it. Every man and woman that comes to accept the creed of violence becomes a missioner. There was more Socialism and Bolshevism talked May-day in the United States than there is Americanism taught in a year.

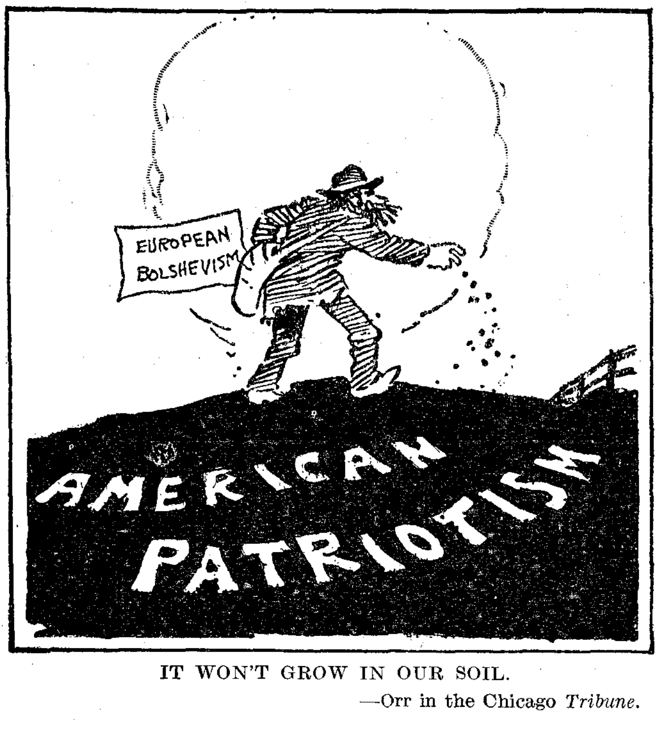
"From the ranks of the immigrants 'the cause' has recruited the greater part of its following. They are taken in hand, as soon as they are clear of Ellis Island, by the propagandists of revolution. Discontent and class hatred are the first part of the instruction. A gloomy and disheartening picture of the life of the toiler in America is drawn for the immigrant. Employers are pictured as monsters who grind workingmen into the dust. From having the idea that he has come to a land of opportunity, the immigrant believes he has gone from bad to worse in journeying to America.

"Of Americanism the immigrant hears little or nothing. He is utterly neglected by the Government, and he comes in contact with no agency effective to cope with the radical workers. He naturally comes to look to them for guidance, companionship, and instruction. Instead of becoming imbued with the spirit of loyalty to the nation that has opened its doors to him, his purpose soon becomes fixt to destroy the plan of it; he becomes a revolutionist. In his ignorance he gives himself to May-day riots or becomes an agent to destroy with bombs officers of the law and the employers he has been taught to hate."

The News is convinced that no real crisis will develop, if effective methods for education are adopted. Then, "once the propaganda of Americanism is under way, the radicals will begin to lose ground. A generation of educational effort by the Government will practically wipe out the 'isms.'"

The legislature of New York State is investigating Bolshevism in New York through a joint committee, whose members have been moved by the bomb-explosions of June 2 to hasten their inquiries. In the meantime several newspapers have been looking into the growth of Bolshevik or "Red" activity. Mr. Sherman Rogers has been investigating the causes, growth, and aims of Bolshevik or "direct-action" radicals in this country, and has been reporting his observations in the New York *World*. He finds the "Red" movement embracing two plans: that of the I. W. W., "One-Big-Union" group, using strikes and economic weapons, and that of the political group, using political methods. But both are directed to the "realization of the Bolshevik millennium" in the destruction of the capitalistic system and the setting up of a proletariat dictatorship. Here are some of the outstanding facts which Mr. Rogers says he has discovered:

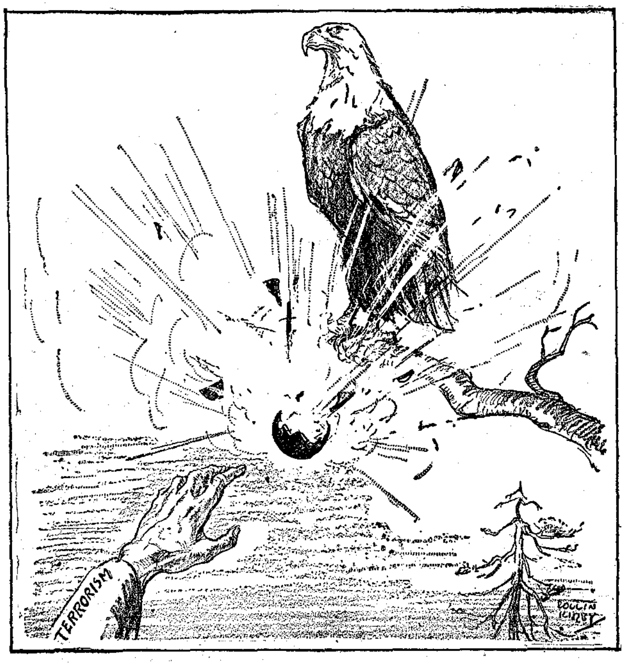
> "The Bolshevik idea (which is really an American production) has appealed to a greater number of people in the United States than is generally believed, and the number of its supporters is constantly increasing.
>
> "The adherents of the movement allied with the various groups engaged with the promotion of its main ambition are not, as generally believed, confined to the idle, underpaid, and discontented classes of toilers, professional agitators, foreign disturbers, fanatics, and half-baked philosophers, but includes hundreds of thousands of laboring men earning large wages, employers who admit the justice of many of the claims of their employees for better wage and living conditions, hundreds of wealthy men and women who are contributing liberally to advance the movement for manifestly sincere and unselfish motives, college professors, and students and professional men.
>
> "During the last two years the oppressive policy of various agencies of the Government in exercising for military reasons the powers of censorship has aroused wide-spread resentment over the exercise of them and resulting in the imprisonment of such popular leaders of the Bolshevik movement as Bill Haywood, Eugene V. Debs, and other agitators, the policy of the Post-office Department and some of the courts being specifically singled out for attacks by the followers of Bolshevism.
>
> "The labor program also contemplates the cooperation of agricultural movements like the Non-Partizan League, which controls the State Government of North Dakota and has a membership of 200,000 in that and in several surrounding States, the program of which is very similar in many respects to that of the I. W. W. and other Bolshevik organizations.



IT WON'T GROW IN OUR SOIL.

—Orr in the Chicago *Tribune*.

> "Both the labor and political programs of the Bolshevik movement are most capably and systematically organized and promoted by 2,500 trained and paid agitators.
>
> "The publicity campaign adopted by the two groups working through different agencies is quite as pretentious as that ever devised by the two leading political parties of the country, there being 265 daily, weekly, and monthly periodicals, some of which have a circulation of 200,000 and reaching 10,000,000 readers, the producing plants for Bolshevik journals and literature numbering forty-five in New York City and fifteen in Chicago.



A BIRD THAT CAN'T BE SCARED.

—Kirby in the New York *World*.

> "The leaders of Bolshevism in this country claim the sympathy and support of more than 5,000,000 of the 9,000,000 industrial workers within its borders, it being conceded that there are 3,750,000 wage-earners affiliated with the American Federation of Labor and other trade-unions, the whole number being distributed among 14,000 industrial plants, in 2,000 of which more than 1,250,000 hands are employed.
>
> "The trend of the Bolshevik movement is toward the disruption of the American Federation of Labor by open attacks upon Samuel Gompers and by systematic proselyting among members of trade-unions affiliated with the A. F. of L.
>
> "The leaders of both groups have united in projecting a nation-wide demonstration on the Fourth of July ostensibly to force a new trial for Mooney, under life sentence in California, and the pardon of Haywood, Debs, and other radical leaders, but really designed to organize the entire country on a Bolshevik basis."

The most direct evidence linking the bomb-throwing of June 2 with this "Red," or "Bolshevik," or "direct-action" movement is found by the press in the handbill copies of which were found near the scenes of several of the explosions. This was headed "Plain Words" and read in part as follows:

> "Class war is on and can not cease but with a complete victory for the international proletariat. . . . . . .
>
> "There will have to be bloodshed; we will not dodge. There will have to be murder; we will kill, because it is necessary. There will have to be destruction; we will destroy to rid the world of your tyrannical institutions. . . . . . .
>
> "Just wait and resign to your fate, since privilege and riches have turned your head.
>
> "Long live social revolution! Down with tyranny!
>
> "THE ANARCHISTIC FIGHTERS."

But radicals, Socialists, and freethinkers with whom a New York *Call* reporter talked agreed that this circular "is not couched in the language of an anarchist." And Mr. L. C. K. Martens, the official representative of the Russian *Soviet* Government, when reached by a New York *Sun* reporter, vigorously denied that *Soviet* agents had any part in the affair, and remarked:

> "These explosions were all too clumsy and ineffective to be the work of genuine dynamiters and anarchists. None of them shows the marks of experts. I have the very same suspicion of these explosions as I had with regard to the mail bomb cases. This is a second effort to bring about the repressive measures desired by the reactionaries."

LITTLE AUSTRIA

Under the treaty the area of the Austrian Empire is reduced from 240,935 square miles to between 40,000 and 50,000 square miles.

Her population is reduced from over fifty to between five and six millions.

She must recognize the independence of Hungary, Czecho-Slovakia, and Jugo-Slavia.

She must renounce all extra-European rights.

She must recognize and respect the independence of all Russian territory.

She must agree to accept the League of Nations covenant and the labor charter.

She must demobilize all naval and aerial forces.

She must admit the right of trial by Allied and Associated Powers of Austrian nationals guilty of violations of the laws and customs of force.

She must make compensation for all damages by personal injury to civilians caused by acts of war, including aerial bombardments.

She must assure complete protection of life and liberty to all inhabitants of Austria.

She must agree not to impose any restrictions on the use of any language.

She must abandon all financial claims against Allied or Associated Powers.

THE AUSTRIAN TERMS

As summarized by the New York *Tribune*.

A BITTER FUTURE is seen for the little Austria that emerges from the Peace Conference, surrounded by quarrelsome neighbors eager to show their new power and threatened internally by bankruptcy and social upheavals. More than one State of our Union will exceed it in population and wealth, and, as the Portland *Oregonian* remarks, "on all sides, except perhaps toward Bavaria, it will be surrounded by peoples who hate the Germans." The Allies will not even permit her to unite with Germany, but, as some of our press observe sagely, perhaps she doesn't want to, after her recent disastrous experiences in that yoke. Enough blue news was contained in the terms handed to the Austrian delegates to satisfy almost anybody, but the New York *Sun* complains of the "omissions and reservations." It says:

"According to an Associated Press correspondent in Paris, 'subject-heading after subject-heading is followed either by a non-committal display of blank paper, resembling a censored French newspaper "discussion" of the controversial part of the day's diplomatic developments, or by the statement "this clause reserved."'

"The provisions most noticeably affected by this censorship relate particularly to the definition of the southern frontier of the new Austria, reparation, and the problems of Italian rights under the political clauses. The general provisions, most of which are merely repetitions of the provisions of the treaty proposed to Germany, are not so mutilated.

"This skeletonized version of the treaty, let it be understood, has been issued not for the information of the general public, but for the instruction of 'smaller nations,' parties to the Peace Conference, which in all matters affecting their interest are theoretically entitled to the same consideration and respect that are shown to the greatest Power. Yet these nations, several of which made important contributions to the defeat of Germany and of Austria, receive a book with only chapter-headings in place of the details of the decisions they anxiously await.

"In this manner are 'open covenants of peace, openly arrived at,' prepared by the author of the once sacred Fourteen Points or Principles. Perhaps a crassly literal world misinterpreted the significance of the primary definition in that often-quoted schedule. It may be that Mr. Wilson meant covenants should be open only to him and openly arrived at only in the presence of Colonel House."

But it must be said that the press in general fails to echo this cry of alarm and indignation, and, however it may disapprove of secret diplomacy, appears to be vastly more interested just now in the downfall of Austria, than which no *débâcle* could be more tragically complete. Says the New York *Evening Journal:*

"Farewell to the Empire of Austria-Hungary. Farewell to the Hapsburgs as rulers of men. There is no more Austria-Hungary, no longer a relic of the Middle Ages, calling himself 'Emperor of Austria and Apostolic King of Hungary.' Good-by, forever, to the high-sounding words, Imperator Romanorum Semper Augustus. That was the title that the Austrian Emperor used to wear, a sort of echo of the days of Charlemagne. It was changed to meet emergencies created by victories of 'the upstart Napoleon.' It is changed still more to meet present conditions. The tail end of the Hapsburg line is boarding in Switzerland. The Austrian ports are divided between Italy and little, opprest races temporarily setting up in business for themselves. . . . . . ."

Meanwhile the New York *World* observes that "as a tragic picture of fate, Austria is a most romantic figure," for—

"Here is the end of the successor of the Holy Roman Empire, tho the continuity of succession was twice broken, by Napoleon and by Bismarck. When upstart Berlin was little bigger than Sag Harbor, Vienna had long been a world capital. Germany has called herself an empire less than fifty years, and never was one, but rather a compact, homogeneous nation. Austria has been in our time the surviving practitioner of the Roman recipe for dividing, conquering, and ruling men of many races and tongues."

Still, the disruption of the former empire is not primarily the work of the Peace Conference. As the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger* observes:

"Judgment on the terms of the treaty delivered to the Austrian commissioners is significantly dependent on the extent with which medievalism or frank acknowledgment of existent facts colors political thought.

"The Viennese delegate who the other day accused the Entente Powers of digging his nation's grave at St. Germain-en-Laye exprest himself in antique formulas. However sincere his depression may have been, it was patently irresponsive to the real causes of the fall of what was once the second largest country in Europe.

"For it is not the treaty or the 'harshness' of Allied diplomacy which is responsible for the shrinkage of the Austrian domain. 'Sentence first, verdict afterward,' is the remarkable order of events, and the document, which passes upon the Austrian chapter of the war, is to a potent degree an official recognition of a *status quo*. In this respect it presents an exact contrast to the voluminous book of surrender now in German hands. The validity of the latter document will be convincing when the signatures are formally affixt to the dotted lines.

"The German treaty is in the nature of a monumental plan for the future. The severest portions of this latest diplomatic paper record a series of heroic happenings to which definite dates may be already assigned.

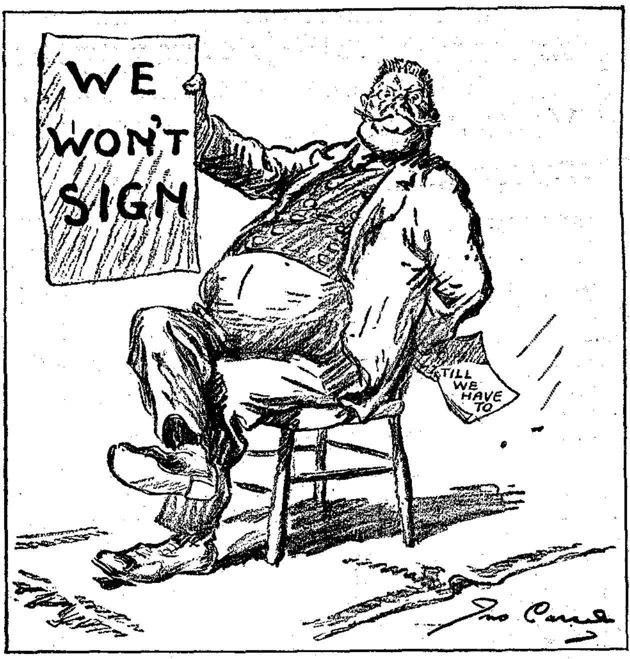
"Austria had become one of the smaller nations of Europe before her representatives boarded the train for St. Germain. No fiat was necessary to emphasize the reality of the independent states of Hungary, Czecho-Slovakia, and the Serb-Croat-Slovene state. Disruption of the lumbering old Hapsburg Empire had come at last of its own weight. Naturally, a disastrous war hastened the disintegration, but in any event it was inevitable."

This is also the opinion of *The World*, which lights up the situation with now and then a flash of something very like romance. Says *The World:*

"Territorially the treaty imposed by the Peace Conference upon Austria does little more than record accomplished facts. The Austrian people, like their delegates, may calmly accept a verdict in which are no surprises.

"The Dual Monarchy was already dissevered. An empire boasting its descent from Imperial Rome had already given place to a weak republic. The army and navy had disappeared. Political equality the people were prepared to grasp. As to reparations, not much can be expected from Austria alone; nor can the new nations be overloaded with portions of the burden.

"Two grievances, neither of them new, are uppermost in Austria: In drawing the boundary-lines the benefit of the doubt



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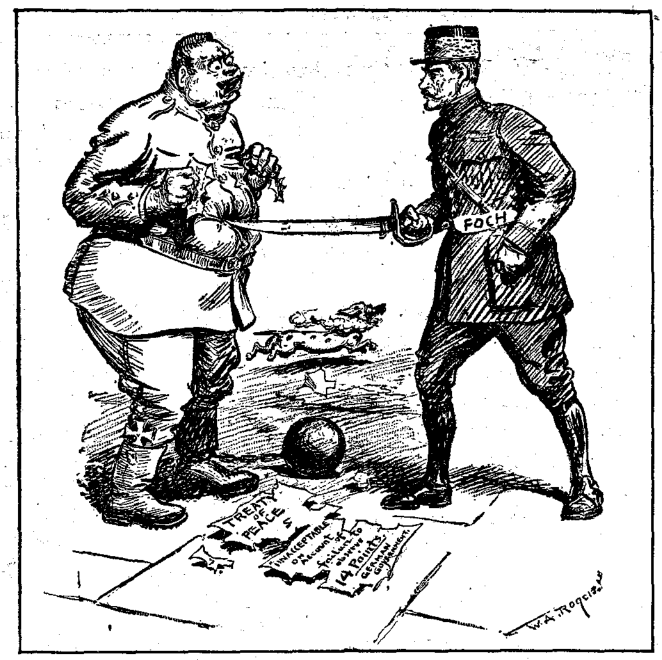
DIPLOMACY!

—Cassel in the New York *Evening World.*


FOCH
TREATY OF PEACE
"UNACCEPTABLE ON ACCOUNT OF failure to observe 14 Points"
GERMAN GOVERNMENT.
W.A. Rogers

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THE FIFTEENTH POINT!

—Rogers in the New York *Herald.*

HOW GERMANY TAKES THE PEACE TERMS.

has been given to the irredentist nations. The German element in Austria was reckoned at 10,000,000. Since the new state numbers scarcely more than 6,000,000 the German minorities left under Slav and Italian flags are large. Austria may be compared in area and population to Illinois—but Vienna, without Chicago's industries, is a capital too big for its shrunken land.

"The other grievance is that the country is not permitted to join Germany, to which it now logically belongs. Through Germany it might have a sea trade and a fairer prospect of recovery. Alone, it is a shut-in land, dependent for trade outlets upon the favor of its late enemies."

Unless allowed to unite with Germany, Austria is doomed, argues the President, Dr. Karl Seitz. In the "most solemn manner," he says it, adding:

"We can not live alone. We have a great city with a small territory composed of mountains and plains. If the Allies give our German provinces to the Czecho-Slovaks and Jugo-Slavs without making the new owners take up the burdens in the way of taxation and war-debts, it will mean our bankruptcy. If we go bankrupt it will mean worse social troubles than those of Russia, with a menace to the peace of Europe."

There is apparently no threat in this—merely a warning. The Austrians are not arrogant. "Our state rests in your hands," said Dr. Karl Renner to representatives of the victors, "and we hope before the conscience of the world that the Allies will not abuse this power." But is it clear that on mature consideration the Austrians will desire union with Germany? Thinks the Lowell (Mass.) *Courier-Citizen:*

"If Germany is to pay an indemnity of twenty-five billions, and if Austria is to pay only a billion dollars, obviously Austria herself will not want any union with Germany. The burden on her seven million people to raise a billion would be great enough—but to saddle them with a share in the greater German indemnity would mean multiplying the original burden by three or more. Austria, German as she is, might decidedly prefer to remain independent of the cognate state to the north. Yet if she does, how much of a future can she have? Vienna, not a manufacturing city and largely kept alive by a court which has passed out of existence, may be expected to decay. On the whole, it looks rather as if Austria's lot would not be a happy one in any case."

Yet in course of time union with Germany may become desirable from the Austrian point of view, and unobjectionable from the Allied point of view. As the New York *Times* tells us:

"It is reported that a clause of the German treaty obligates Germany to respect the independence of Austria as inalienable, except by consent of the League of Nations. In this provision the way is left open for an ultimate reunion of Austria with the rest of the German states, if the Germans ever give any indications of having become trustworthy."

As the Des Moines *Register* explains:

"The present ban against German absorption of Austria is based in part on a determination that Germany shall not be allowed to think she has won anything out of the war as compensation for defeat. Chiefly, however, it is the fruit of French fear that Prussian aggressiveness has been scotched, not killed, and that if German Austria were united to the north German republic it would be equivalent to supplying future Ludendorffs with so much additional cannon-fodder. . . . . . ."

At all events, there is no talk anywhere of restoring—now or later—the union with Hungary. Instead, there are numerous expressions of astonishment that Austria-Hungary stuck together as long as it did. "The Austrian Empire was an artificial creation built on dynastic marriages and conquests," says the Brooklyn *Citizen;* "it has met the fate of Spain, only worse"; and the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* remarks:

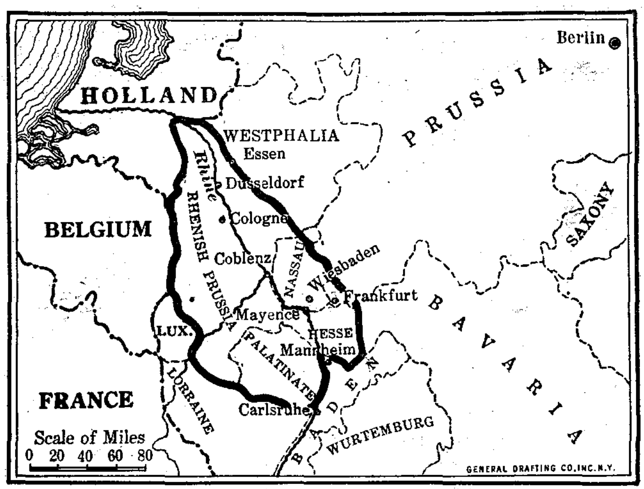
"It never was an autonomy. It never had a conscience, nor an individualized place in moral qualities. At the last it was practically a vassal of the Prussians, a weak accomplice in the policy of frightfulness that will astound future generations. With difficulty Austria was held together through the long reign of that petrified autocrat, Francis Joseph. His death would have broken the loose aggregation if there had been no great war. Hungary was held to be a part of Austria only by a juggle in titles. Bohemia was virtually a prisoner. The whole polyglot empire was a fiction. Austria, it may fairly be said, never had a soul. It was a machine-made semblance of a nation, a Frankenstein monster concocted in that laboratory of wickedness and lies in which Prussia was the master devil, seeking at length to put Satan on a mountain top as master of all he surveyed."

The Austria of to-day and of to-morrow is described by the Portland *Oregonian* as "a small inland state, outranked in population and wealth by the states that have been formed out of or enlarged by its former dominions." And yet it is not a wholly dismal picture that *The Oregonian* paints of Austria's future, for—

"Diminished Austria will be second only to Switzerland as a mountain country attractive to tourists. It abounds in water-power, use of which has barely begun. As a small country, Austria may be happier and more prosperous than it ever was as the heart of a great empire."

GERMAN IDEA OF A JUST PEACE

FRENCH FEARS that American sentiment may be materially affected by "German sophistries and attempts to misinterpret Wilson's fourteen points" are evidently not based on a study of the editorial columns of America's daily press. "If the 'poor innocent German people' followed their leaders into war without thinking, they will have to keep right on following their leaders in settling up—with or without thinking, just as they choose," the Kansas City *Times* succinctly remarks. "Peace is not for sale," declares the Newark *News*, which sees in the proposals submitted to the Peace Conference by Count von Brockdorff-Rantzau and his fellow delegates an effort to "buy Germany's way into the League of Nations immediately," and at the same time to "buy off the moral consequences of the war." "In considering what is a just peace we must keep in mind the question of justice to the Entente nations that have suffered from the war," says the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, and *The Wall Street Journal* is convinced that if the peace terms formulated by the Allies err "they err on the side of mercy." "The Germans are not lamenting their crimes; they are lamenting only their failure to achieve the purpose for which their crimes were committed," notes the New York *Tribune*. "The tone and character of the German counter-proposals to the Allies come nearer to furnishing a vindication of the Peace Treaty's severity than anything which has yet appeared," thinks the New York *Globe*, which at the same time fears that these proposals have "in one sense resulted in a German victory," because they have "served to divert the world's attention from principles to details, from broad moral questions to specific economic problems." Germany's demand for immediate admission to the League of Nations, with mandatary authority over her former colonies, "is equivalent to the demand that a convicted criminal should enjoy all the rights of citizenship while serving sentence," declares the Chicago *Evening Post*. Germany, remarks the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, "regards Versailles as a market-place, not a hall of judgment." The Brooklyn *Eagle* is not imprest by the "absurd counter-proposals," the Indianapolis *Star* advises the Allies "not to take these counter-claims too seriously," and the Buffalo *Express* reminds us that "we are still dealing with the Germany that we fought," and that "the minds directing the German peace campaign are Bernstorff, Dernburg, Hindenburg, and Brockdorff-Rantzau."



THE NEW RHINE REPUBLIC.

As proclaimed in a number of Rhenish cities on June 1. Dr. Dorten was named as Provisional President and Coblenz as the capital. Berlin promptly ordered Dr. Dorten's arrest.

In the bulky German note submitted to President Clemenceau, of the Peace Conference, on May 29, Count von Brockdorff-Rantzau declares that it is "impossible" for Germany to carry out the Allied terms, which, he insists, are "more than the German people can bear." He protests specifically against the surrender of territory in West Prussia, Pomerania, Danzig, East Prussia, Upper Silesia, the Sarre Valley, and the German colonies; affirms that by the economic clauses of the Treaty "the German people would be condemned to perpetual slave labor"; protests against the loss of Germany's merchant fleet, the enforced renunciation of "all our aims in the spheres of politics, economics, and ideas," and the temporary exclusion from the League of Nations. He then submits a series of counter-proposals, the chief of which may be summarized as follows:

"Germany offers to proceed with her own disarmament in advance of all other peoples, in order to show that she will help to usher in the new era of the peace of justice. . . . She stipulates, however, that she shall be admitted forthwith as a state with equal rights into the League of Nations. . . . . .

"In territorial questions Germany takes up her position unreservedly on the ground of the Wilson program." She asks for plebiscites in Alsace-Lorraine and Schleswig, "demands that the right of self-determination shall be respected where the interests of the Germans in Austria and Bohemia are concerned," and "is ready to subject all her colonies to administration by the community of the League of Nations, if she is recognized as its mandatary."

Germany is prepared to make reparation up to a maximum sum of 100,000,000,000 marks ($25,000,000,000), 20,000,000,000 marks by May 1, 1926, and the balance in annual payments without interest.

"She wishes to cooperate effectively in the reconstruction of the devastated areas of Belgium and northern France. To make good the loss in production of the destroyed mines in northern France, up to 20,000,000 tons of coal will be delivered annually for the first five years, and up to 80,000,000 for the next five years."

She "offers to put her entire merchant tonnage into a pool of the world's shipping, to place at the disposal of her enemies a part of her freight space as part payment of reparation, and to build for them for a series of years in German yards an amount of tonnage exceeding their demands."

She "demands a neutral inquiry into the responsibility for the war."

While our papers very generally lack sympathy with Germany's effort to "start an argument" and confuse the issues, some of them see possible merit in specific proposals such as that setting a definite limit to Germany's bill for financial reparation, and that suggesting a modification of the Sarre Valley arrangement. "Self-determination of the peoples is a meaningless phrase if it does not guarantee to Germans on German soil a voice in the selection of their government," says the Philadelphia *Press*, and the New York *World* is interested in Count von Brockdorff-Rantzau's claim that in the Sarre region Germany owes France "coal, not men."

"Both practical and of force," thinks the New York *Evening Post*, "is the objection to the indefinite amount of the money reparation to be exacted from Germany"; and the New York *Tribune* agrees that "fixing a maximum limit for the indemnity would make the work of the collection bureau infinitely easier, and also would tend to accelerate payments." The Springfield *Republican* even regards Germany's counter-proposals as a whole as a sincere effort toward peace, but other papers think her sincerity discredited by her counter-claim of $3,200,000,000 for damages inflicted by the Allied blockade during the war.

To grant the plea for immediate admission to the League of Nations, says *The Washington Post*, would mean nothing less than "surrender to Germany":

> "The Huns would do all the things required to qualify them for membership in the League of Nations, if by so doing they could hoodwink the Allies into creating such a League and making Germany an equal member. Once this condition had been reached, the Huns could then make mischief to their hearts' content by betraying their neighbors within the League. The free nations could not make any move without Germany's consent, since Germany would, of course, insist upon being one of the permanent members of the council. Germany would have the secrets of all other nations and would have abundant material with which to betray them."

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GERMAN PEACE DELEGATES POSING FOR THE CAMERA.

They are, from the reader's left to right, Leinert, Melchior, Giesberts, von Brockdorff-Rantzau, Landsberg, and Schuecking.

OUR BIG-NAVY PLAN TORPEDOED

A MORE COMPLETE SOMERSAULT than Secretary Daniels's is hardly conceivable: only a few months ago he demanded ten new super-dreadnoughts, ten new scout-cruisers, and a navy second to none; now he finds that the League of Nations makes a struggle for the supremacy of the seas no longer necessary. "We ought," he says, "to show our faith and set an example to the other nations, representing four-fifths of the world, by not at this time authorizing the increase in the building program." So the bill that passed the House on February 11 and failed to pass the Senate will not be authorized anew by the House Committee on Naval Affairs. Instead of constructing a navy second to none, we shall probably adhere to the four-battle-ship-and-six-cruiser program inaugurated in 1916, a prospect that fills certain newspapers with deep and serious misgivings. The Pittsburg *Leader*, for instance, sees "nothing in the European situation that warrants the conclusion that peace is settling down over a war-weary world, nor is there anything in Asia that invites the conviction that wars have come to an end," while Mr. Hearst's New York *American* cries out in solid capitals that "GREAT BRITAIN IS GOING AHEAD WITH HER NAVAL-BUILDING PROGRAM AND WILL HAVE INCOMPARABLY THE GREATEST NAVY IN THE WORLD," and continues:

> "The United States is the ONLY nation which is to place implicit confidence in the good faith and efficiency of the League of Nations.
>
> "Such a prejudiced policy in the interests of England, such a vacillating frame of mind, such a reversal of attitude, such an abandonment of principle, such a treacherous betrayal of the interest of the American people, such a shameless repudiation of previous pledges, conform more closely to the character and political record of Mr. Daniels's superior."

Meanwhile the Nashville *Banner* recalls Secretary Daniels's demand for "the wanton destruction of the German Navy," and deplores the proposed cut in ours, and goes on to say:

> "*The Banner* believes in all due encouragement to the League of Nations to preserve peace, and it deprecates anything like competition for supremacy of the seas, but it well behooves the United States to have a good navy. That this country can raise an army in an emergency has been demonstrated, but building battle-ships of the modern sort is a slow process. We are hoping much from the League of Nations, but it is rather early to look for the millennium and that old maxim, 'Put your trust in God, and keep your powder dry,' still has some application. Secretary Daniels was some time ago rather bumptiously pressing the big-navy program. The reasons given for his change of view are not convincing. The United States hopes to build a great merchant marine, and for that end, without regard to military defense, should have an adequate navy."

In the opinion of the Pittsburg *Gazette-Times*, enthusiasm for a big navy dies hard and ought to die hard, and would better not die at all, since—

> "Great Britain insists that she must keep her great Navy. Is her need any greater than our own? There is no sign that other countries, Germany excepted, are making preparations to do away with their defenses. It is time that we give up the idea that the only possible danger lies in the direction of Germany. And until we know that there is no danger likely to arise elsewhere and that the League of Nations can and will function, we should proceed with the big-navy program."

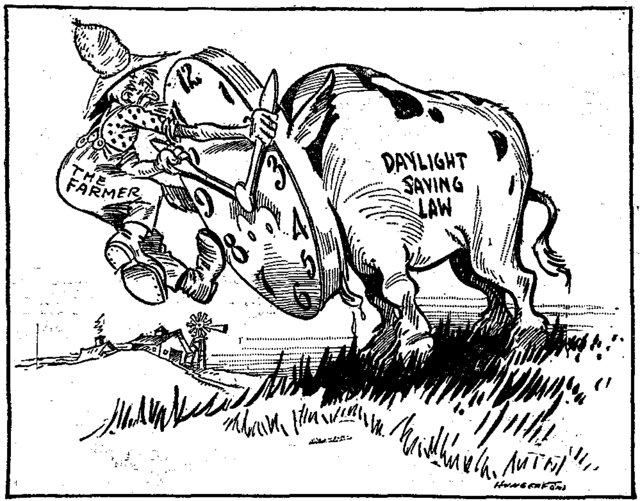
Looking at the matter from the view-point of mere administrative consistency, the Washington *Post* harks back to the by no means distant day when "the navy bill, containing the big-navy program, earnestly urged by the Secretary of the Navy and by the President, passed the House. Was our faith in the League weaker then than now? Was it less incumbent upon us then to 'set the example to other nations' than now?"

The New York *Sun*, on the other hand, defends Secretary Daniels in an editorial headed, "Honor to the Man Who Can Change His Mind from Wrong to Right," and the Indianapolis *Star* declares: "We are sponsors for the League of Nations idea, and the world will look to us to have the courage of our convictions and not to lead the way in a renewal of burdensome naval construction." That faith is well grounded, thinks the New York *World*, for "already the League of Nations begins to pay cash dividends. Saving the United States a considerable part of $600,000,000 in naval expenditure is a pretty fair return to be reckoned before the League is even formed." As cordially supporting Mr. Daniels, the Newark (N. J.) *News* observes:

> "Representative Julius Kahn is against the League of Nations and for a big navy. A position entirely logical. On the other hand, Secretary Daniels is for the League of Nations and recommends a reduction in the navy appropriation from the standard set before the League was in sight. That position is also logical. With the present size of national tax bills and debt and the present expense of the general public, super-dreadnoughts at just about double the prewar cost do not seem as if they ought to be indulged in beyond reasonable limits.
>
> "This is one of the questions we are coming to face, as to how far, from the view of economy, it may be good sense, as well as good faith, to express confidence in the League. With super-dreadnoughts at $32,000,000 each there is possibly an added attractiveness in national cooperation toward peace.
>
> "It would not be an ungracious thing for America, which exprest the aspirations underlying the League, to be the first to vote confidence in it by proportionate disarmament."

"LABOR" AND DAYLIGHT SAVING

IF THE CONTROVERSY over the attempt to repeal daylight saving boils down to what one writer calls "a contest between rural and city workers," then it is well to know just where organized labor stands. The farmers have shown themselves apparently solid for repeal, and their representatives in Congress have introduced more than a score of bills designed to sweep away "this freak legislation." A repeal rider, it will be remembered, nearly slipt through the House in the Agricultural Appropriations Bill last week. Some opponents of daylight saving declare that they are fighting the fight of both urban and rural labor as against the professional and propertied men who like daylight saving because it gives them more time to play golf or ride about in their motor-cars. Congressman King, of Illinois, one of the leaders in the fight for repeal in the lower House, asserts that there is "a virtually unanimous demand from the farmers and laboring people for the repeal of the insane piece of legislation known as the Daylight-Saving Law," and Mr. King is convinced by his talks with working people that "this law reduces their efficiency and vitality." But the president of the Daylight Saving Association insists that "there is a practically unanimous sentiment among workers in favor of daylight saving." And the Boston *Transcript*, after it has listened to the declaration of President Gompers and Secretary Morrison and other American Federation of Labor chiefs in favor of daylight-saving, is convinced that repeal "should be blocked on the showing of the sentiment of the labor men of the country even if the wishes of all other elements of the community, except farmers and wage-workers, are ignored."



TRYING TO TAKE THE BULL BY THE HORNS.

Hungerford in the Pittsburg *Sun*.

In order to find out for our readers whether what is known as "the labor vote" is really lined up with "the farmer vote" for repeal or whether it favors the retention of the law, we have asked some of the leading officials in important trade-unions to tell us what their fellow workers think of daylight saving. While there is a minority whose voice must be noted, the preponderance of labor opinion seems to be against repeal. For instance, the secretary of the Boot and Shoe Workers' Union has "yet to meet one objector to the daylight-saving proposition." The secretary of the International Brotherhood of Blacksmiths is "quite sure the workingman is in favor of daylight saving." The membership of the Journeymen Barbers' International Union "is in favor of the Daylight-Saving Law and against its repeal," we are told by one of its officials. Similarly, we learn that "all members of the United Garment Workers of America are perfectly satisfied with the daylight-saving plan." The secretary of the Laundry Workers' Union believes that "the majority of workingmen are in favor of daylight saving." The secretary of the chief organization of hotel and restaurant workers is convinced that "daylight saving has proved helpful to and is approved by wage-earners who have enjoyed its benefits." The secretary of the Mine-Workers of America finds that such opposition as there was when the daylight-saving plan was first put into effect "has now subsided, and labor generally favors daylight saving." The secretary of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers finds that the majority of working people consider the plan "advantageous both from economic and recreational standpoints." Like assertions are made by the officials of the Printing Pressmen's Union, the Hod-Carriers' Union, the Flint Glass Workers' Union, the International Association of Machinists, and the International Union of United Brewery, Flour, Cereal, and Soft-Drink Workers of America. President James Duncan, of the Granite Cutters' Union, speaks emphatically and to the point. He says that the organized workers of this country insist that the present law be retained, as it "not only affords the additional hour of daylight for healthful and pleasant recreation, but reduces workers' artificial-light bills by one-third for the period that daylight-saving law applies.'

The Boston *Transcript* quotes another labor leader who thus interprets some of the brief affirmations in favor of daylight saving which we have just quoted:

> "We wage-earners know the effect of artificial light upon our eyesight. We also know, and statistics prove, that most industrial accidents occur after four o'clock in the afternoon. Working with artificial light wears a man out sooner, and he ceases to be a bread-earner at an earlier age. With the dim light of late afternoon his work becomes less accurate.
>
> "The present plan gives the worker a better chance for recreation, and means a healthier and longer life for him. It also means a reduction in the cost of light and fuel to the manufacturer, and therefore its benefits are mutual as far as industries are concerned."

President Marcus M. Marks, of the National Daylight Saving Association, reminds us that the plan was adopted in this country for these eight reasons:

> "1. Because it proved a success in twelve European countries.
>
> "2. Because it would bring our time into uniformity with Europe, our exchanges being particularly interested in this.
>
> "3. Because it would save about one-quarter of the people's gas-bills.
>
> "4. Because it would save about a million and a quarter tons of coal used in the manufacture of gas and electric current.
>
> "5. Because it would increase home gardening.
>
> "6. Because it would give added opportunity for healthful sports and recreation during summer afternoons.
>
> "7. Because it would relieve workers from the strain of the last hour's work in the heat of the afternoon, substituting an hour in the cooler morning.
>
> "8. Because it reduced the number of industrial accidents in factories and on the way home from work."

All these advantages and many more, declares Mr. Marks, "have been secured by the operation of this very simple plan."

When we turn to the evidence that labor is against daylight saving we find but little among the replies to our queries. From the headquarters of the International Brotherhood of Foundry Employees comes the assertion that the heads of the union "do not think the workingmen of this country are in favor of the daylight-saving proposition," and the representative of the Bakers' Union dismisses the subject with the brief statement that "workers don't lose or gain anything by it, so the benefit thereof does not concern the workers."

It seems to the Washington correspondent of the New York *World* that the controversy over daylight saving "has boiled down to a contest between rural and city workers." Congressman King put it somewhat differently before the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, saying in part:

> "The fight has simmered down to a struggle between the common people and representatives of the large financial interests.

It is the forerunner of a series of readjustment struggles in which the common people are clashing with capital. . . . . . .

"The charge that electric-light companies are back of the movement for the repeal of the law is a simple, plain, unvarnished falsehood. The demand for the repeal is universal. Hundreds of thousands of pounds of foodstuffs are lost on the farm because of the necessity of working in wet fields."

The chairman of the House Agricultural Committee is quoted as asserting that ninety-nine per cent. of the farmers favor the abolition of daylight saving. Some of the farmers' objections to daylight saving have already been presented in our columns in a poll of the farm press. Senator Arthur Capper, whose papers have led in the fight against daylight saving, has received petitions from scores of thousands of farmers praying for a repeal of the Daylight-Saving Law. He is convinced, he says in a statement in the New York *Commercial*, that—

"The demand for repeal is based on sound, economic reasons. Waste amounting in the aggregate to a billion dollars a year results from the operation of the Daylight-Saving Law, it has been estimated. On farms, in mines, in packing establishments, in numerous large industries, the law operates to curtail rather than increase production, without a corresponding benefit to the worker."

The junior Senator from Kansas goes on to classify from the thousands of letters he has received the ten chief objections to the law, which may be considered the farmers' reply to Mr. Marks's "eight points":

"1. 'Daylight saving' adds one hour of darkness instead of daylight to the farmers' day.

"2. Farmers shipping milk or other perishable food-supplies must meet trains an hour earlier than before April 1.

"3. Farm children frequently go long distances to school, and mother must get them ready by lamp-light.

"4. During haying and harvest it takes four hours for the dew to evaporate so hay or grain can be baled or stacked, or binder operated.

"5. The hottest part of the day is from 12 to 1 o'clock 'old' time. Under 'new' time a farmer must send his hands and his horses to the field during the most intense heat.

"6. Extra labor hired during harvest, haying, and threshing is usually from the towns and used to working according to the clock. Such hands insist on quitting at 6 o'clock 'new' time, or 5 o'clock 'old' time, when the sun is still three hours high.

"7. Farmers attending prayer-meetings, neighborhood and community gatherings, and entertainments must quit an hour earlier than they would under 'old' time, and thus lose an hour of work time.

"8. To get into the stores or banks in towns, which operate under 'new' time, the farmer must start an hour earlier than he is accustomed to start.

"There are constant friction and loss of time while exchanging work with neighbors, a custom that is necessary during haying, harvest, and threshing. Farm-hands refuse to work by 'new' time one day and by 'old' time the next.

"10. Threshing is interfered with when part of a crew works according to 'new' time and part according to 'old.'"

The repeal rider to the Agricultural Appropriation Bill which aroused so much urban ire is justified by the National Grange Headquarters as due to the necessity for getting the law repealed before harvest time. *Capper's Weekly* (Topeka), which has devoted columns to protest against daylight saving, quotes a Pennsylvania housewife to show "what women think of it":

"For the life of me I can not see where the daylight saving comes in, when a woman must get up in the middle of the night to get her husband off to work on a morning train and to get the children to school before daylight. The working people are all against it."

But newspaper friends of daylight saving, like the New York *Times*, *The World*, Newark *News*, and Boston *Christian Science Monitor*, are inclined to think that much of the farmer propaganda against daylight saving is really being backed by the lighting interests, whose profits are affected by the diminished use of artificial light due to daylight saving. Some urban editors scoff at the farmers' grievances, but the New York *Evening Post* is convinced that they are real. Yet, it says, "a larger part of them may be removed by comparatively simple adjustments" which "should be hurried." *The Evening Post* queries:

"Can not the Railway Administration and the Labor Department, respectively, do something to bring the hours of milk-trains and of farm labor nearer the farmers' demands? If we can make the daylight-saving system work more easily in rural districts the clamor for repeal will die away."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

"LAST year—slaying. This year—paying."—*Ashland Bugle.*

THE new skirts are tight, but the women can't kick.—*Little Rock Arkansas Gazette.*

WITH the development of aviation, we ought some time to get at the man higher up.—*Philadelphia Record.*

RICH man, twin-six. Poor man, six twins.—*Everett Herald.*

WHAT the Huns want is to make the way of the transgressor soft.—*Philadelphia Record.*

WILHELM'S picture is being painted by a noted German artist. Don't stop him. We can hang that, too.—*Nashville Journal and Tribune.*

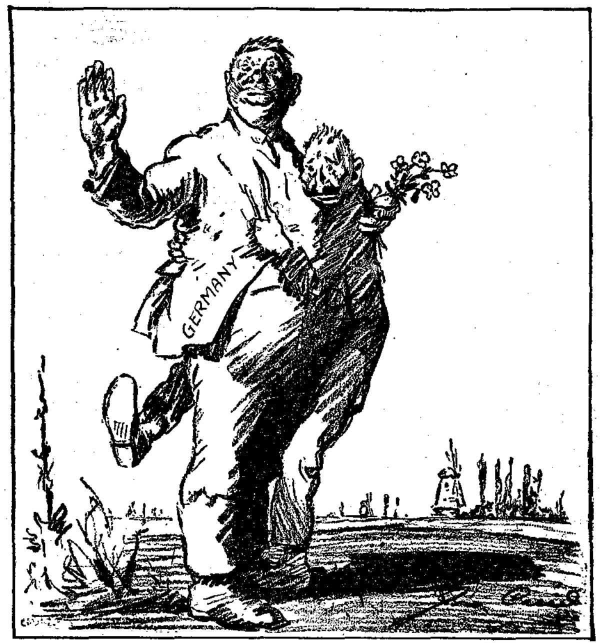
SOMEWHERE or other, perhaps on the Twentieth Plane, Napoleon III. is likely giving Bismarck the merry "Ha, Ha!" just now.—*Ottawa Citizen.*

LETT-CHINESE-FINNISH Reds are stirring up trouble in Petrograd. Lett-Chinese-Finnish Reds! Would that they could!—*Philadelphia Evening Ledger.*

ONCE the Russian patriot's ambition was to bomb all the rulers. Now he faces the task of finding a way to rule all the bombers.—*Indianapolis Times.*

ALL that Bolshevism in Russia lacks of being a success is something for the people to eat, something to wear, and something to do.—*Little Rock Arkansas Gazette.*

WE have never been able to understand the justice of a wage system that grants the same amount of kale to the man who is doing his darndest and the man who is doing just enough to get by.—*Washington Herald.*



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"LET *US* PUNISH HIM!"

—Cassel in the New York *Evening World.*

THE Salvation Army never signs an armistice.—*Columbia Record.*

THESE are times when you can not keep a good price down.—*Boston Herald.*

SERGEANT YORK wound up by showing himself to be a conscientious objector to the Huns.—*Boston Globe.*

THE Sick Man of Europe will continue to be sick, but not in Europe.—*Richmond News-Leader.*

Too bad that the daylight-saving plan is favored least by the men that use daylight most.—*Boston Herald.*

THE question of the day is how to bring together the jobless Gob and the Gobless job.—*New York Evening Sun.*

HEINIE'S wail is occasioned by the fact that he didn't know a square deal had so many sharp edges.—*Washington Herald.*

UPON Germany's decision depends whether she will be invited to the dining-room or the woodshed.—*Little Rock Arkansas Gazette.*

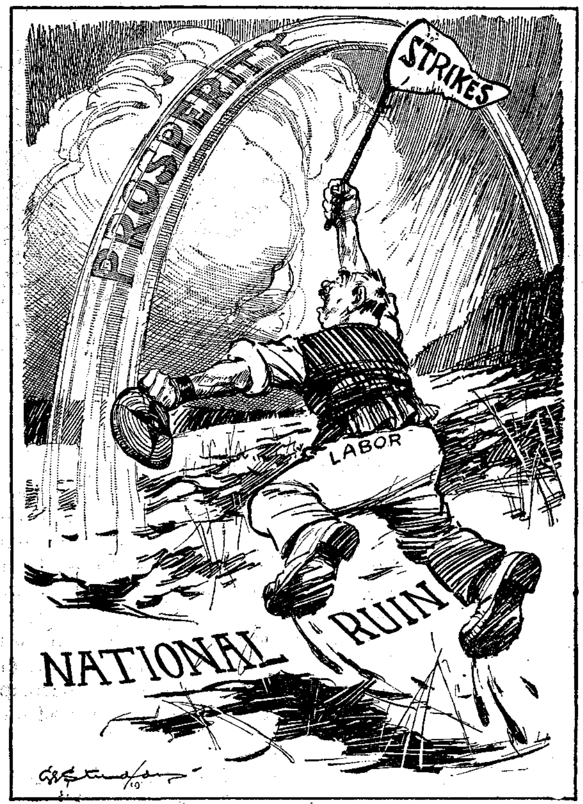
HEINIE practised forty years for his dance. It is only fair that he should devote the next forty to paying the fiddler.—*Indianapolis Times.*

GERMANS have wasted a lot of time in arguing that they could have employed to better advantage in practising penmanship.—*Little Rock Arkansas Gazette.*

LOTS of people declare Germans are just the same at heart, but they have to acknowledge that Germany leads the world to-day in a Christian willingness to forgive and forget.—*Philadelphia North American.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

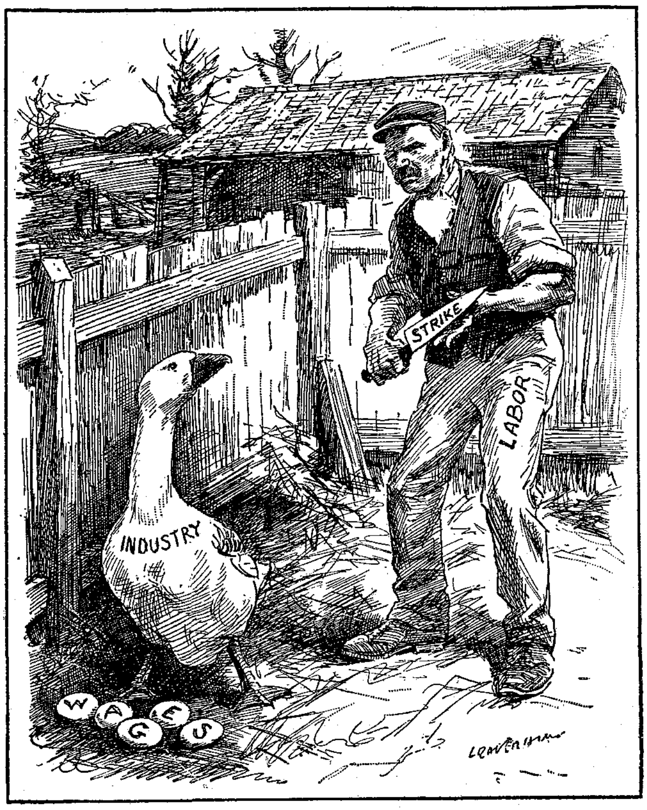
CANADA'S LABOR WAR



CHASING THE RAINBOW!
—*The Passing Show* (London).

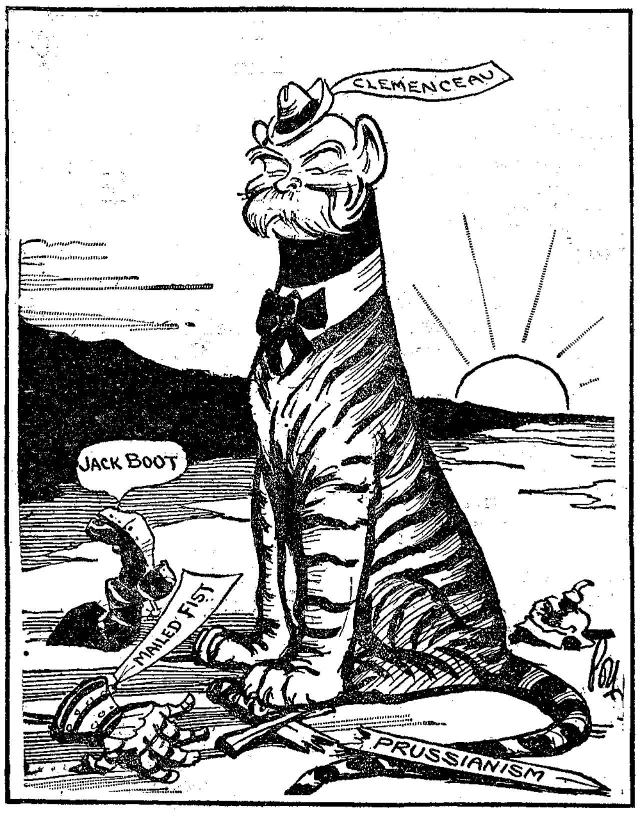
That the epidemic of strikes in western Canada is the result of a deliberate revolutionary movement to start a *Soviet* government in Winnipeg and extend it through the four western provinces of the Dominion is the opinion of government officials, according to Ottawa dispatches. In this belief the Government is fighting the movement, and tho there is small hope that the general labor unrest can be cured within the year, there is a positive feeling that the fight against the *Soviet* idea, which lies at the root of the "one-big-union" crusade, can be won in the near future. In the east, Toronto experienced a general strike for a very few days, but as it was ended press reports brought news of an increase of strikes in the west, which reached the climax at Vancouver, where nearly every branch of organized labor, except men employed in public utilities, went on strike. The Winnipeg strike began May 10, and in the latter part of the month strikes were reported as spreading during twenty-four hours in Calgary and Edmonton, Alberta, Regina, Sask., and several small districts. Among those who struck at Calgary, we learn from press dispatches, were postal clerks, whose refusal to sort mail tied up thousands of remittances to relatives of soldiers in a wide area, for which this is the central distributing point. No bread or milk was delivered in Edmonton, it was reported, except to strikers. As an indication of the seriousness of the outlook, Montreal dispatches inform us that in Winnipeg, altho no definite figures are available for the total liabilities assumed, a single Montreal insurance concern with a Winnipeg branch has alone underwritten $18,000,000 of riot insurance; while another firm has assumed liabilities for $40,000,000 in the western city. This latter firm estimates that it has covered $50,000,000 in Toronto. Since the outbreak of the Winnipeg strike, we read further, manufacturing plants and wholesale houses in Montreal have taken out nearly $20,000,000 in riot insurance. Rates on riot insurance, usually about 25 cents on $100, have trebled throughout Canada since May 27. According to Mr. Arthur Meighen, Canadian Minister of the Interior, "there is not the slightest doubt that the idea of establishing a *Soviet* lay behind the movement" in Winnipeg, and he is quoted as saying further that "the strike committee assumed governmental powers, and boasted that it had done so until it became clear that public opinion was organized against it." The leaders of the general strike, said Mr. Meighen, after a visit to Winnipeg, "so far as I could observe, and certainly in Winnipeg, are all revolutionists of various degrees and types, from crazy idealists down to ordinary thieves, with the bigger part, perhaps, of the latter type. Anything can be expected from them." In an Ottawa dispatch to a New York newspaper we read the following:

> "The history of this labor war so far has been so confusing that only now are the real elements involved beginning to appear. For months there has been a very radical agitation, part Socialist, part Bolshevik, part I. W. W., going on in the western provinces. It has finally settled in the 'one-big-union' idea, which implies the breaking away of the local labor bodies from the great international organization, and their reorganization by localities under central local trade councils.
>
> "The point of this form of organization would be the fact that every labor-unionist in any given city—and this includes many of the civil servants, especially the postal employees—could be called out in support of the quarrel of any one of the craft unions with any of its employers. To put it in other words, a quarrel between the half-dozen toolmakers and the foreman in any machine shop could tie up a whole city—industries, police and

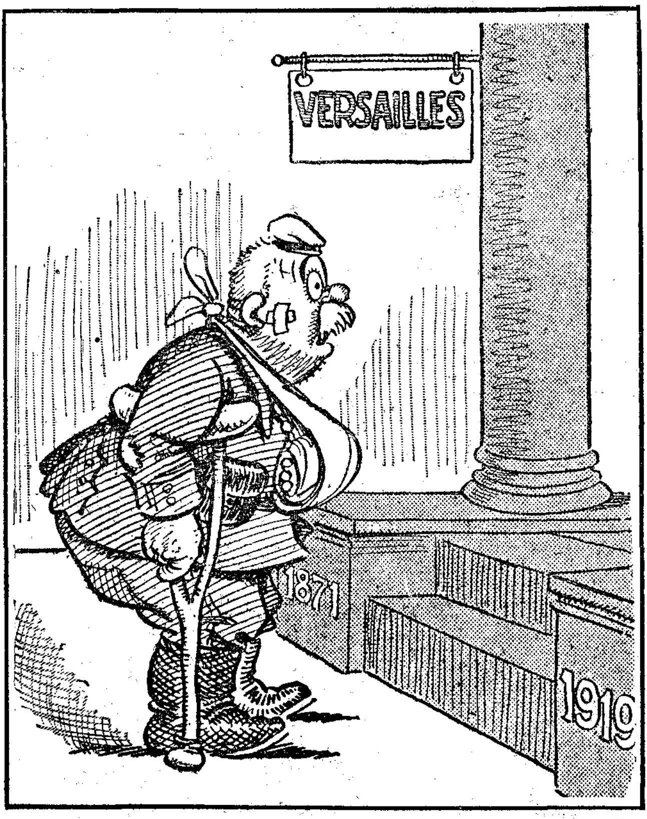


THE GOOSE THAT LAYS THE GOLDEN EGGS.

THE BIRD—"Have you realized, my good sir, that if you proceed to extremes with that weapon my auriferous activities must inevitably cease?"
—*Punch* (London).



THE SMILE ON THE FACE OF "THE TIGER."
—*Evening News* (London).



MR. HUN—"Looks familiar. I seem to have been here before."
—*Daily Express* (London).

SNAP SHOTS FROM VERSAILLES.

fire protection and postal and telephone service—if the labor-leaders were so minded.

"The advocates of the plan argue very simply that this procedure will make the whole city bring pressure to bear on the man they are fighting and that with such a club to swing, labor always will win. They see nothing to be ashamed of in the fact that their tactics call for the breaking of any agreements that may exist between other labor bodies and employers."

A strong defense of the strikers appears in that prominent labor organ, *The British-Columbia Federationist,* which avers that the strike is not a revolutionary strike, for the right of collective bargaining can not be called revolutionary, and it adds:

"The situation has changed materially since it assumed a political aspect. The Minister of Labor, who is the representative of the Government, is supposed to act in a neutral capacity in struggles between capital and labor. He has not done so, and if there are any workers still left that do not see the class nature of governments and the class they represent, they must be blind. The Government has through its Minister of Labor thrown down the gauntlet. Not only should the workers take up the challenge, but they must carry the war into the enemy's camp. They must adopt a program that will give them the support of the general population. Now that the fight has been precipitated, they must take measures to see that the Government rectifies some of the conditions that are almost intolerable."

The Vancouver *World* observes:

"It is easy to say the Winnipeg strike is a determined attempt to overthrow constitutional government in Canada. But the statement is an exaggeration and a misrepresentation. Not even the bitterest revolutionary socialist in the Dominion would attempt anything of the sort at this juncture. For one reason, he could hope to effect his purpose only through existing labor-unions, whose membership, all told, amounts merely to a fraction of the adult male population of the Dominion. For another, the conservative element in labor ranks has no such end in view. If instead of denouncing every labor outbreak as revolutionary and disloyal, the attempt was made to understand the reasons behind it, something might be accomplished toward permanent settlement."

Slight indulgence is extended to the strike organizers by the Toronto *Mail and Empire,* which asserts that—

"Not until they saw the game was up did the ringleaders of the Winnipeg strike begin to protest that they had no Bolshevik designs. As long as their carefully prepared campaign seemed to be carrying everything before it, they felt sure of their eventual success and correspondingly contemptuous of what the public thought of them.

"The motive behind the general-strike effort was the desire to seize control of commercial and industrial affairs. Not only that, it was to supplant the constitutional authorities—municipal, provincial, and federal—so far as they were being carried on in Winnipeg."

The Toronto *Globe* thinks the Winnipeg situation ought to decide the real trades-unionists to shake off the Bolshevik element and resume control of the labor movement, and it adds:

"They have allowed themselves in many parts of Canada to be elbowed aside by noisy, pushing fellows who have nothing to offer in the place of the practical program and tendencies of trade-unionism except a stock of phrases which, if they mean anything, mean destruction, anarchy, and lawlessness.

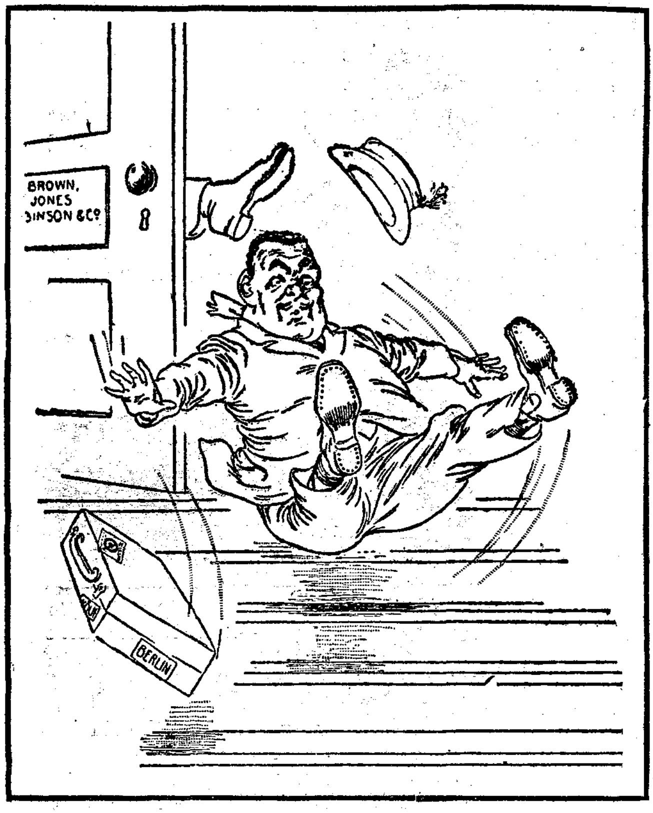
"Now is the time for trade-unionism to blow away the froth of Bolshevism."

Contemplating the possibility that the contagion of the general strike in Winnipeg might spread to other cities, the Vancouver *Province* predicts that it would bring "a train of calamities on hundreds of thousands of persons living thousands of miles away," and of these "none are concerned in any way with the cause of the trouble." That this is a most untimely moment for Canada to have strikes is indicated by sundry Canadian dailies, including the London (Ont.) *Free Press,* which remarks:

"This is Canada's hour. We enjoy in the British and foreign markets an opportunity that never before existed. There is until September an embargo virtually upon all manufactures entering Britain except from the overseas dominions. A preference policy has been inaugurated and will grow. We can advance with giant strides in our manufacturing if we will. We hear of foreign orders for goods, some of them of great extent, being refused because of the unsettled conditions in this country. Manufacturers say they are unable to make contracts because they do not know if they can fulfil them. It is time that all employers and employees got together. Their interests are mutual, not antagonistic."

BACK TO BUSINESS IN EUROPE

WHILE FRANCE CONTINUES TO THINK of the Germans in terms of war, her allies act differently. The British and the Americans, in particular, writes an Amsterdam correspondent of the Paris *Matin*, are clever enough to see that the only war that remains to be carried on is an economic one. His tone is severely critical of French business men as he tells us that as long ago as last February the National Association of American Manufacturers, representing four thousand plants, sent business agents to Berlin to confer with German captains of industry on the reorganization of their affairs with American capital. A whole series of important operations similar to this are in process. Mention is made of the National City Bank of New York having branches in Holland and Switzerland at the doors of Germany, and of a British bank which in the month of March bought all the capital stock of a large German firm. We read, too, of the American Merchandise Interchange Company, recently organized in the United States, which in March established a branch at Berlin for the purpose of exporting German products and importing raw materials from the Entente countries. It is said this company will soon inaugurate a branch at Paris, and the *Matin's* correspondent proceeds:



THE ORDER OF THE BOOT.

A Berlin businessman goes over the top with his sample-case.

—*Business* (Calcutta).

"I shall assuredly not be giving any new information to the French Government in saying, moreover, that many excellent business men, both British and American, who wear khaki uniforms, are traveling through Bulgaria and Roumania as on official missions. They are preparing this territory of French influence for fruitful business operations of their own.

"But, it must be repeated, no one with the mind of a business man would think of reproaching the British and Americans for their industrial and commercial activities. Is there any reason why, when we French are so inactive in these matters, that our allies should imitate us?

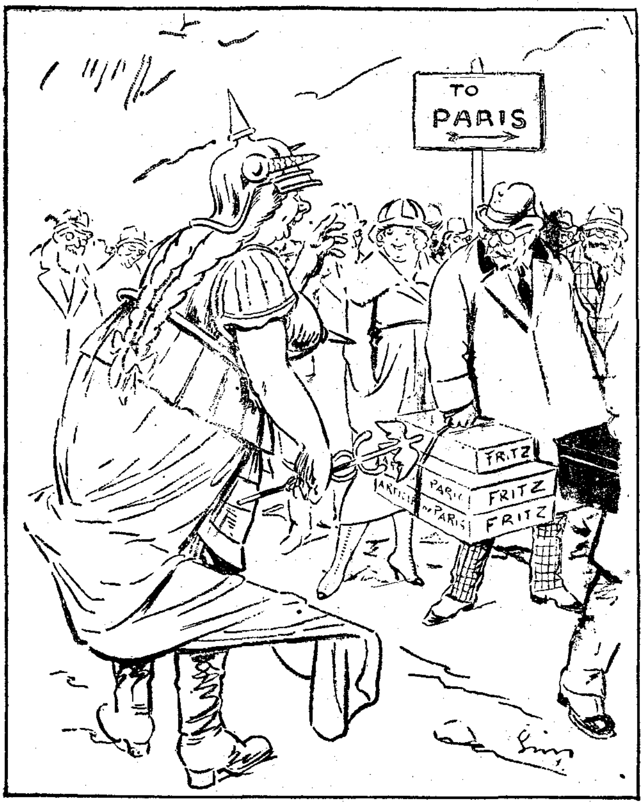
"From the days when ideas of political economy first appeared in the world, the conquerors made prisoners of their enemies and reduced them to work for the benefit of the victors. It is impossible to erase Central Europe and its 180,000,000 inhabitants from the economic map of the world. Nor can it be boycotted without incurring the risk of serious self-injury. But one may get this profit from our victory, namely, destruction of the economic hegemony of the Germans so that henceforth their efforts shall be for the increase of French industry."

The economic action of the Germans and that of the Americans and the English bear some striking resemblances to each other, according to this informant, who goes on to say:

"When Russia was defeated in the war, the Germans immediately proceeded to take hold of the country as if it were a land for colonization, in which, it must be remembered, ample advance preparation had been made for them by their agents. With the same decision and promptitude the Americans and the British act to-day in Germany. Their enterprises penetrate even to Russia, as we may gather from the fact that recently British and American syndicates were quick to reply to an appeal of the government of Lenine. It is quite possible that the British and American governments are not fully informed on these matters, for at this same time the Russian Government seized certain British properties in various sections of Russia. The interests of the British and of the Americans in Germany have not the same importance as the interests of France have in Russia, yet we see our allies employing very different methods from ours to protect their interests. This purely economic action of the British and the Americans is certainly more intelligent than was the effort of the Germans in Russia, who wished to exercise political control in that country, and who perished as the result of the shock of the revolution which they themselves had favored."

JUGO-SLAVIA'S DOMESTIC JARS

GOVERNMENTS MAY COLLAPSE in a day, but they are not established in the same brief period, it is noted by some editorial onlookers, who instance the case of Jugo-Slavia. Apart from the Adriatic demands of the Kingdom of Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, serious domestic problems are in process of solution in this new state. Balkan press dispatches have notified us of armed clashes between the Croats and the Serbs, whose differences are explained by the Paris *Temps.* It is important to realize, we are told, that in Croatia—Croatia-Slavonia—there is a democratic movement under way which is



GERMANY'S POSTWAR DRIVE TOWARD PARIS.

GERMANIA—"Hurry to Paris, my sons, for the more you sell the less the French merchants will sell. With the money you get from them we shall pay their indemnity."

—*Ruy Blas* (Paris).

controlled by the peasant or rural party. After the downfall of Austria-Hungary, these Croat peasants contrived to organize the majority of their class into a party which to-day controls at least four-fifths of the Croat nation. This Paris daily adds:

"After the armistice this party enlarged and emphasized its social and republican platform. On November 25, 1918, it convoked a great assembly of two thousand delegates at Agram, where it resolutely opposed the Serbian centralism of Belgrade. On February 3, 1919, in a general extraordinary assembly, representing more than 100,000 of their supporters, it demanded the removal of Serbian troops and also the establishment of a Croat constituent assembly. On March 1 unanimous protest was made against the Belgrade Ministry's agrarian reforms, and on March 8 protest was made against a series of oppressive ordinances, against the oligarchic proclamation of the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, and against the suppression of the party organ *Dom*. The organization of a peasant Croat neutral republic was asked for. The platform of the Croat peasant party is conservative as regards religion, liberal in politics, and in certain clearly defined economic matters it is radical. . . . As the party is an undeniable force, the central government of Belgrade has only its own advantage to seek in coming to an understanding with it. It is not by maltreating the Croat peasants, who call themselves republicans, that Jugo-Slavia will succeed in establishing the internal peace of which it has the greatest need."

The Balkan correspondent of the liberal *Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant* advises us that in Belgrade as well as in Agram, it is realized that it "will not be possible to unite Serbs and Croats into a single state," and he continues:

"As time goes on it becomes plainer that these nations do not agree on one single point, and especially on the question of the form of government of the new state. Generally speaking, the Croats are monarchists, the Serbs, in particular the *Intelligentsia*, are republican, and so are the Slovenes. Monarchists also are the Montenegrins, Herzegovinians, and the Bosnians."

In denial of the foregoing opinions Dr. Voyslav M. Yovanovitch, Director of the Information Bureau of the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes at Washington, says that reports that a "powerful political party" in Croatia is opposing the national union of the Croats in a single state with the Serbs and Slovenes, in order to secure through the Peace Conference in Paris a separate Croatian republic, are "a most characteristic specimen of Italian propaganda." This authority proceeds:

"According to these reports the leader of the party, Stiepan Raditch, who claims to represent 1,000,000 Croat peasants, has sent an appeal to the Italian peace delegation inviting Mr. Orlando and Baron Sonnino to take charge of Croatian interests in Paris. A report published in the French press adds that Mr. Raditch has 'offered' Fiume to Italy as a price for the latter's help to 'liberate' Croatia.

"It is not true that the peasant party represents 1,000,000 Croats of Croatia. According to the most recent official census (of 1910), there are in all 1,608,354 Croats (males and females) in Croatia. The National Parliament of Croatia has 80 elected members. Only three of them (Stiepan Raditch, Vinko Lovrekovitch, and Tomo Ialbeditch) belong to the self-styled peasant party. Croatia being an eighty-five per cent. agricultural country, and the majority of its rural population belonging to other political parties, any one of them has more right to assume the name of peasant party than Mr. Raditch's little group has."

Dr. Yovanovitch cites a corroborative statement from the Jugo-Slav Bureau in Paris, which reads in part:

"The will of the Croatian people to form a great state of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes is so stedfast that no worldly power could make them swerve from it, and still less the Lilliputian republic of Mr. Raditch, tho it be placed under the high patronage of the covetous 'Queen of the Adriatic.' The object of Mr. Raditch may be to bring about confusion and chaos in the bosom of the people. But the Croatian people are too conscious of the paramount importance for the union with its brethren into the state of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes to listen to the insinuations of a social intriguer such as Raditch.

"Croatia rejects the Lenines, and is not accessible to Bolshevism propagated by Raditch."

TURKEY'S INJURED FEELINGS

TURKISH SENSIBILITIES are sadly wounded by articles in the press of the outside world which hold the Turkish nation up as unfit and incompetent to govern. The Turkish press are unanimous in the contention that the Turks are fully qualified and entitled to rule Turkey and of course to retain Constantinople as their capital. They point to the shining record of the Ottoman Empire for centuries back, which they offer as a certificate of competency and good character, tho their critics might differ with them on this point. They are able, however, to cite cases where communities of various religious beliefs plead for the continuance of the Ottoman Government, and somewhat in a German line of argument hold up President Wilson's fourteen points as the infallible justification of all they ask. As an instance of Turkish resentment toward criticism from the outside, we cull from the Constantinople *Ikdam*, now known as the *Wakit*, the following:

"Foreign newspapers contain an endless number of articles in which it is claimed that the Turks are incompetents as a nation. Naturally we are offended. It is the morrow of a great war. Every racial element of our population is doing its utmost in European capitals to press consideration of its own interests and claims. On what grounds is the verdict of incompetency rendered against the Turks? Is it from examination of Ottoman history? For how many centuries, from this center of Constantinople, have the Turks ruled over many races of different religions, different social customs, different industrial and economic aptitudes? Consider this and ask yourselves whether the Turks really are incompetents as a nation."

The Constantinople *Hadisat* calls attention to the desire of the Moslems of India for the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, and remarks:

"Between the mountains of Anatolia and the Desert of Arabia lies the Sanjak of Mardin. Its population is two-thirds Moslem, that is, more than 150,000. The common language for all races is Arabic. The heads of the several communities—Moslem, Syrian, Chaldean, Catholic, Orthodox, and Protestant—have united in this statement and plea: 'We have lived together for centuries as brothers under the administration of the Ottoman Government, and we petition that this administration continue without interruption.'"

The Constantinople *Wakit* epitomizes the frame of mind of the peoples of the Near East and of Central Europe in two words—"expectation and anxiety." The world-war has wrought great changes among all nations, says this journal, and it proceeds:

"The general peace will work other changes in the life of the nations. What will be the lines of these changes? What will fall to our lot? Anxiety overweighs expectancy. The difficulties we face are tremendous. Some grounds of hope were given us by Lloyd George in his speech in the House of Commons. Meanwhile, the condition of Russia is still an enigma as well as that of Austria. The fourteen points of President Wilson remain the true guide for settling the problems of the Near East. What gives us hope is that we hear from the victors a demand, not for vengeance, but for justice. This alone can secure permanent peace."

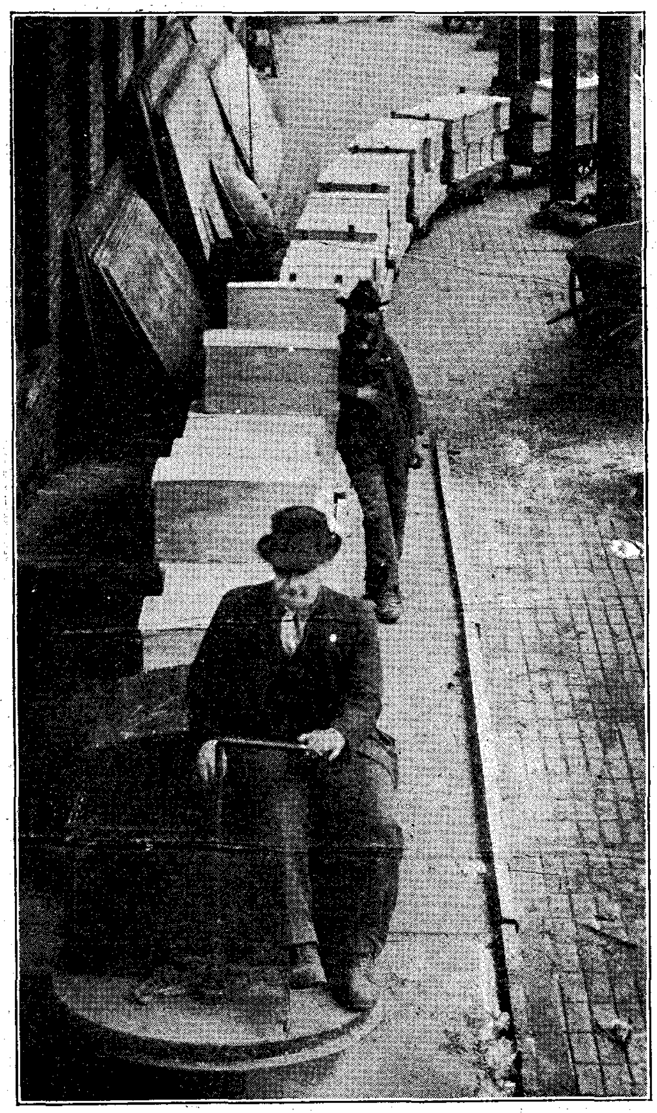
The *Wakit* is also authority for the statement that President Gates of Robert College reported, on his return from a tour of inspection through the interior, that the establishment of a great Armenia in the eastern provinces of the country is "physically absurd," and this organ remarks:

"Neighboring people can not be asked to give up territory, and it is admitted that Armenians are in the minority in these provinces. It is as if a farm were owned by ten persons, seven of whom were Moslems and three Christians. They have long lived together in this partnership, but quarrels have broken out and they are bound to separate. How shall this be done? Manifestly by dividing the farm and giving seven parts to the Moslem owners and three parts to the Armenian owners."

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

ELECTRIC TRACTORS FOR FACTORY USE

THE IMPETUS OF THE WAR has been felt by the industrial truck and tractor as well as by almost all other forms of labor-saving apparatus. Man-power being required in the fighting line, industry was forced to adopt any and every device that would enable production to continue. In many cases the impetus thus given will be carried over into peace, and this will be true, thinks a writer in *The Electrical Review* (Chicago, May 17) of the industrial tractor, which has many uses hitherto neglected. The subject of industrial electric traction, he says, calls to mind the small, silent, rapid locomotives, trucks, or cars, hauling or carrying loads all out of proportion to their size among piles of luggage and crowds of people in terminals or on shipping platforms. This is but natural, since the first practical application of tractors was for these purposes. But the vision must not be allowed to rest here, for this represents but a small portion of the possible field, which may be said to include nearly all lines of industry. He goes on:



Courtesy of "The Electrical Review," Chicago.

NEGOTIATING A CURVE.

This tractor circles safely around the posts in the Armour plant with its long train of trailers full of eggs.

"Industrial electric traction equipment may be roughly divided into two classes—locomotives or tractors which are equipped with the necessary power and control apparatus and a place for the operator, but on which no provision is made for carrying; and trucks which carry the same apparatus, but on which space is allowed for the transporting of material, etc. These may be designed to run on tracks where the route of travel is definitely laid out and where conditions are such as to restrict passageways very closely and the utmost power is desired, or they may be built with flat wheels equipped with tires for operation over almost any surface. The power, when it is desired to operate the machines on tracks, may either be received from storage-batteries on the tractor or through some form of trolley from an outside source. Unless track operation is intended the power is received from storage batteries.

"Where the apparatus is designed for use on tracks the limitations as to speed, size, and power are unrestricted, which is especially true where the power is received from an outside source. The high cost of these equipments and their distributing limitations, however, prohibit their use except in comparatively few cases where these features are essential.

"The storage-battery vehicle, on the other hand, designed for use on any surface, has a far greater field, and, altho somewhat restricted as to practical speed and power, embodies these features to a sufficient extent for ordinary purposes. Altho the fields of these two forms are sufficiently well defined and limited to prevent encroachment, the same auxiliary devices may be supplied with either and the methods which they employ are common.

"The progress made in the design of these storage-battery trucks and tractors since their introduction has been very rapid. Many improvements designed to meet almost every industrial requirement have been made, either in the locomotives and trucks or by the addition of certain auxiliary features. Among the prominent improvements in the machines are those of steering, braking, battery, and motor features, controller and control equipment, diminishing the necessary turning radius, couplings, and numerous safety appliances. Of the auxiliary devices, the automatic lifting, loading, dumping, and crane attachments are most familiar, altho tractors and trucks have been equipped with pumps, lifting magnets, conveyers, etc., to meet special requirements."

The auxiliary feature that presents the greatest advantages is probably the lifting-truck, we are told. The body of this truck can be raised or lowered, using the power of the truck. In the lowest position, the body may be run under skids on which the material to be moved has been placed. It is then raised and the material still on the skid is carried to the next place. The average time required to load and unload a truck is four times that required to remove the material. It is evident, therefore, that such trucks may be used to advantage even on short hauls. To quote further:

"Another prominent feature which greatly extends the field of the tractor is the crane attachment. This attachment is simple, consisting of a gauntry crane to be mounted on the tractor-frame, the hook of which is raised or lowered either by a separate motor or by the tractor motor. With this device, tractors may be used in moving heavy machinery or materials. This is especially desirable in small plants where a traveling crane can not be installed. . . . . . .

"It is generally admitted that where any considerable quantity of material is to be carried over distances in excess of one hundred yards, electric tractors and trucks offer great economic advantages over any other method of handling. This limitation in distance applies to ordinary quantities of materials of such size that they can be easily handled by man-power. This, it would seem, restricts their use to the older factories where modern ideas of efficiency were not known at the time of building and prohibits their operation in the modern plants where progressive assembly and other similar efficiency methods are practised. As a matter of fact, however, the opposite conditions prevail and the majority of practical economic installations are to be found in the progressive modern plants. There is no question but that this condition is brought about by the improved cost systems in use in these plants from which the approximate savings can be predetermined and the manufacturing policies which require that all equipment must be operated at its maximum efficiency. This condition does not lessen the opportunities for electric industrial transportation apparatus in the older plants, but offers a profitable example which these plants may follow. . . . . . .

"The general utility features of these machines can not be neglected, for these are often the determining factors in their selection for use in small plants. In these plants power-cranes, hoists, etc., are not practical, because there is seldom any use for them. When such work is to be done it is usually performed by a large number of the workmen who are taken from their regular work for this purpose. This results in a loss of time, not only the actual time required to do the work, but because such labor tires the men so that they will not be able to put forth their best efforts for the balance of the day.

"One of the common utility duties that tractors or trucks are required to perform is placing and spotting freight-cars. Except in the very large plants where steam-locomotives are constantly in use, this is an expensive process. How often does the entire receiving or shipping department of a small plant remain idle waiting for the switch-engine from the railroad company to move a car a few feet or wait until several of their number accomplish this task by main strength? While it is not the intention to present the industrial tractor as a possible competitor of the steam-engine, they can move an empty freight-car short distances without seriously overloading their equipment."

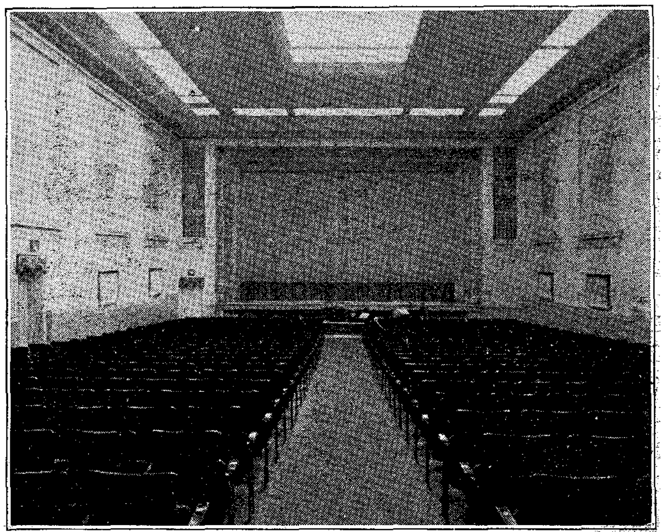
THE HEALTH OF COLORED TROOPS

THE NEGRO is constitutionally a "better physiological machine" than the white man. This is the conclusion drawn by experts from the military examinations and experiences of the past few years as reported by the editor of the "Current Comment" page in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* (Chicago, May 17). Students of eugenics, he says, point out that certain races have unconsciously varied in their choices of partners in such a way as to bring about differing conditions, with respect to resistance to disease, to mental capacity, and to moral quality. Of these, the resistance to disease is susceptible of most accurate estimation because it can be considered on the basis of statistical information. He goes on:

"A peculiarly valuable instance is afforded by the comparison of white men and negroes in the United States Army. The numbers are sufficiently large to give some semblance of validity to the deductions which they permit. The white and colored troops live under equally good sanitary conditions and are examined with equal diagnostic skill. A study of the sort indicated has recently been reported by Lieutenant-Colonel Love and Major Davenport, who have undertaken an analysis of more than half a million admissions to sick report in our Army, including more than 15,000 for the colored troops. For many maladies the morbidity-rate is the same in the two races. The army officers have, however, ascertained from the statistics that the colored troops are relatively less resistant to diseases of the lungs and pleura as well as to certain general diseases, like tuberculosis and smallpox; they are also much more frequently infected with venereal diseases and suffer wide-spread complications of these diseases. Love and Davenport point out, on the other hand, that in general the skin not only on the surface of the body, but also that which is infolded to form the lining of the mouth and nasopharynx, is much more resistant to microorganisms in negroes than in white men. The white skin seems to be relatively a degenerate skin in this respect. Furthermore, the nervous systems of the uninfected negroes show fewer cases of 'instability' than those of white men. Thus there is far less neurasthenia, there are fewer instances of psychopathic states, and there is only half as much alcoholism in colored as in white troops. Nutritional disorders . . . are also less common among the negroes. As Love and Davenport describe the uninfected negro, 'he seems to have more stable nerves, has better eyes, and metabolizes better. Thus, in many respects the uninfected colored troops show themselves to be constitutionally better physiological machines than the white men.'"

HOW TO LIGHT A MOVIE THEATER

THE OLD IDEA that pictures thrown by a lantern on a screen require a completely darkened room to be clearly seen was shown to be incorrect long before the invention of the motion-picture. French experimenters demonstrated that all that was needed was that light from without should not fall directly upon the screen itself nor shine into the spectators' eyes. Yet it was some time before the movie-producers realized that their theaters need not be dark. Some are even now too dark for comfort. There is no need for this, since the problems involved have now been completely worked out by illuminating engineers. The requirements and their practical fulfilment are both stated clearly in an article in *The Electrical World* (New York, May 17). Says this paper:



By courtesy of "The Electrical World," New York.

A NEW LIGHTING SCHEME IN A MICHIGAN THEATER.

Which keeps the screen dark while lighting aisles and seats.

"When lighting problems are considered, auditoriums of photoplay theaters present a condition differing somewhat from that presented by the legitimate theater because sufficient light must be furnished to permit the audience of the photoplay theater to find its way about, yet the distribution of this light must be such as not to interfere with the picture on the screen. The intensities in different parts of the theater may be materially different, since the surface most vitally important is the screen. It is usually quite practicable to raise the illumination in the rear or at the entrance if the motion-picture screen itself is properly submerged in darkness.

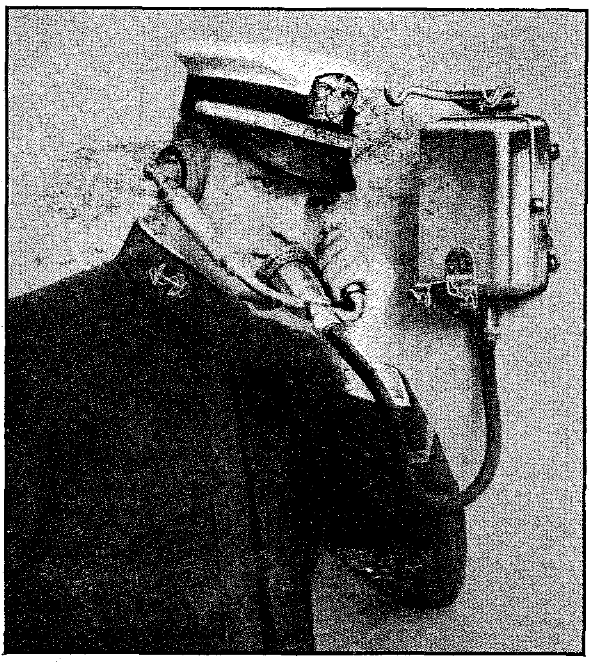
"In this way a person entering is not at first subjected to so low an intensity of illumination as he is after passing down toward the front of the theater. The minute or two which elapses between the time of entering and the time of reaching an area of low illumination gives the eye a certain amount of time in which to accustom itself to the lower intensity.

"A second requirement of this type of lighting is that the greatest amount of illumination should be thrown upon the horizontal plane, that is, the seats and aisles. It is considered poor practise to throw any amount of light on the side-walls because of the effect of reflection toward the screen. Moreover, such light serves no useful purpose. The third point to be considered is the elimination of sources of light from the field of vision. In this category fall such items as bracket lamps along the side-walls or lamps on either side of the screen, if the units are low enough to catch the eye. Such lamps not only tend to disturb the eye, but they also produce depression of vision and cause a diversion which distracts attention from the picture.

"As an example of a method by which such lighting can be worked out, an illustration is shown of a lighting installation at Escanaba, Mich. . . . The lighting is effected solely by means of artificial windows in the ceiling. Above these windows are long boxes approximately 18 inches (45 cm.) in height, painted white inside. These boxes act as diffusers, throwing the light through the windows into the auditorium. The type of glass used gives very good diffusion and efficiency. The lamps are arranged on three separate circuits, allowing for the use of full intensity, a secondary intensity, or a very low intensity for photoplay work. The lamps on the circuit which give the lowest intensity have been so graded in size as to furnish a very low value of illumination near the front of the theater and a higher value of illumination near the rear. This type of lighting directs the greater percentage of light to the seats and aisles, where it is needed."

AN ANTINOISE TELEPHONE

DID YOU EVER TRY to talk through a telephone when some one was making a noise in the room? Whether the noise was the wail of your first-born, or a carpenter mending the door, or your wife playing the piano, it put the telephone temporarily out of commission. Then how can the telephone be used in a boiler-factory, or in the engine-room of a liner, or on an airplane? It couldn't, until the antinoise transmitter was devised. How this has been used on our battle-planes, and how it has now been adopted for marine use, and how it may doubtless be utilized in many other ways, is told in *The Pacific Marine Review* (San Francisco, May). Says this paper:



From "The Pacific Marine Review," San Francisco.

THE "ANTINOISE" TELEPHONE-TRANSMITTER.

"Since the days of its earliest development, the telephone has been tried out at various times for communication from bridge to engine-room and between other parts of power-propelled vessels. That it has been found conspicuously wanting in these trials is apparent from the fact that communication from bridge to engine-room, and *vice versa*, is still chiefly effected by means of such mechanical and electromechanical devices as the ship's telegraph, etc., and even by the antediluvian speaking-tube.

"With the enormous use of the airplane as a fighting and observation unit during the European war, there developed constantly new reasons why rapid and efficient means of intercommunication were necessary—both between the pilot and the bombers or observers aboard the same craft, and also from air-ship to ground and the reverse (in the latter case, of course, by means of wireless telephony).

"To those who have been in the vicinity of unmuffled gasoline or other internal-combustion engines under test, it is superfluous to say that the noise they emit precludes any sort of conversation near by—except, of course, by some means such as sign language. With the twelve cylinders of a Liberty airplane motor exhausting directly into the air alongside the fuselage of an airplane (or, in the case of a twin-motor plane, twenty-four cylinders), the problem of providing easy communication among the crew of that airplane seemed, at first glance, impossible of solution. The tendency of a telephone transmitter of any type previously developed to pick up every noise in its vicinity, as well as the vibrations of the voice directed against it, is only too well known to those who have attempted to use the telephone in any noisy locality. This evil is known in telephone parlance as 'side-tone,' and the best brains of the telephone engineering profession had been combating it for years.

"Confronted with such a problem as this, Edwin S. Pridham and Peter L. Jensen, engineers of the Magnavox Company of San Francisco and pioneers in the adaptation to commercial use of the electrodynamic principle in telephone receivers, took one of the boldest steps ever taken in telephone development, and, by so doing, produced the Magnavox 'antinoise' telephone transmiter.

"It was this transmitter, invented by these two Californians under war-pressure . . . that enabled virtually perfect telephonic intercommunication among the members of the crews of America's combat airplanes, and equally efficient wireless telephone communication with the ground, from heights as great as ten thousand feet."

How Jensen and Pridham solved the problem of overcoming the noise of two thundering, unmuffled Liberty motors and enabling the use of telephones only a few feet from them is interesting because the step they took was both simple and daring. We read:

"Every previous attempt made by telephone engineers—many of them world-famous—to overcome outside noise influence or 'side-tone' in the telephone transmitter had been by trying to exclude noise with 'sound-proof' cases, padding and the like.

"Pridham and Jensen boldly opened the diaphragm and button of the transmitter and let all the noise in—impartially to both sides of the diaphragm. The result was entire exclusion from the circuit of every sound save the voices of the users; and the inventors at once patented the method, the extreme simplicity of which impresses itself forcibly on every one who hears a demonstration.

"The idea is simple. Conceive a big Chinese gong or tomtom struck on both sides at once, in the same spot, by hammers of equal weight. The blows being equal, the gong will not vibrate. But if a light tap be administered on one side only, at the same time, with a smaller hammer, the gong will vibrate in proportion to the tap of the little hammer. In the case of the transmitter, the outside noise (affecting both sides of the diaphragm equally) is analogous to the two hammers; the voice waves to the smaller hammer.

"All of this brings us back to the question of telephone intercommunication between the bridge of a steamship or motor-ship and the noisy parts of the ship—main engine-room, refrigerating engine-room, steering engine-room aft, boiler-room, wireless-room, etc. Demonstrations of the performance of the Magnavox 'antinoise' telephone under severe and actual service conditions convinced the representatives of the Emergency Fleet Corporation that it was the long-desired means of unimpeded telephonic intercommunication amid the perpetual din in the vitals of a power-driven ship. As a result, merchant ships now under construction in Pacific coast shipyards are being equipped with Magnavox 'antinoise' marine telephones.

"These marine telephones embody not only the same transmitter that revolutionized intercommunication on board and to and from army and navy airplanes, but also the electrodynamic type of telephone receiver, which is far superior in speech reception and reproduction to the old type of electromagnetic receiver employed in the familiar commercial form of telephone.

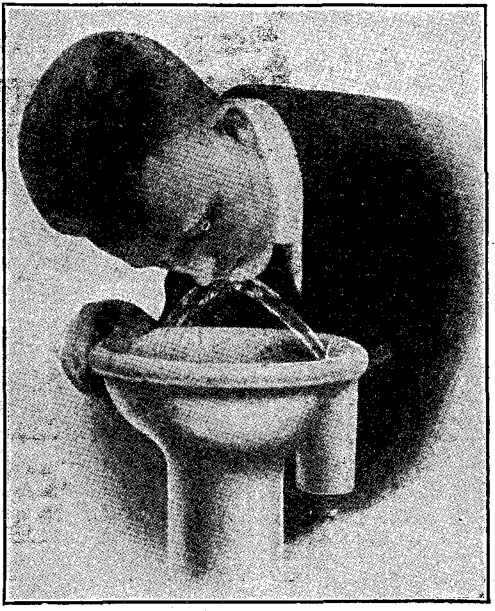
"In addition to embodying these two vital features, the 'antinoise' transmitter and the electrodynamic receiver, these instruments bear ample evidence of having been carefully and thoughtfully designed to meet all of the unusually severe conditions that must be met by electrical apparatus of any form on board ship. . . . . .

"A word here about the technicalities of the electrodynamic type of telephone receiver may not be amiss. In this form of receiver, the vibrating element is a flat coil of wire, and not a soft iron diaphragm, as in the old electromagnetic type. This flat coil of wire is rigidly attached to a bronze diaphragm, in such a position that it cuts the lines of magnetic force passing between the pole pieces of a permanent magnet. The passage of the fluctuating voice-currents through this coil causes it to vibrate in this magnetic field synchronously with the vibrations of the transmitter diaphragm at the other end of the circuit; and, inasmuch as the coil is always at a fixt distance from the pole pieces of the magnet, the reproduction of speech effected by it, through the attached receiver diaphragm, is far clearer and more faithful to the original than ever has been attained by the common or electromagnetic type of receiver. . . . . . .

"One unique test that was made consisted in placing a telephone equipped with the 'antinoise' transmitter inside the steel shell of a boiler. With several men outside the boiler pounding on the shell with hammers, a person inside was able to telephone to those on the outside without interference from the din of the hammering."

DRINKING-FOUNTAINS, GOOD AND BAD

THAT A BUBBLING FOUNTAIN without a mouth-guard is like a gun without powder is asserted by Prof. J. H. Dunlap, of Iowa State University, in an article entitled "Common Sense, Science, and Drinking-Fountains," contributed to *The American City* (New York, May). He gives as his reason for saying this that in the customary vertical-jet type of fountain without a mouth-guard the lips of the drinker are apt to be placed directly upon the metal top of the bubbler. In this way germs from the lips are almost sure to flavor the drink of the next user. In order to show just how the public uses such fountains, some data were recently obtained showing that twenty-five of forty children that drank from unguarded fountains placed their lips in contact with the metal. He goes on:



Courtesy of "The American City," New York.

A SAFE DRINKING-FOUNTAIN.

"Not long ago a Federal inspector in the United States Public Health Service observed the use of a certain fountain. Upon one occasion forty-seven persons drank; and in almost every case the lips were placed upon the metal top. Of the forty-seven who used the fountain three appeared to be tubercular and three had an eruption upon the face. Such facts are conclusive evidence of the need of mouth-guards with all fountains.

"It seems obvious in the case of fountains with vertical jets that water which has touched the lips may fall back upon the metal tops. In a recent visit to a large city fountains apparently new and very attractive in appearance were observed upon the corners of a public square. The mayor of the city and his associates seemed to be very much surprized when told that these fountains were quite unsanitary.

"The fresh water bubbles up through a cup of more or less stagnant water which could not drain out. Of course the water which touches the lips of the drinker falls back into this cup and seriously contaminates it. A simple experiment will enable any one to discover how long such polluted water may remain in the undrained cup. By adding a little stain or coloring matter, it will be found that a long period of time is required before all traces of it have disappeared. While this fountain is bad enough in the continuous-flow type, it is much worse in the intermittent-flow type.

"But suppose the bubbler is designed so that the incoming fresh water can not pass through a stagnant cup of water. Suppose the fountain is of the intermittent-flow type. It should be easy to see that, when the flow stops, the water which is at that moment in contact with the lips may fall back upon the metal top of the bubbler and from this resting-place be carried to the lips of the next drinker. Moreover, if the bulb forming the nozle is so made that it may drain out, some of the germ-laden water may be drawn back inside the bulb. Then the next flush of water will be likely to carry some of the germs to the lips of the drinker who is so unfortunate as to come next.

"While this danger of contaminated water falling back upon the metal top in the case of intermittent jets is self-evident, it is by no means so clear that the same danger exists with continuous jets. Science, however, may be called to our aid in the investigation of fountains with continuous vertical jets. Laboratory tests seem to prove that such fountains are almost equally guilty with those of the intermittent type. Whether or not this is due to faulty design has not yet been clearly demonstrated. The experiments made at the University of Wisconsin were upon a bubbler of the continuous-flow type, formed by four perforations in the top of a cylinder which screwed into the center of a hollow metal bulb. The experimenters performed the interesting test of washing out their mouths with suspensions of *B. prodigiosus*, and while the lips were still moist they drank from the fountain when the bubble was two to three centimeters in height. They were careful not to touch the metal top of the fountain. In one instance they found that the bacteria thus introduced were retained for 135 minutes. The average time of retention was 25 minutes. The theory was advanced that the reason why these bacteria were retained for so long a time by the bubble was that the organisms danced on the columns of water, much as a ball dances on a garden fountain. Further tests should be made in order to show more clearly why so long a period of retention of bacteria is possible. It may be that the particular design of vertical-jet, continuous-flow fountain used in these tests is responsible for the length of the retention period. At any rate, these experiments show clearly that even vertical-jet, continuous-flow bubblers may be a possible source of danger in the transmission of contagious diseases. It may prove impracticable to alter the design of continuous-flow, vertical-jet fountains so that the dangers they now present may be completely removed. . . . . . .

"Science has proved that the most serious violation of common sense of which our drinking-fountains are guilty is that they are nearly all designed with vertical jets. As would be expected, experiments have shown that by slanting the jet at an angle of fifteen degrees or more all the dangers inherent in the vertical type of jet will be overcome. The drink is then obtained at the highest point in the curved path of the jet. No water touched by the lips can fall so as to contaminate the source. The slanting-jet fountain shown is one type now being manufactured. This nozle is simple, safe, and inexpensive. It may be attached to any type of fountain now on the market. This particular design is exceedingly well protected. Neither the face nor the hand can contaminate the source of the jet, and it can not be squirted by the small boy.

"There are already at least four distinct types of slanting-jet fountains upon the market."

The following are Dr. Dunlap's conclusions:

"First, all intermittent-flow fountains with vertical jets should be unqualifiedly condemned.

"Secondly, most continuous-flow fountains with vertical jets are shown by actual laboratory experiments to be possible sources of the spread of contagious diseases.

"Thirdly, no continuous-flow fountain with vertical jet should be installed without first obtaining the approval of the type selected by a competent sanitary authority or by a State board of health.

"Fourthly, slanting-jet fountains, whether of the continuous or of the intermittent type, are simple and safe.

"Finally, while the case against the present types of sanitary drinking-fountains might be continued further, it is hoped that enough evidence has been set forth to serve as a guide to the public in future purchases."

DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE AND INVENTION CONTINUED ON PAGE 114

LETTERS AND ART

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN SHRINE.

Sulgrave Manor, the English home of the Washingtons, about to be refitted to serve in future as a meeting-place for all "who wish to bring Englishmen and Americans to understand each other as members of one family."

THE HEARTH OF THE WASHINGTONS

IT IS AN ODD FACT that Shakespeare's birthplace has been almost more of an American than an English shrine. Certainly few American travelers in that land ever failed to make at least one visit to Stratford-on-Avon, and it is more than likely that Britishers by the thousand may be found innocent of similar devotion. But England is now setting up a rival shrine, and one that may be calculated to exert a stronger claim. Sulgrave Manor, the home of the Washingtons, is to be one of the first memorials of that quickening of sympathy and cooperation between the two English-speaking peoples brought about by the war. The long-standing tie is personified in Washington, whom Englishmen themselves have called "that great Englishman who was also a great American." Before the war the home of Washington's ancestors in Northamptonshire had been bought in celebration of a century of peace between the two nations; but the funds necessary to restore, equip, and maintain this historic link with the past as an appropriate center of Anglo-American friendship were necessarily diverted to other channels. Now the project has been revived, mainly through the inspiration of the London *Daily Telegraph*. Viscount Bryce, that old and devoted friend of America, is fittingly the one to point out the especial claim this spot has on America's interest and affections:

"Our American friends do not always remember, and their school-books certainly have failed to impress it upon them, that the history of the United States does not begin with the Declaration of Independence, nor with Sir Walter Raleigh, nor with the *Mayflower*, but began centuries earlier, in the years when the character of the English people was being molded, and when the foundations were being laid of those free institutions which one part of the people carried across the Atlantic, and has there developed in a new Continent.

"Sulgrave Manor, the ancestral home of the Washingtons, is a visible monument to remind them of this truth. Americans who visit it will better realize the scenes amid which the forefathers of the old colonies in Virginia and New England dwelt and worked, already practising the virtues which have made the greatness of both branches of the stock. In these Northamptonshire fields they will feel themselves at home, and realize that the traditions and institutions of Old England are part of their heritage."

The Lord Mayor of London sounds the note of the renewed spiritual alliance through the agency of the war and its manifestation in this physical shape:

"To-day, at the close of the Great War, when the sons of these two nations have stood side by side in the cause of the world's freedom, there is a new significance in the movement which *The Daily Telegraph* has taken up. The completion of the scheme to make Sulgrave Manor a meeting-place and a museum will, I am sure, commend itself to all who wish to bring Englishmen and Americans to understand each other as members of one family."

The leading editorial of *The Daily Telegraph* of April 24 is a fuller statement of the claims of this enterprise upon public interest and support. England is proposing the task as in the main one for herself, and the King heads the list of subscriptions with £100. It is calculated that £25,000 will be needed, and in the list of givers are noted already names of Americans as well as Englishmen. *The Daily Telegraph* points out some of the "many objects that might be fulfilled by an institution such as this":

"First and foremost, it serves to emphasize the Sulgrave pedigree and the British origin of George Washington, the first President of the United States. On the main doorway of the Manor House are Lawrence Washington's arms, reputed to be the origin of the American national flag—the Stars and Stripes. The Royal Tudor Arms are also still to be seen on the front gable. The second great object is to concentrate, as it were, in Sulgrave Manor House all the Washington relics to be found in this country, and documentary, pictorial, and other records of Anglo-American relations. Apart, too, from its influence as a museum, it is to be a center of active work for the future—a rendezvous, if we like to put it so, for all Americans visiting the old country, and at all events a precious and most significant sign or testimony of the enduring friendship of the British and American peoples."

The history of Sulgrave Manor House is a curious one and not, we are told, without question as to its precise relation to the Washington family:

"Somewhere about the end of the eighteenth century, Sir Isaac Heard, Garter King-of-Arms, constructed a pedigree of the first American President, which showed that his great-grandfather, John Washington, together with John's brother Lawrence, emigrated to Virginia about 1657. These two emigrant brothers were declared to be the sons of Lawrence Washington, of Sulgrave, who was the grandson of that Lawrence Washington who received a grant from Henry VIII. of Sulgrave Manor, which had been the property of St. Andrew's Monastery, Northampton, before its dissolution. But Sir Isaac Heard was not allowed to have it all his own way in constructing the family tree. In the middle of the nineteenth century an American genealogist, Colonel Chester, conclusively demonstrated that the two alleged emigrants never left the country. John, on the contrary, became Sir John Washington, of Thrapston, and Lawrence, the Rev. Lawrence Washington, Master of Arts, rector of Purleigh, in Essex. So far, then, George Washington was left without a known British ancestry, the Sulgrave origin being declared to be a myth. But the whirligig of time brings in its revenges. In 1883 another American genealogist, Mr. Henry F. Waters, set himself to work to explore still further such early records as were available. After six years' diligent labor he came across a memorandum, which he duly published in 1889, proving that the Rev. Lawrence Washington, rector of Purleigh, was the father of the two boys, John and Lawrence, who were the real 'Virginians,' John being the great-grandfather of General Washington. According to Sir Isaac Heard, the Purleigh rector was the alleged emigrant, but, as a matter of fact, a whole generation had been omitted from the pedigree. When Waters rectified this omission and inserted the two missing names, the Sulgrave pedigree was reestablished, and, indeed, was placed on a firmer footing than before. At the same time, it seems not wholly correct to say that Sulgrave Manor was the 'home' of these Virginians. Neither of the two brothers ever lived there, the younger being born at Tring, in Hertfordshire, and the elder, in all probability, at Purleigh. But three generations of the President's ancestors without doubt lived at Sulgrave for a part of their lives; and, indeed, one of these, Lawrence, the original grantee, who had been Mayor of Northampton, spent the whole of his life there. It was in 1538 that this Lawrence Washington, having made his purchase from King Henry VIII., went to live on his estate and built the present Manor House, over the main doorway of which, as we have already seen, he placed his coat of arms. He died in 1564. If Sulgrave Manor be not exactly the cradle of the Washington race—tho, as we have seen, it is so closely connected with the fortunes of the family—whence did the family itself come? Here we are in the region of conjecture and hypothesis. A well-instructed correspondent, who contributed a valuable letter on this subject to the Yorkshire *Post*, thinks that we ought to look farther north than Northamptonshire, perhaps to Lancashire or Yorkshire. Close to Ravensworth there is a little place still known as Whashton, but formerly called Washington or Wessington, which may be the spot of which we are in search. At all events, the connection with Sulgrave Manor rests on a truly historic basis."

The four years that have elapsed since the original appeal was made have immensely strengthened the force of it, points out *The Daily Telegraph*, and "brought into clearer light considerations which are as practical as they are important." Thus:

"The United States have identified themselves with European interests and entered the war as champions of precisely the same international ideals of justice and honor which have appealed so strongly to ourselves. British and American soldiers have fought side by side on many a hardly contested field, and their navies have worked together, as Admiral Sims has so often declared, with complete harmony of method and aim. From friendship we have advanced to an alliance not the less binding because it has not been formulated in exact terms; and we know now that we can depend on America as she can upon us. It is not merely a case of sympathy, however ardent and sincere; it is work in common, a union of fellow laborers in the same fields of energetic enterprise. And beyond, too, the present scope of our joint efforts, the future seems to promise the far-seen vision of an Anglo-American league in defense of civilization and progress, a mighty instrument of human welfare in whose benefits the whole world can join. All means to so grandiose an end are to be welcomed; every step is valuable which leads to so noble a consummation."

DISCOVERY OF THE ENGLISH

READING THE SAME BOOKS for centuries and worshiping Shakespeare at a competitive rate hadn't up to the war made us entirely comfortable with Englishmen. Soldiers are now returning with plenty of fault-finding over individual experience, which perhaps confirms the claim that we are of the same family, for it is said that nothing pleases an Englishman more than to criticize his relations. "An American Officer" tells how he was reorientated after his sojourn in England for training—an experience he looked forward to with dismay. "There was no joy in me at the sight of England," he says in the London *Spectator*, "or the anticipation of meeting its inhabitants." The English were not strangers to him, tho he had never been in their country before and he had found them "outspoken to a fault in their criticisms of everything unlike England." But what he found in England was a "world that had never been interpreted to the Americans." At the beginning of his stay he started in to "even up, as I thought, with the English." Thus:

"I began immediately making all possible comparisons which were derogatory to England and complimentary to America, which in matters of public service and business methods it was sometimes easy to do. I ran immediately across a very queer fact. In stating my objections to certain things I expected an instant argument, and was very much surprized to find the English taking more delight in my criticisms than myself, and even carrying them further. I saw I had not understood them, and after that endeavored to register impressions that I tried to keep unprejudiced, and they are about as follows:

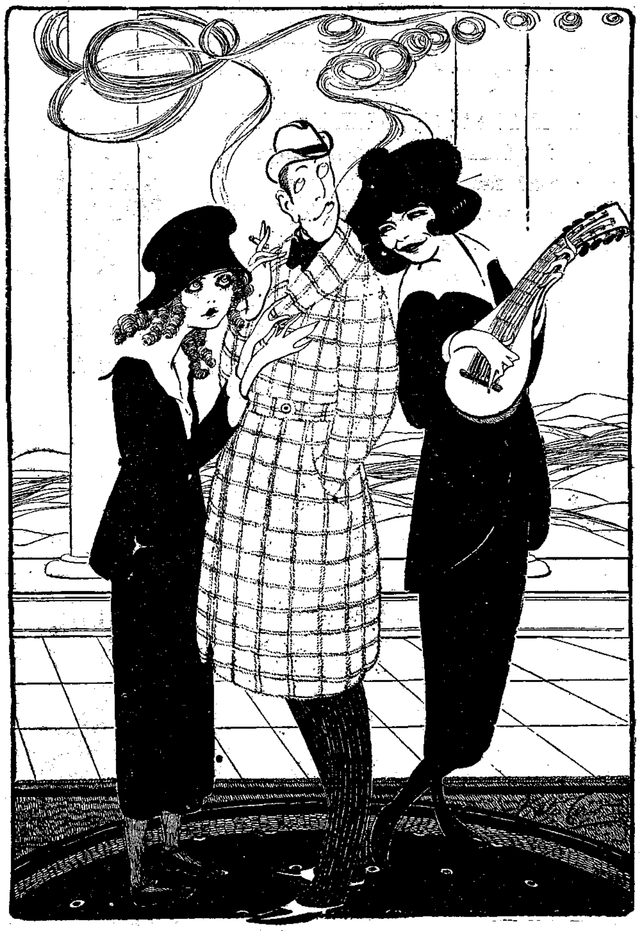
"Primarily the Englishman is a born critic, at times narrow and fanatical, and generally with a single-track mind that handles only one subject at a time. Evidently, after a great deal of conversation throughout the isle, that one subject will be settled and another taken up. He is well tinctured with Puritanism, and yet with a good excess of healthy animal spirits that make him, while perhaps at heart a Sir Galahad, very often in his actions very much of a hypocrite. He rather spoils his holiday moments by too much inner searching and his spiritual life by succumbing to small fleshpots. He makes excuses where he should merely make a confession, and let it go at that. Yet the great glaring trait of hypocrisy possest by the English comes from their clinging to an ideal, and trying to square up with it even with the evidence against them.

"The English are eminently fair in their consideration of the political rights of others, and I would trust to their sense of right above any other people in the world, including my own. Unlike ourselves and the French, the English are not an expedient people, and, enjoying political freedom themselves, they will consent to no arrangement, however expedient, that deprives any particular race of people of their political rights. It is a fetish with them, and no leader that has ever arisen among them could ever sway them from it. No one should realize it more truly than the Americans, as the English made their own King helpless during our Revolutionary War, and refused to go with our South and with slavery even when in their great cotton-spinning district they were threatened with starvation. No wonder that the Dominions responded to England's needs when the call for help went out in 1914.

"Hyde Park is an established institution in England, and what a great sight it is to see it on a Sunday afternoon, when its orators are in full swing—to see them, when they haven't even a box, stand flat-footed on the sidewalk and announce their particular doctrine for the cure of social ills, and then take on all questioners. It is wonderful, and not permissible in our land of so-called freedom, as we are entirely too self-conscious, and think that liberty is too fragile a thing to be handled by everybody.

"I faced about on the Irish question after I found that the Nationalists were being blocked through no ill will toward Catholic Ireland, but because the English feared about the rights of northern Ireland in the settlement. Another pet American theory exploded, and how I will grieve my Irish friends when I return!

"I have always believed that the reserve of the better-class Englishmen was due to shyness, but I think that their silence comes rather from a poverty of ideas, and must confess that there is not much intellectual refreshment in the company of the better-class Englishmen. They seem to take it for granted that they are superior, and let it go at that, and to know a great man seems to be the same as to be one. They seem to feel that curiosity is akin to bad manners and naiveness to ignorance. However, when one strikes among their workers and thinkers of the better class, what wonderful men they are, that think so straightly and brilliantly analyze life!



MR. GRIFFITH AND THE GISH GIRLS.

Miss Dorothy Gish, the girl with the mandolin, is supposed to be saying, "Oh, Grif, dear, if only you had smoked this tobacco with a fair wind in the front-line trenches the war would have ended long before it did." Lillian, the other sister, is appearing in "Broken Blossoms," and is pictured in the scene on the opposite page.

—Kate Carew in *The Tatler* (London).

"There is a great flavor of mediocrity in England, coming, I suppose, from its being such a beautiful, pleasant country, as the thoughts of a man gazing on a succession of rose-covered cottages would hardly be the same as a man with the ragged great heights of the Sierras before him. Carlyle could hardly have been the original thinker he was if he had spent the first part of his life in England instead of the last.

"I found that in England I had had a great mother all along and never knew it.

"I used to love to stand on London Bridge in the evening and watch the mists gradually cover the Houses of Parliament until they were only an outline of the world and yet not of it, and think what Parliament had meant to the liberties of the world, and how in a measure we could never thank it for what it had contributed to the institutions and the common laws of my beloved homeland.

"We have felt the heart-beats of the mother of our race and are proud to be her children, and to have paid slightly, very slightly, our debt to her in the hour of her need."

THE FILM FINDS SPIRITUAL BEAUTY IN CHINATOWN

IN ONE DAY "the screen" jumped five years. Such a paradox is not the mere jargon it sounds to the minority who are not devotees of the flitting film; but the tribute of the most appreciative of the "movie" reviewers, Miss Virginia Tracy, to the latest Griffith achievement. She declares that, quite as well as *Candida's* poet, she knew the hour when it struck; and she heard the striking at the first revelation of "Broken Blossoms." This is a story taken from Thomas Burke's "Limehouse Nights," and there called "The Chink and the Girl" and given the setting of such beauty devised by Mr. Griffith that it shows from another angle the East and West problem that enters into so many of our present-day theater enterprises. Most important of all, according to Miss Tracy, is the technical advance shown here, subservient as this element must at all times be to the dramatic intention. The prime necessity of five reels often makes sad work of the story. "If the subject is too long, cut off its head; if too short, pad it with footage." No other single condition, Miss Tracy maintains in the New York *Tribune*, "so accounts for the poverty and monotony of our scenarios." Some special exceptions have, indeed, broken the rule:

"'Special features' of ten reels or so may be specially produced if bolstered by immense battles or propaganda or by being historical or taken from the Bible or because they give exhibitions of swimming. But no special feature has dared to produce a mere intimate story about human beings which continues so long as it has something to say and ceases when it has said it . . . this is exactly what Griffith has done.

"With a cast of six characters, only three of whom are more than sketches, and without as much as a rope or a ball dress to sustain it, it runs, perhaps, seven and a half reels, so that it is neither a program feature nor a special feature; nor can whole families say they attend in order to show Georgia how Lincoln was assassinated or how *Salomé* danced. The picture's beauty is in and of itself. It is a tragedy pure and simple—exquisitely simple and exquisitely pure. Its maker has taken his own time to saturate his mind with the story, and then to saturate the story with his own vision of it. Conceived and projected in a mood jealously honorable, it has made no concessions whatever. It has the serene accomplishment of an artist who has exacted from himself nothing but perfection."

The first novelty made this tried reviewer "start wildly," as she confesses:

"The huge expanse of screen, which Griffith does not break by any device of picture-frame or slate, dawned upon us in deep rose. . . . Shades of rose and blue and orange and bronze are the only colors used, but there is more of the Orient in them than in a hundred solidly built Chinese streets, swarming with wild animals and foreigners, to show how much they cost. . . . . . .

"But when the Chinese priest has struck the sacred bell, and his nephew—a young poet and philosopher who must seek his fortune in the New World, but hopes also to carry to its young barbarians the ancient message of peaceful contemplation—has made his pious farewells, all the splendor of color dies away; his ship sails down a river of as misty spiritual suggestion as the River of Souls itself, until, going west and passing other ghost ships going east, it disappears into the ocean vastness. And we are back again to our own world of brown and gray within the London slums.

"Here lives *Battling Burrows*, a cockney prize-fighter who vents all his strength on beating his little daughter, a fair and delicate drudge worshiped at a distance like something holy by the young Chinese, now poor, lonely, and despised. When she has fainted from the vilest of her father's beatings it is across

THE EAST AND WEST IN SPIRITUAL CONTRASTS IN "BROKEN BLOSSOMS."

The Oriental buys flowers to deck the little slum girl, whose father only ill uses and kills her because she fled to the Chinaman for refuge.

the door of his little oriental shop—heaven has come to the Chinaman. He hides his little goddess in his loft, which he transforms into a temple with all the best his stock affords; feeds her, nurses her, bathes her wounds, wraps her in embroidered silk, decks her with Chinese head-dresses of flowers, and, careful to treat her always as a little girl, teaches her what it is to smile—heaven has come to the child. So in the temple loft these two humble and gentle souls, without harm in them, escape a while to a meek happiness. Then the father's discovery of what he can understand only as a 'daughter of his taking up with a dirty Chink' requires him to avenge his family and racial honor, and this costs all three lives. It is in that temple which the father has smashed to bits that the Chinaman arranges in seemliness the broken body of his little goddess and once more makes her fair in silks and flowers. After due prayer he seeks his own death at the foot of her couch, before the police can make good their claim to this Chinese murderer and abductor, now safe and far as the girl is out of our civilized life. But we see, once more in China, that the priest still strikes the sacred bell."

The makers of this picture have, it seems, taken a story of the utmost brutality and squalor and transmuted it by poetry:

"Griffith and his Bitzer have seen to it that the haunted and haunting magic of the old riverside shall snare our senses with its brown smoke-stained mystery in a setting and a photography so creative that it lets loose on us at once the whole charm of London's mellowness. . . . The acting by Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess of the two most exacting parts is so woven within the picture, repeating in its apparent monotone its myriad reflections of variety and suggestion, that it seems murderous to tear it out and praise it; even the girl's fearfully realized passion of terror somehow does not break the web."

Now that the screens are so much with us and so much given to offense, we may rejoice here in "another and a deeper consolation":

"Its horrors are not shown for their own sake, but for the sweetness enduring in their midst; the tender and lowly virtue that is ridden down by the black brute beasts of prejudice and cruelty remains unsullied and uncorrupted by them; in this picture, which might be called, in Maeterlinck's phrase, 'the treasure of the humble,' we feel for its living persistence, and there arises in us an immense desire to behave, while yet we may, as well as possible; to kill in ourselves the least inflection of *Battling Burrows*, and to bring ourselves as near as may be to the high decency of the *Chink* and the *Child*. There is a line in 'Roderick Hudson' which has always seemed to us the truest salutation to fine and human art, and it best expresses the mood in which 'Broken Blossoms' leaves us: 'We ugly mortals, what beautiful creatures we are!'"

MADNESS AND MUSIC

MUSIC AND MADNESS is recommended as a theme for summer reading. Just why *The New Music Review* (New York) lights upon this particular pursuit is not apparent unless to give direction to what is known as midsummer madness. Books like "Le Langage Musical, Étude Médico-psychologique" (Language of Music, Study in Medical Psychology), by Drs. Ernest Dupré and Marcel Nathan, also "Le Langage Musical et Ses Troubles Hystériques" (Music Language and Cases of Hysteria), by Dr. Ingegnieros, of Buenos Aires, are suggested. This is assuming our new proficiency in the allied tongue, if the works are not available in translation. We read some odd reflections on this theme:

"The first chapters of the former work treat with rare intelligence of certain esthetical subjects. Especially interesting is the study of 'Amusie,' constitutional or temporary inability to enjoy, much less understand music. Many pages are devoted to the mental condition of musicians. Dagonet, Moreau de Tours, Séguin had already remarked the musical dispositions shown by certain idiots. Moreau de Tours studied a hopeless idiot who suddenly developed uncommon proficiency as a drummer. The observer might have thought of Thomas Heywood's lines,

Fear and amazement beat upon my heart,
Even as a madman beats upon a drum.

"Lombroso found that among musicians were many mentally deranged. He named Mozart, Schumann, Beethoven, Pergolese, Donizetti, Handel, Dussek, Hoffmann, Gluck, Petrella. These and other cases are considered by Dupré and Nathan.

"Handel, it is true, had a violent temper, but, dying, when seventy-two years old, he had shown no symptom of epilepsy, alcoholism, madness. Where in the world did Lombroso find material for his statements? Handel had envious, bitter enemies in London. No one of them ever charged him with madness or drunkenness. Gluck was a singularly sane person. Lombroso says that he died from drinking too much brandy. As a matter of fact, he had had a stroke. He was forbidden the use of alcohol. Visitors lunched with him one day, three years after his first attack. He offered them coffee and *liqueurs*. He foolishly drank a glass, begging his guests not to tell his wife. About half an hour later he had a third apoplectic attack, from which he died. The attack was not necessarily due to the one glass. Was Mozart insane because he thought Salieri had poisoned him? Lombroso says he was perturbed in mind. Why not? He was wretchedly poor; he had little encouragement at court; the visit of the stranger who wished a Requiem depress him. . . . Who has escaped? Even Berlioz and Wagner have been the subject of pseudo-alienists' investigations."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

THE CASE AGAINST ZIONISM

TO MAKE PALESTINE a Zionist state would give no pleasure to Mohammedan or Christian and not much to a large number of Jews. Just where the proportion stands is not stated by Rabbi David Philipson, in the Chicago *Israelite*, who pleads for the internationalization of this land. Some comfort he takes from the fact that no specific mention of Palestine was made in the League of Nations covenant, leaving the matter to possible settlement in the treaty of peace with Turkey. Jews who oppose the nationalist program of political Zionism, he says, do so not because of lack of affection for the ancestral homeland of their faith, but because of their conviction that Judaism's mission is religious and not political. Non-Zionists, he maintains, would eagerly help any Jews to return to Palestine who desired to go there to find a home, on condition that "this land shall not be considered the national homeland of the Jewish people." He writes:

AN ANTI-ZIONIST,
The Grand Mufti of Palestine, descendant of Mohammed, and leader of 500,000 Moslem Arabs, all of whom naturally disfavor the establishment of a Zionist commonwealth in the Holy Land.

"Let the slander so industriously spread by Zionists to the effect that the opponents of Zionism have no love for Palestine be dismissed once and for all. We sympathize fully with the sentiment which thousands entertain for Palestine, but we are convinced that the Jewish question is larger than the Palestinian question and that the vital issue is freedom for Jews in all lands."

Other peoples besides Jews see a ground of objection to pinning the country down to one people of exclusive religious faith:

"To make of Palestine by fiat either a Jewish state, a Christian state, or a Mohammedan state would be intolerable in the first-named instance to Christians and Mohammedans, in the second to Jews and Mohammedans, and in the third to Christians and Jews. The only tolerable solution is that suggested by Dr. Finley and by others before him, viz., the internationalization of this most international of all of earth's localities. He suggests, too, that Great Britain shall be the trustee into whose charge the civil government of the land shall be placed. That, too, seems fair and just, since it was British achievement which freed the land from Turkish misrule. The time may come when the principle of self-determination will rule there also and the Palestinian nation, composed of people of all creeds, will set up its own government. That government, however, must be based on the principles of freedom for all, no state church, but absolute separation of church and state. Better still would it be could Palestine be permanently internationalized under the suzerainty of the League of Nations. Then would this land stand out as the ward of all the world, even as all the world is indebted to it for the spiritual heritage which came from it. The term 'spiritually internationalized' sounds paradoxical, but it is the finest definition of what Palestine, as the spiritual homeland of three great religious communions, should really be."

To Rabbi Philipson the strength of his argument lies in the fact that Palestine is a holy land for Christians as well as for Jews, and he turns for confirmation to a recent book called "A Pilgrim in Palestine," by Dr. John H. Finley, who was the head of the Red Cross Commission in Palestine. From this book the reader may gather, so Rabbi Philipson asserts, what this land means for the reverent Christian:

"Dr. Finley is a broad-gage American of the best type. He is one of the leading figures in the educational world and in the public life of the country. He has no narrow prejudices. One can not read his thrilling story without being deeply stirred. He traversed the Holy Land from the seacoast to the Jordan and from the hills of Judea to the confines of Damascus. Every spot awakened recollections of the past as portrayed in the Old and the New Testaments. He traversed a freed Palestine, freed from centuries of Turkish tyranny and misrule by the exploits of the modern deliverer, General Allenby. The book is filled with Biblical references skilfully interwoven into the story. Toward the end of the volume Dr. Finley discusses the future of the land. He does this so dispassionately and so sympathetically that his words must appeal to all who can divest themselves of isms of every kind, be they Jewish, Christian, or Mohammedan. He urges the 'internationalization,' or, as he likewise calls it, the 'mutualization' of Palestine so that this country may be an international spiritual homeland for all the world. His attitude toward the Jews is very sympathetic. Altho recognizing the urge toward the land which is dominant in the desire of many Jews, he still feels that the Jew's mission is the penetration into all lands. The entire passage is so significant that I am setting it down with a few omissions. Dr. Finley writes toward the close of his volume:

"'We are, in our promotion of the theory of self-determination, encouraging the division of the earth into smaller and more numerous aliquot parts. It is an essential complement of this that somewhere there shall be symbolized the supreme international planetary whole of which these are but confessed national fractions. And where in all the world can a place be found more fit for this visualization than this spot, where this civilization has had its greatest prophets and noblest teachers? . . . . . .

"'This little land should be kept as an "internationalized" reservation. Perhaps a better word would be "mutualized." . . . . . .

"'I am not concerned that this "internationalized" or "mutualized" reservation (the "old homestead" of civilization, the "abandoned farm" of a wide-spread family of nations) shall give support again to three or five or more millions of people by its recovered fertility or its stimulated industry. . . . If it were merely and solely a matter of raising more barley and wheat and fruits and vegetables, or of planting and nurturing again the orchards and groves of figs and olives and oranges and pomegranates, or of covering the hills with flocks and herds, I should not invite the thought of a reader to leave his Iowa farm, his California groves, his New York orchard, or even his New England garden; tho I hope nevertheless that the land will be made to "blossom again as the rose." I should leave, however, the temporal interests of the agriculturist and the horticulturist and the florist and the advice of their experts to look to that development. . . .

"'I should like to see gathered in happiness there as many sons of Abraham as can in such a sympathetic environment serve humanity better than through the nations whose life their genius has penetrated and permeated. I have long believed and often said that the Jew, by reason of this very penetration and permeation of his genius and the universality of his experience, was fitted above others to help the nations reach that internationalism, of practise as well as of spirit, through nationality. Perhaps in this their ancient homeland they will have a greater opportunity to promote this desired and much-sought end; but, as I believe, it is not to be by going alone, by segregating themselves from the nations they have helped so marvelously to make, and becoming again a "peculiar people" and a separate nation. Their mission even in going back to their homeland is, as I believe, to internationalize, not to intensify and extend nationalization. . . . . .

"'A homeland? Yes! But an international homeland, one which gives welcome to every earth-child who turns toward its holy hills with a pure heart and with clean hands—not one which narrows sympathies or accentuates differences of race or creed—a homeland whose tenantry shall be primarily those who, like the families of Gershom, Kohath, and Merari of old, care for the sacred things of humanity, which must now include the utensils of democracy—not a homeland to be peopled by persecutions or pogroms of other lands, for these can no longer exist, but a homeland repeopled by its own appeal to a humanity seeking not personal salvation nor ease nor pleasure, but a higher common experience and an "eternal excellence."'"

THE CANCER OF LYNCHING—North and South, lynching is shown to be "one of the foulest blots upon our American life." How extensive the blot is appears in the meeting recently held in New York "to register a solemn protest against this iniquitous institution." The meeting was held under the auspices of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. *The Christian Century* (Boston) presents an appalling indictment:

> "In thirty years it is said that 3,224 people have been put to death by cruel mobs, many of them with all of the refinements of human torture that Red Indians might have devised in the old days. Of this number of deaths, 219 have been in the North, 156 in the West, 15 in Alaska and the borders of our country, and 2,834 in the South. In the Southland, Georgia has the preeminence in this kind of discredit, having a record of 386 victims. Mississippi is not far behind with 373. The States follow in this order: Texas, Louisiana, Alabama, Arkansas, Tennessee, Florida, and Kentucky.
>
> "It has been commonly charged that the reason for lynchings was the commission of the crime of rape, but the figures show that sixty-one of the lynchings had women for their victims. The idea that lynchings prevent further crime is quite contrary to experience. On the contrary, they constitute an incitement to crime. As the racial hatred becomes more bitter and implacable there is a lack of reasonableness and consideration on either side, and the lynching is a public advertisement of the crime it is supposed to punish, which acts powerfully upon weak, suggestible minds."

"THE COMMUNITY CHURCH"

After dropping Christ and Christianity out of its creed, the Church of the Messiah could not long be expected to keep its old name. That has now given way to a name which "puts the social-democratic stamp indelibly" upon its work. Both Congregationalism and Unitarianism are left behind, and the church, as its pastor, Rev. John Haynes Holmes, announces, takes "rank with the school, the library, the community center as a public institution for public service." This step is but the logical outcome of a reported utterance made by Dr. Holmes one morning in preaching in exchange with Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, of the Free Synagog, "I hate orthodoxy as I hate hell." His program for the new work, says the New York *Tribune*, "shows that he is true to his hate, for there is nothing orthodox about it." In the New York *Evening Post*, Dr. Holmes explains how it was inevitable that outward signs should conform with inward changes:

A HATER OF ORTHODOXY,

Now pastor of the Community Church, once Church of the Messiah; Rev. Dr. John Haynes Holmes.

> "The old name had long since lost its meaning, at least for our people. To many it had a sentimental value made precious by long and tender association, but it meant nothing to any of us in terms of spiritual thought and work of our time, and to the public at large it was a source of confusion and error. The change to the Community Church of New York is simply an endeavor to interpret the free, democratic social religion to which we are committed, and to give public guaranty of our determination to live out the consequences of this religion to the very end. By this action this church has now completed a great work of reorganization. I have left Unitarianism, cut myself off from all denominational connections of every kind, that I may preach a universal, humanistic religion which knows no bounds of any kind, not even Christianity.
>
> "We have done away with assessments, pew-rents, etc., and thus placed the support of the church on the absolutely democratic basis of free, voluntary subscriptions. We have rewritten our covenant, eliminating every last vestige of theology, thus relegating all matters of belief to private individual opinion and putting membership in the institution on an out-and-out citizenship basis. Any person who is a part of our great American community is welcome to our church, whether he be rich or poor, black or white, Christian, Jew, Hindu, or Parsee."

This last step stirs the reminiscent as well as reflective mood in the Brooklyn *Eagle*, which suggests that this church's isolation from its fellow churches may not be so remote after all:

> "The memories of the great pastorate of the Rev. Robert Collyer can hardly be obliterated, however, and if Collyer, the giant of homely and forceful pulpit oratory, could speak he would perhaps deny that Dr. Holmes is any more universal in his thinking, any more humanistic in his sympathies, or any more devoted to religion than was his predecessor.
>
> "This church was organized in 1825 as the Second Congregational Church of New York. The first gifts came from Congregationalists, but a majority rules in any local body under that form of church government, and the property went to the Unitarians in 1839. Now, with the considerable accretions of almost eighty years given by Unitarians, it passes to a personally guided organization that is new, at least in name.
>
> "We say 'in name' advisedly. For there is in all the evangelical denominations the same spirit of helpfulness, of universal sympathy, of kindliness, of human brotherhood for which Dr. Holmes stands. It is true that the leaven is still working, that all souls of profest believers have not yielded to it, but all are bound to yield. If practical success and increment of influence and usefulness are to come to any individual parish, humanism *must* be the key-note of development. From the Salvation

Army to the Presbyterians and Episcopalians, up or down, the same thing is true. Christianity nearer to Christ is the demand always and everywhere, as it ought to be, and terminology is almost negligible as an incident of the trend of the times."

FAILURE OF RELIGION IN RUSSIA

WHATEVER HOPE OF RUSSIA may have sprung from the religious revival that followed the failure of the revolution seems now dissipated. The revival is dead, declares a correspondent from Stockholm. Extravagant expectations in pious men and patriots of a regenerated Holy Church went as far as a belief that the invading Germans would be crusht, and the even more detested Petrograd *Soviet*, "which was playing the part of a state within the state," would give way to a reconstructed Empire. The Metropolitan of Georgia reminded the members of the convocation of an Ecumenical Congress of the Orthodox Church at Moscow that "the church was the sanctuary of national spirit during the Mongol despotism and the later Polish invasions," and he looked to see her regain her former influence. From that time until last fall, says Mr. Robert Crozier Long in the New York *Evening Post*, "the Church, as far as it had any voice, spoke nationally and patriotically"; but "Germany's collapse stopt further development of this religious nationalism." We read:

"Only the Bolsheviki are opposed to the Allies; and as among the masses there is no longer the acute sense of foreign oppression which is necessary to keep nationalism alive, the religious revival has come to an end.

"The Church as a corporation is weaker than ever. It lacks organized support. The Bishop of Vitebsk lately stated that for the first time in a critical stage of Russian history religion was neither a state affair nor a national sentiment; as far as it existed it was purely personal.

"'The people unfortunately no longer await anything creative in a national sense from the Church. They turn not to the Church but to religion; and in religion they seek only personal consolation. They want to die in the Church; but they show no zeal to live in it. So the Holy Church is to-day a great institution for blessing and anointing the dying and for saying masses for the dead.'

"This view is probably in general true; but events occasionally show that the political notion of the Church still lives. The Petrograd Commune has at present in jail a dozen priests and monks who tried to establish a regularly organized theocratic anti-Bolshevik state. The Bolsheviki call this heresy, 'Three V's,' because it flourished in the thinly peopled, heavily wooded triangle of land between the government towns Vologda, and Viatka, and Velikiustjug on the North Dvina.

"The leader was a relatively well-educated monk named Nikolsky, who before the war was expelled from his monastery as punishment for running a dairy and preaching the heresy that monks should do their honest share of work. Nikolsky violently condemned the atheistical *Soviets*. But his main doctrine was that the civil authorities of the world have shown themselves unfit, and that they should be replaced by a religious chief. To popularize this doctrine, he manufactured rosaries with beads arranged in groups of five, and taught neophytes to repeat the jingle 'Czars, Dumas, Councils, Self, God,' this representing the movement from Autocracy, via Democracy, to Theocracy, the 'Councils' being the hated *Soviets*, and 'Self' being the Anarchists, who, some persons predict, will succeed the Bolsheviki.

"The propaganda, which from the Moscow Hôtel Metropole directs agitation in three continents, considered Nikolsky worth attacking, and in leaflets circulated in his own district he appeared as 'The Bandit Priest' and as a spy in English and American pay. Attempts to seize him failed; and when the fall rainy season came and the roads were impassable to the Red Guards, he and his priestly and lay supporters established their authority over an area of a thousand square miles. They raised taxes, restored the cooperative societies, and so well controlled the food supply that the boycotted representatives of the *Soviets* had to evacuate several districts. When winter came the Government of the Three V's collapsed; it had failed to establish itself in any of the three towns mentioned; Red Guards poured in, and Nikolsky had to fly. For a few weeks he evaded escape, but in the end he was betrayed by a false devotee and captured, and when he tried to escape he was shot dead."

This happened in January. But before that Bolshevik intellectuals at Moscow met and held a three-days' discussion on the theme, "Should religion be tolerated or not?" Religion had short shrift in face of the modern doctrines:

"The disputation took place under the protection of Commissary of Education Lunatcharsky, who spends some tens of millions out of his 2,500,000,000-ruble budget in combating popular superstitions. The scene was the Workmen's Enlightenment Club, formerly the palace of the multimillionaire Savva Morosoff. Lunatcharsky, who opened the debate, propounded certain first principles which the dutiful polemists accepted and developed variously.

"'The future of every country in religious spiritual respects,' affirmed Lunatcharsky, 'depends first upon the policy pursued by the state; therefore the state's attitude toward religion is vital.'

"Most speakers agreed that as religion is associated with ancient race and political prejudices it is inimical to internationalism and communism, which are universal. A few months later the same idea was exprest at the Moscow Third International. At the disputation one speaker gave a quaint and probably true description of the popular mind.

"'The peasant,' he said, 'is still religious; he must have a priest, our brother Russian, because he has an ineradicable yearning after a fool. More than anything he worships simplicity, folly, and weakness; and that is his only notion of goodness. Therefore he does not like a saint with a flaming sword; but a saint with a nimbus and a vacuous, inexpressive face. The priests are popular not because they are good, but because they are idle.'

"After 'Comrade Goebel,' a German, gave his views on religion—predicting that the *bourgeois* German revolution would fail to grasp the 'fanaticism problem' firmly, Comrade Lunatcharsky summed up, declaring that the state must take more decided measures against priestcraft, but not against individual believers, and 'without injuring any friendly political element' (it appears there are pious Bolsheviki).

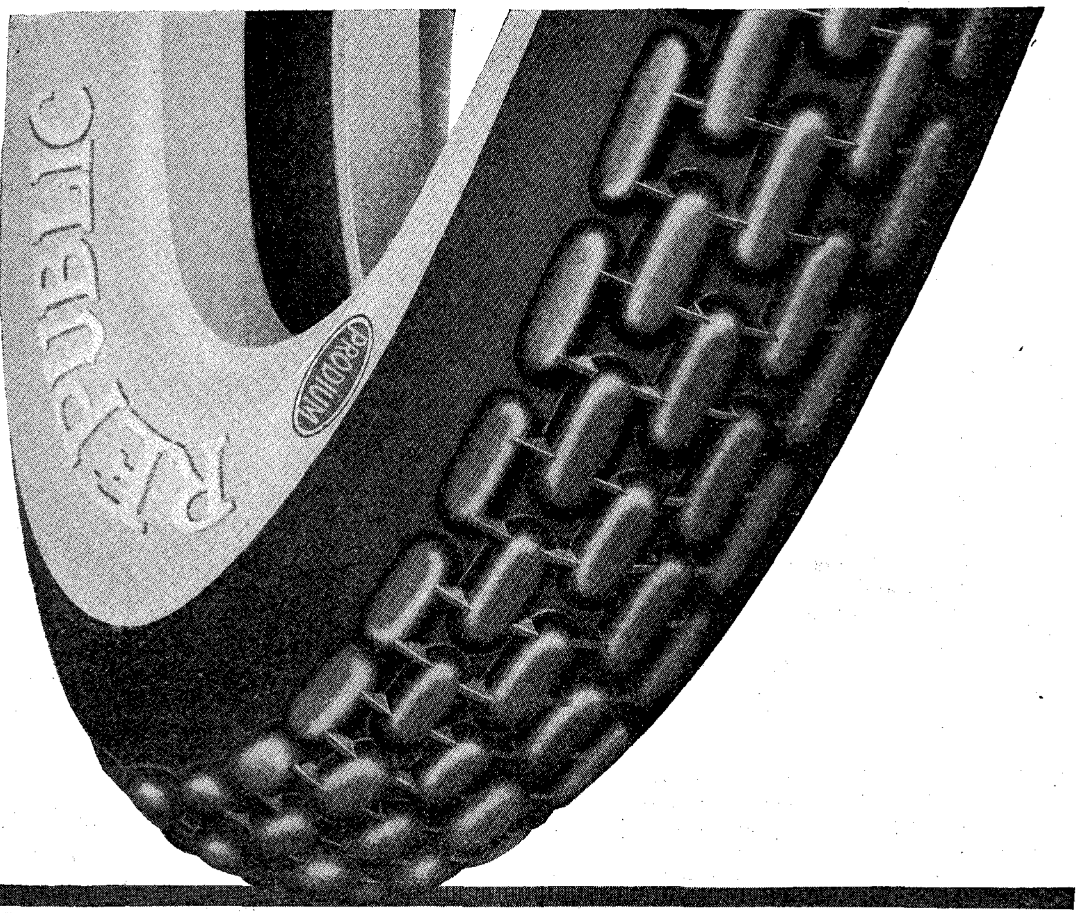
"The question whether religion, or a religion, is true or false is of no importance, said Lunatcharsky, because even if a religion were proved incontrovertibly true, and its founder inspired, it would still be our duty to decide whether it was good or bad; 'we do not consider a snake innocuous because its bite is a fact, not a fiction.' This quotation gives a notion of the bold flights of Bolshevik theological thought."

The practical side of the Bolshevik theology appears when it comes to calculating material gain in the form of confiscation. Mr. Long's letter, dated April 10, continues:

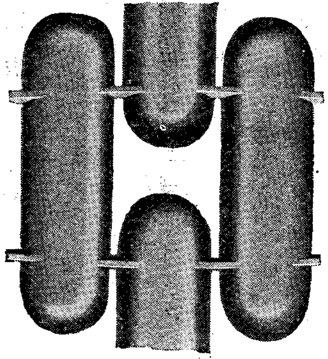
"The latest *Soviet* religious decree deals with church property and with civil registration. The churches are ordered to furnish within two weeks lists of metal vessels and other articles of value used in ritual; all church property in houses or land which escaped confiscation up to the end of last year is to be immediately handed over to the local *Soviets*, and henceforth christenings, marriages, and burials are not only to be civilly registered, as was decreed a year ago, but are to be solemnized only by persons with authority from the *Soviets*. Unregistered children born after December 20, 1917, are declared not to be citizens and no food cards are issued for them. Persons who sell food cards to the parents of such children are to be tried by revolutionary tribunal. This decree emanated from Moscow.

"The local *Soviets* show even greater zeal in regulating family life on antireligious lines; in some cities marriage by a priest, tho not in any case legally binding when unaccompanied by civil registration, is a penal offense unless the parties have first paid a heavy tax; and some further experiments in 'nationalization' of women and children have been proclaimed. For these the time is inopportune, for the Provincial *Soviet* of Vladimir has been obliged to suspend its nationalization of women and to appoint a commission—of women, too—to report on the results. That took place only after a series of conflicts raised by soldier members of the *Soviet* who claimed unwilling young women as their wives, and induced the Revolutionary Tribunal to indorse their acts.

"The priest as active counter-revolutionary is a new obsession of the Bolsheviki. It dates from October last, when rebellious peasants formed almost a closed ring around Moscow. The Red Guards executed many supposedly counter-revolutionary priests on the spot and sent others to the Extraordinary Commission. The priest who is accused of having organized the most serious revolt is still at large. This priest, Yanuisheff, is described as a cleric well known before the revolution, and he may be the Yanuisheff who for many years was attached to the court."



REPUBLIC TIRES



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Our exclusive Prodium Process insures to Republic Tires the slow, even wear of steel.

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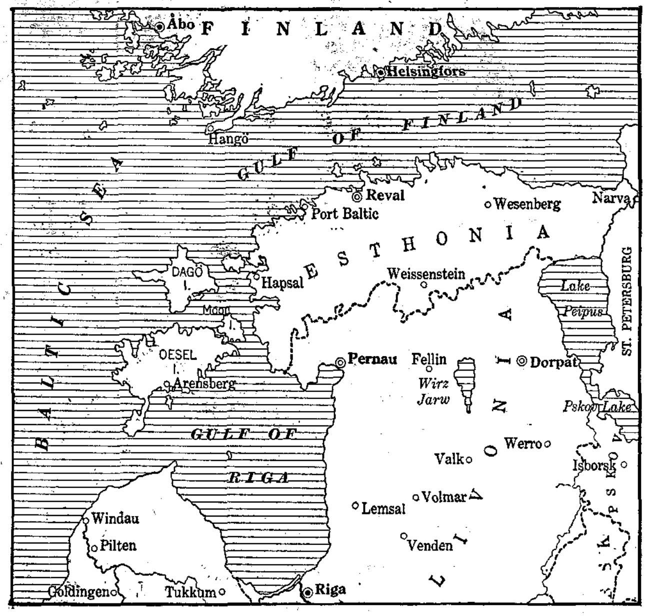
RECONSTRUCTION-PROBLEMS

"NATIONS IN REBIRTH"—a series of articles prepared for THE LITERARY DIGEST *and especially designed for High School Use*

EDITORIAL NOTE.—*In the Educational Department of* THE LITERARY DIGEST *the claims of various nations for a new alinement of boundaries are presented as the self-same nations set them down. The decisions reached by the delegates at the Peace Conference will in due course be reported in the news record of* THE LITERARY DIGEST, *as also the press comment from divers angles.*

ESTHONIA

ESTHONIA'S LOCATION AND STORY—Esthonia is one of the former Baltic provinces of the Russian Empire. It lies north of Lettonia and south of Finland, from which it is separated by the Gulf of Finland. Russia bounds it on the east and the Baltic Sea on the west. Racially considered, Esthonians proper constitute nine-tenths of Esthonia's population, which is estimated at 1,000,000. The Esthonians, who are known also as the Esths, are of Mongolian origin. They bear many resemblances to the Finns in language and in mental and physical characteristics. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries Esthonia was invaded by the Danes, who introduced Christianity into the country. It was sold later to the Livonian Order of the Knights of the Sword, German conquerors who had come into dominance of Lettonia and the part of Esthonia abutting on Lettonia. Their joint subjugation and oppression by the Baltic barons, as they are known, cemented ties of sympathy between the **Letts and the Esthonians,** who are racially different. Sweden assumed control of Esthonia in 1521, and the country and people, especially the peasants, prospered. In 1721 Esthonia was ceded to Russia, but despite the fact that the Czar Alexander I. freed the Esthonian peasants from serfdom in 1817 and assured them the right of property, the German landowners were unjust and audacious enough to render the mandate inoperative. The Esthonians revolted against their German oppressors in 1859, but the uprising was suppressed, and thenceforward the German landowners, in collusion with Russian authorities, continued to exploit the Esthonian peasants.



ESTHONIA,

Home of "one of the obscurer of the little peoples whose fate is involved in the peace settlement."

RUSSIFICATION OF ESTHONIA—In the past forty years, we read in "The Resurrected Nations" (Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York), the Czarist Government carried on a **campaign of Russification.** This propaganda only fanned the fire of nationalism among the Esthonians, who had steadily combated Teutonic overlords for more than six centuries. A great literary revival came into being, and on the subject of their literary genius we have the word of Prince Kropotkin that the Esthonians have "a decided love of poetry and exhibit great facility in improvising verses and poems on all occasions, and they sing everywhere from morning till night. Like the Finns, they possess rich stores of national songs." A collection of these, entitled "Kalevi Poëg," is said to resemble greatly Finland's national epic, the "Kalevala." From the book above mentioned we quote the following:

"The Esthonian literary revival entailed, of course, the growth of a national movement. The commercial development of the region, which assumed considerable importance as a gateway from Russia to the west, made for prosperity and the rise of a middle class. Like Lettonia, Esthonia was the scene of a violent revolutionary outbreak in 1905, due to the same causes and resulting in the same fearful measures of repression. After the successful revolution of 1917, Esthonia was granted by the Russian Provisional Government a national diet, which was elected in July of that year by universal suffrage and on the basis of proportional representation. It met in Reval, and after a short struggle succeeded in wresting power from the baronial Landtags. After the overthrow of the Provisional Government by the Bolsheviki the diet proclaimed Esthonia's independence. A National Assembly met in January, 1918, and declared Esthonia a neutral country. It rejected the proposal of the Teutonic nobility to ask for German protection in the following resolution:

"'All the political parties of Esthonia affirm that the Esthonian people in its entirety is opposed to the occupation of Esthonia by German troops and see in such occupation a most cruel violation of its national sovereign rights. At the same time, the whole nation wishes that all foreign troops be at once removed from Esthonian territory.'

"However, the nobles knew that their end was certain, unless the Germans came to their support. They therefore addrest a petition to Germany, inviting it to occupy Esthonia. The invitation was promptly accepted, the diet and Esthonian Provisional Government were suppressed, the reforms that were inaugurated were revoked, and the **small group of junkers,** leaning on German troops, proceeded to restore the cruel rule of the days of czarism. The Esthonian language was prohibited, the press crusht, political activity suppressed. German mayors and governors were appointed in place of those elected by the Esthonians. The nobility even started a reign of White Terror against the revolutionary working classes.

"The representatives of the Esthonian Provisional Government in Stockholm, on July 3, 1918, issued a strongly worded protest against the barbaric German oppression, and according to A. Piip: 'This was not the first protest published by the Esthonians, as protests were issued against the right of the German barons to appeal for German troops to occupy the country, and also repudiating the right of the Landtags of nobility to speak on behalf of the Esthonian people. Protest was further made against the decision of the United Landesrat to ask for personal union with Prussia. The Esthonians have nothing in common, politically, with Germany; they desire neither annexation nor personal union; they claim their **right to be independent,** to be free of German domination, and also to be dissociated from the anarchic policy of the Great Russians. Esthonia strongly protests against the violation of international laws, and even the restrictions of the Brest-Litovsk Treaty are ignored.'"

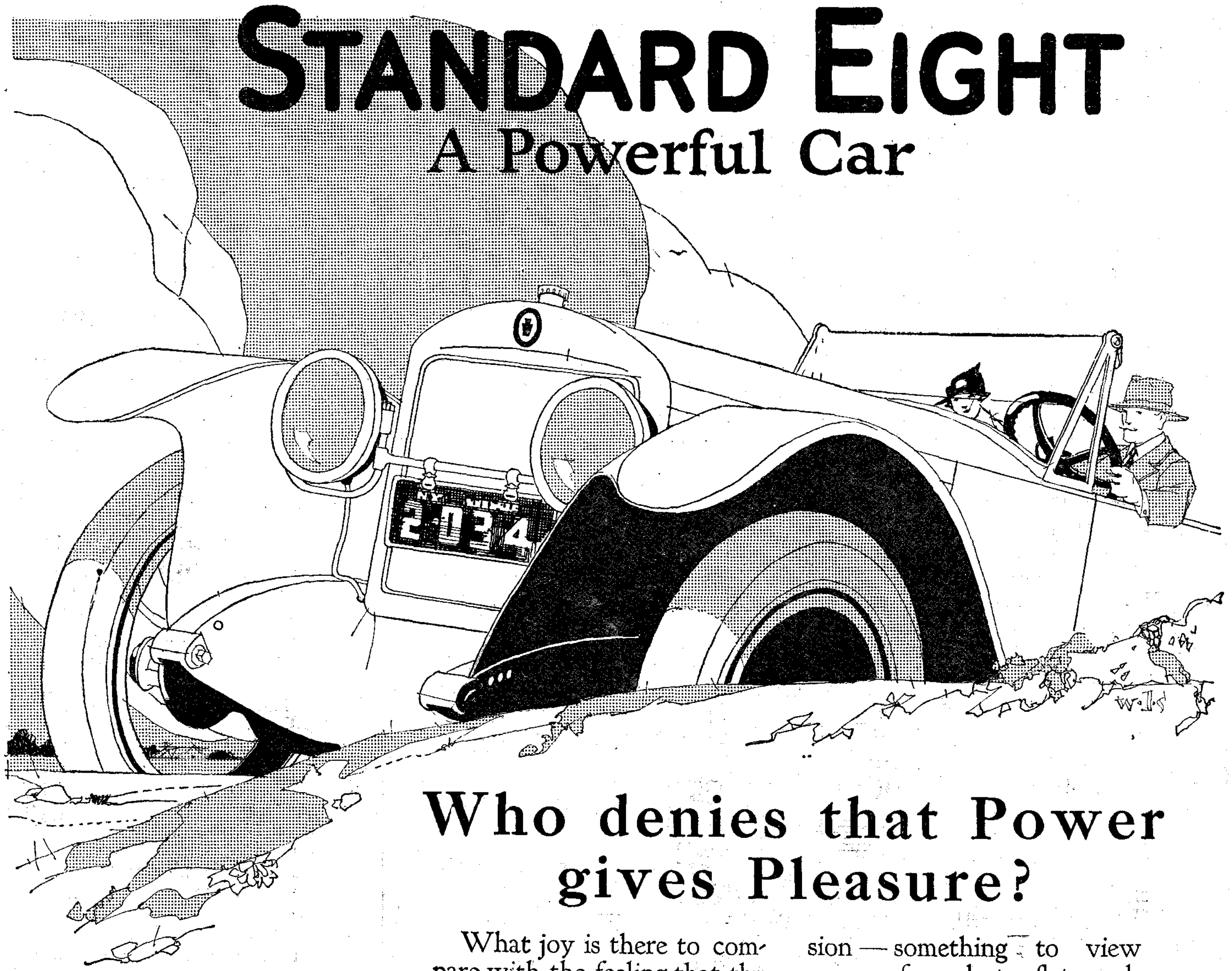
ESTHONIA TO-DAY—The Republic of Esthonia has been recognized as a **de-facto** government by Great Britain, France, Italy, and Japan. In a brief prepared for the Peace Conference, which is recorded in *La Revue Baltique* (Paris), an organ of the nationalist claims of the several Baltic provinces, we read the following:

"Esthonia is entitled to be recognized as an independent

(*Continued on page 130.*)

STANDARD EIGHT

A Powerful Car



Who denies that Power gives Pleasure?

What joy is there to compare with the feeling that the deep valleys and steep inclines of Earth's surface become mere plains when you depress your toe on a throttle.

To know this sensation you must go over a road where you *thought* there were hills, in a Standard Eight.

The eighty-three horsepower of the Standard Eight automobile levels hills. The hill which you see in front of you becomes an optical illusion — something to view scenery from, but a flat roadway so far as your motor is concerned.

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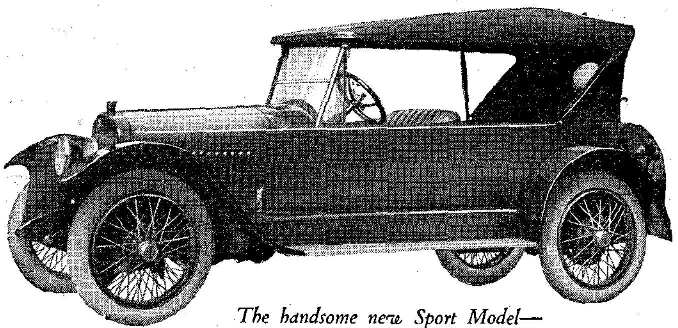


The handsome new Sport Model—built for comfort as well as for power.

CURRENT - POETRY

THAT beauty may be seen in the world, even when viewed from the trenches, is convincingly indicated in lines by Grace Hazard Conkling in *The Atlantic Monthly*. She pictures a soldier at the front writing to his beloved and assuring her that always amid the horrors of war he found in his dreams of beauty "a halo for the blackest night." Not the least attractive feature of this poem is its brisk direct utterance.

HIS LETTER

By Grace Hazard Conkling

Beyond the steel and the fire
Gleams the old desire.

War has not taken wonder away.
More poignant where its lightnings play
The appeal of beauty's lonely cry!
I shall go dreaming till I die.
I see wind-burnished coin-bright towns,
And roads that shine across the downs;
A dusk of forest and a line
Of light that silvers the design;
Always the shadowed and the bright,
A halo for the blackest night!
—Islands where I have never been;
The rainbow toppling down the green
Of tilted seas that rake a ship;
The molten lava-streams that slip
From fiery crater-rims and fill
The dark with rose and daffodil;
Lakes mountain-hid and spiritual;
The undiscovered waterfall
Like a white feather through the trees,
The undiscovered bird in these
Singing, always alone, alone,
The lovely voice of the unknown—
This is Romance chameleon-clad
That called me when I was a lad,
That calls me now to follow well
Through blighted Picardy to hell,
Through hell to some elusive bliss
Of new adventure after this;
To follow without asking why!
So you will know, if I must die
Upon this last and strangest quest,
It did not differ from the rest
In simple wonder dark and bright,
A halo for the blackest night:
And freedom like the unknown bird
Was a wild voice I had not heard,
Was a pure voice I fought to hear!
These words to you, my very dear,

Beyond the steel and the fire
Gleams the old desire.

The day-dreams of some of our own Tennessee boys may perhaps be pictured in these lines by John Galsworthy, the distinguished British novelist, in *Contemporary Verse* (Philadelphia). As in his prose, so one feels in these stanzas the unfailing charm of his expression.

AT SUNSET

By John Galsworthy

I've seen the moon, with lifted wing—
A white hawk—over a cypress-tree;
The lover's star, the bloom of spring,
And evening folded on Tennessee.

I've seen the little streams run down—
All smoke-blue, lost into faerie;
And, far, the purple mountains crown
The darkness breathing on Tennessee.

I've seen the Beautiful, so clear—
It sure has gone to the heart of me—
And there'll be magic ever near
To me, remembering Tennessee.

The pastoral note is not often heard in modern verse, so that "Pastoral," in *Contemporary Verse*, by Amanda B. Hall, impresses one as a quaint novelty.

PASTORAL

By Amanda B. Hall

If you will be my little love,
A little house I'll find,
Snowed in with roses, drifting white,
And wooed by sun and wind.

And there, mid silks and old brocade,
Embroidered for your sake,
I'll steal upon your sleep each morn,
And kiss your eyes awake!

And lead you like a swaying bud
To where your sisters stand,
Your flower-sisters, beckoning,
With perfume in each hand.

Delicious it will be to watch
The clouds go drifting by,
As thoughts that lightly flit across
The blue mind of the sky.

Ah, gladsome shall the long day be,
Our laughter with the breeze,
Until the purple shadows veil
The faces of the trees.

A taper star to guide us home,
Then night, so rare and deep,
To wrap us in forgetfulness
And cradle us to sleep.

Only one genuinely in love with the country and country life could feel the joy of returning spring as shown in the following verses from *The Poetry Review* (London):

BACK TO THE LAND

By Andrew Dodd

Now that the winter is over,
And the green creeps into the grass,
I turn like an ardent lover
Eager to meet his lass;
For long night o'er my church-warden
I've dreamed of the joys to be,
When I would be back to my garden
And the mavis back to his tree.

So here again I am quenching
My thirst for a smell of the soil;
My parsnip-bed I am trenching,
And I croon with joy at my toil.
The starling chirls on the rigging,
The mavis lilts on his tree,
And an old, old song, as I'm digging
Wells up in the heart of me.

The abiding wonder of each year's rebirth is gracefully noted by William H. Simpson, in *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse* (Chicago):

MAYTIME

By William H. Simpson

Out of darkness into light;
Out of dumbness into song!
Tho the earth was wintry white,
Tho the cold stayed over long—
Spring, we loved so, it has come
Without any sound of drum.

Be it life we knew last year,
Wandered far, and home once more;
Or a new babe, cradled here,
Born of life that went before—

We, who linger while the days
Shyly bud and bloom anew,
Are content that all the Mays
Faithful are, stedfast and true.

Appealing sentiment and natural facility of poetic expression distinguish a very short poem in *The Touchstone* (New York) which is called "Leaves."

LEAVES

By Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald

The leaves of the slim wild-cherry
Like golden birds a-wing
Over the dreaming meadows
Drift and swing.

And far on the wind's wings blowing
Beneath this arch of blue
My thoughts, as the leaves in number,
Drift to you.

In the Sydney *Bulletin* we find "The Groove," which contains a carefully drawn portrait of the man of well-ordered existence who probably in the long run gets as much out of life as his more venturesome fellow beings, tho not with the same thrill.

THE GROOVE

By Roderic Quinn

Tho restless souls there be who plan
And plot through all their days,
I have in mind a little man
Of quiet-going ways.

While others roam the world, and range
The lands from sea to sea,
Upon the tides of chance and change
His course runs evenly.

Tho kings and empires tumble down,
Tho war and famine blight,
He takes his morning-way to town,
His homeward-way at night.

Through happy times, and times made red
By blood and blood-red flame,
For more than forty years, 'tis said,
His path has been the same.

Because he walks so often there
Each rut and stone he knows;
Across the park and through the square
And down the street it goes.

As tho tired out with stress of feet
It wanders, patched and worn;
In winter's cold and summer's heat
He treads it night and morn.

While Time speeds on with ne'er a stop
He plods to toil and back;
'Twixt shop and house, and house and shop,
It is the linking track.

I sometimes think, at board or bed,
That track, in time, will prove
Beneath his never-ceasing tread
A deep, all-hiding groove.

Deep down, where mold and cobwebs lurk,
He twice a day shall roam—
A shadow going forth to work,
A shadow stumbling home.

All silent as the wainscot mouse
That scents its feline foe,
'Twixt house and shop, and shop and house.
He day and night shall go.

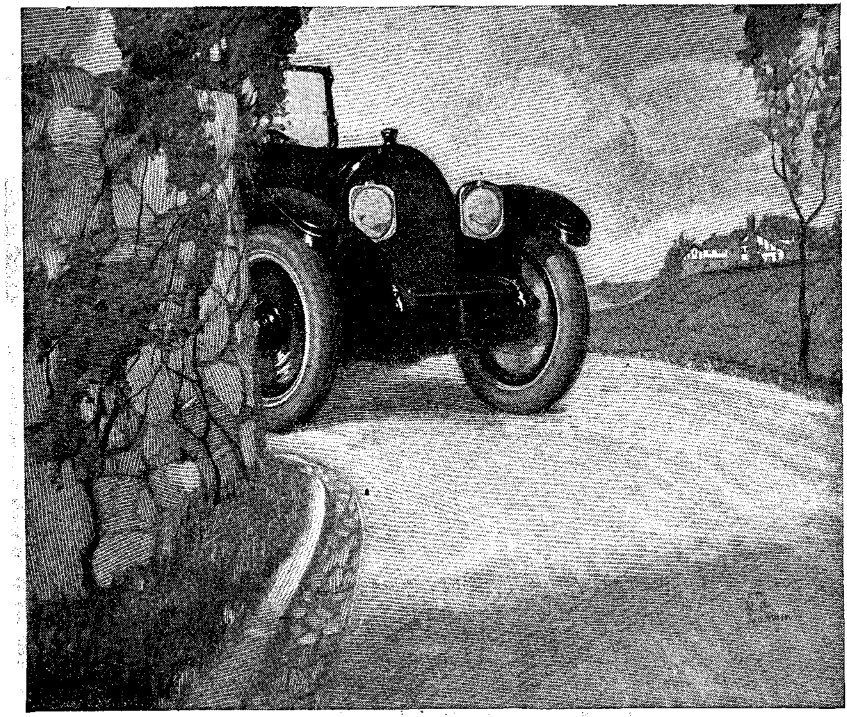
Nor shall he in the lists of strife
His strength and spirit prove,
But, evermore, live out his life
Within his self-made groove.

For there, the world and all shut out,
A dim shape underneath,
The man I write these lines about
Shall think and move and breathe.

And while o'er many a field the lark
Drops music, sweet and clear,
A dim shape, shambling through the dark,
He shall not see or hear.

Nor shall he mark the planets swim
Through azure deeps afar;
For sun and star are not for him
Who seeks not sun and star.

THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD



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Cadillac consistency is probably one characteristic that appeals strongly to most people.

Americans are impatient of men or commodities that work well, today, and not quite so well tomorrow.

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CADILLAC
STANDARD OF THE WORLD

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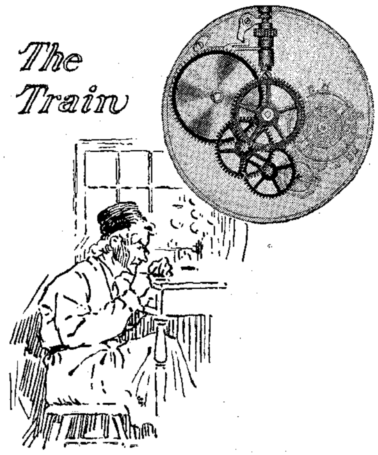
AND THE FOREIGN BUILT WATCH



Facts You Should Know Before Selecting a Watch

BETWEEN the two supporting plates of a Waltham watch, which together constitute a frame, is mounted a system of gearing, called a Time Train. The reader has learned that the motive power of the watch is derived from the mainspring. At one extremity of the train is a hardened and tempered steel barrel (another Waltham creation) which contains the mainspring. When the thumb and finger wind the mainspring, its stored energy is delivered to the next wheel in the train and from that to the next, and so on.

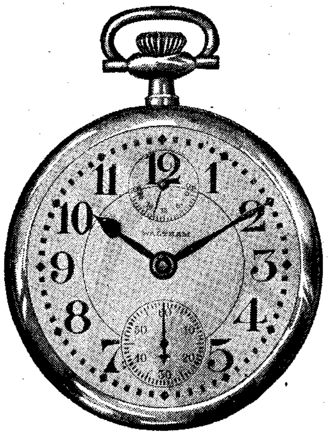
This train consists of four wheels and pinions. The center wheel is in the exact center of the watch, and directly connected through the cannon pinion (so called because it is shaped like a cannon) with the wheels that control the hour and minute hands; and through this center wheel the power of the mainspring is carried onward through the other wheels of the train to the escape wheel pinion, which we will illustrate in its proper place.

The train of a Waltham watch — each wheel, each pinion — is cut to the fraction of a human hair — mechanically perfect, interchangeable for the serial watches they are made for — standardized in perfection, in absolute exactness and quality, made by machines tuned to infinitesimal gauge-fit and untouched by human hands.

The "train" of the imported watch is made by the old hand process. It is not interchangeable, and it is of varying quality.

This vital part of the Waltham watch is another of those reasons why the horologists of great nations came to Waltham for time, and why your watch selection should be a Waltham.

Waltham placed America First in watchmaking.



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WALTHAM

THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME

REVIEWS - OF - NEW - BOOKS

SIR OLIVER LODGE'S "CHRISTOPHER TENNANT"

Lodge, Sir Oliver Joseph. Christopher: A Study in Human Personality. 8vo, pp. 299. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Inevitably, as soon as we begin the perusal of this volume, we think of the author not as a leader in science, or even as a well-known author. The feeling becomes strong that here the man speaks, one with a heart that pulsates with uncommon love for his kind, to whom admiration and appreciation of noble qualities—or their potentiality even—are as natural and unforced as breathing. The volume opens as one of the most appealing that Sir Oliver has penned. His thoughts burn for the youth sacrificed in the needless and horrible holocaust to which Wilhelm II. applied the torch. That is what he shows in his introduction—that and the reason for writing the book. This young Christopher "may stand for a multitude, and I trust many parents will realize . . . a sufficient picture of what their own son was like, and will feel that in endeavoring to commemorate [him] we are really commemorating a large and increasing number."

Because Christopher's life was so early cut off (at nineteen), "the period of childhood must loom large." And so the first part deals with the childhood and youth of Christopher Tennant. His father, Charles Coombe Tennant, was the boy's companion in the fullest sense. They read Greek together, and played chess, billiards, and piquet. The mother was "a Mater Dolorosa—one who needed and received such comfort as a belief in survival could afford." She had lost an infant daughter. (Touching extracts of a memoir of this daughter of eighteen months, written by the mother, are transcribed by our author.) Hence largely the close companionship of father and son. The family was connected by marriage with Frederic Myers, and so interest in survival and its proof was natural and sustained by all. The boy imbibed that interest early—which accounts for one of the features of the book later to be noted. The picture of childhood here given is brief but singularly pleasing.

The title of the second chapter, "School Discipline," furnishes Sir Oliver with opportunity for appreciation of the schools of England, also for well-merited criticism, particularly in the younger classes. The effect of Winchester on Christopher (who was no "milksop") seems to have been somewhat deleterious because of the hardships that were "real, earnest, and inevitable," because part of the system. In due season Christopher entered Sandhurst, and qualified for duty in the Welsh Guards. He went on service and was killed in battle on the eve of leave to be spent in Paris.

Chapter IV deals with "The Compact," "an agreement between mother and son" based upon "clear and vigorous certainty" of survival. This compact provided for the contingencies of being wounded, missing, taken prisoner, or killed in action. In the last case he was not to worry about her, was to seek at once for his deceased sister and Mr. Myers on the other side, and was to expect the sure support of his mother telepathically. Sir Oliver quotes some letters from the mother very soon after receiving the news of his death, and takes occasion to show the steadying effect upon her of the firm belief she held respecting the continuance of life and the assurance that she was helping him.

Part II contains a Memoir by Christopher's mother, an Autobiographical Fragment, five chapters covering in detail Christopher's life at home, at school, in the Guards, and on service, with letters from a number who knew him. The Memoir is most tender, but not sentimental. The autobiography contains a sort of vision seen when he was five years old. The description of the boy's and young man's life is largely drawn from his own letters. The letters from friends tell the story of his death and of the esteem in which he was held.

The aim of this book is not that of "Raymond, or Life and Death"—to give evidences of life beyond death. It is a book of comfort not so much to the Tennants as to the thousands of families who lost their dear ones in the war. It is full of a happy certainty of reunion beyond death, and is throughout an illustration of the brightness, even under the strain of parting, caused by the assurance thus felt.

PHILIP GIBBS ON THE LAST YEAR OF THE WAR

Gibbs, Philip. The Way to Victory. Two volumes. Vol. I, The Menace; Vol. II, The Repulse. Pp. 398, 278. New York: George H. Doran Company. 1919.

Among the ranking war-correspondents who chronicled day by day the story of the Great War, prominently, if not at their very head, stood Philip Gibbs. His narratives were intensely human, and behind them was a personality that was tireless both in obtaining and transmitting news. He had an eye not only for the objectives on the immediate front where operations were staged at the moment, but for their part in the general object of finally defeating the Hun. And particularly there was an abiding understanding of the *poilu*, the Tommy, or the "Yank" who was taking the knocks—or giving them—and an abiding sympathy for them as well as for the homeless refugees whom the *Boche* compelled to flee. All and much more show forth in these two volumes which tell the story as he saw it from November 21, 1917, through the hard winter that followed, to November 12, 1918, one day after the armistice was concluded. The entries that appear here vary in that sometimes we have a daily report (occasionally two or three narratives in a day), when things are humming; again, when the front is quieter (it was never quiet), several days may pass without an entry. But there will always be found registry of the large human things worth while. These volumes constitute a reservoir of the heroic, and for what sustained it, that was daily coming to the surface not as an exotic, strange to life, but as a native flower that bloomed not alone on Flanders fields, but all along the far-flung line from the Channel to Switzerland.

Under the terrible conditions that ruled for four and a half years one of the necessities of life was recreation. The fighting depended not alone, if so much, upon rifle, bomb, shell, and high explosive, as upon the spirit, the morale, of the men. Man must laugh, he must have relief from pressure of the ominous and the terrible. Here is a description of one of the means:

> "The audience of soldiers—men just out of the line—roared with laughter for two hours, and that is as good for them as a rum ration on a cold night in the trenches, and more lasting in effect.
>
> "After the theater I went to dinner with the same crowd that celebrated hogmenay night in the caves four hundred yards from the German line. They have made me an honorary member of their mess, and I have had no greater honor. It was a great dinner. The Germans were four hundred yards away from the pipes on hogmenay night, and I was only three inches away when nine tall and proper men with the pipes flung across their shoulders came marching in and stood behind the long table, where thirty officers sat in the old paneled room. It was stirring music, a little alarming to the ears at first until a Saxon got quite used to it, but very glorious, and filled with the heroic spirit of Scotland, with the haunting memories of many gallant ghosts, and the badness of old far-off times. The Scottish officers around me, with the lamplight on their faces and shadows about them in this room, gave shrill cries and applauded after each march and each strathspey. Then a glass of whisky was given to the pipe-major, and he raised it high and wished good health to his officer in Gaelic, which I can't spell. After that there were Highland reels, danced to the rippling notes of a clarionet played by an officer who had the greatest endurance of wind-power of any man I have ever met. I watched that eightsome with envy because of its spirit and vitality and joyousness as danced by officers, who put their souls into it and challenged each other with wild barbaric cries, and with a shining light in their eyes, tho there was only one candle in the room, and the paneled walls seemed to recede from us into the shadow-world."

How greatly this relief was needed and how dread the pressure let this tell:

> "The hush before the storm. Here and there along our front for an hour or two of uproar the enemy's guns are flinging over shell-fire, very fierce and concentrated while it lasts, and our guns are answering or shooting before the challenge with the same sudden gusts of fury. But there is nothing systematic in this. It is not the beginning of those long bombardments which precede infantry battles on a wide front after the massing of many batteries. It is only the harassing fire of winter warfare, and there still reigns over our battle-fields a strange, unearthly silence between these bouts of shooting. It has seemed to me during the last few days when I have been up at the front as tho Nature herself were in suspense waiting and watching and listening for the beginning of that conflict of men which is expected before the year grows much older, perhaps before the first crocus thrusts up through the moist leaves, and before there is the first glint of green in the woods."

The war, be it remembered, went on in the air, on the surface, and underground. And some of the thrills and perils of the tunnelers are thus portrayed:

> "When they first came over with their plant the Germans were mining actively under our lines and blowing up our infantry in the trenches. It was the worst terror of war before poison-gas came, and I used to pity our poor officers and men who knew, and hated to know, that the enemy was sapping his way under them, and that at any moment they might be buried in a crater or hurled sky-high. It is many months now since the enemy's mining activities were reported in our

communiqués. They were beaten out of the fields by British, Australian, Canadian, and New Zealand miners, who fought the Germans back underground from gallery to gallery, blowing them up again and again whenever they drew near, and racing them for the possession of the leads whenever they tried to regain part of their destroyed systems. The Australian tunnelers had a race with the German then, and the lives of many men depended on their speed. They could hear him tamping or charging the mine. But they drove in at three times his speed at working—when they are "all out" they can do that every time—blew in the ends of one of his galleries, and then broke through his timber into the tunnel.

"The dash through of the Australian tunnelers with rifles and revolvers was an exciting adventure. The enemy had escaped, but their system was destroyed before they could touch off their mines. The Germans know now that they are beaten underground, and it is an honor of which this Australian company is proud that, apart from their own casualties, not a single infantry soldier of ours has lost his life by hostile mining since they challenged the enemy and beat him in this part of the battle-front."

In the advances made by the Hun great were the terror and confusion wrought. In the first great push beginning March 21, 1918, the French peasants were driven out of many villages and towns. And this little sketch tells something of the story south of the Somme:

"Many children are on the roads, packed tight into farm carts, with household furniture and bundles of clothing and poultry and pigs and new-born lambs. The noise of gun-fire is behind them, and they move faster when it grows louder. They are very brave, these boys and girls and these old people. There is hardly any weeping or any look on their face of grudge against this unkind turn of fate. They seem to accept it with stoical resignation, with the most matter-of-fact courage, and their only answer to pity is a smile and the words, '*C'est la guerre.*' Those are words I first heard in the early weeks of the war and hoped never to hear again.

"Many of these people trek in family groups and gatherings of families from one village. Small boys and girls drag tired cows after them. The other day one of these cows leaned against every tree she passed and then sat down, and the girl with her looked round helplessly, not knowing now what to do."

How the Americans, just coming on the scene, seemed to those who had fought four years is told in part in the following:

"Romance has gone from our Army a long time ago. These scenes of war have become too familiar to us for any sense of romance, and most of our men are realists, to whom the adventure of war has become a routine and a boredom between hours of abominable danger. But the American soldiers are so fresh that romance has not been killed for them, and it is all a new and wonderful adventure, and we, who are stale to the aspect of things, find a new interest in familiar surroundings because of the novelty of it all to these newcomers. For all these men are four years younger in war than ourselves, and it seems a wonderful youth. To them the look of a French village, the first sight of a strafed town, the little ways of French peasants, the broken English of French children are novel and amusing and they find a huge entertainment in every incident of the day, as our old armies did in the summer of 1914."

And the spirit in which they were received by their comrades as they were going to work in the Somme salient, July 4, 1918, is well caught in these few words:

"It was a historic day for them and for us. It was the Fourth of July, the day of American Independence, when, as I described yesterday, many French villages quite close to the fighting-lines were all fluttering with the tricolor and the Stars and Stripes in honor of their comradeship in arms, and symbolizing the hope of France in the united strength of the armies that now defend her soil. And it was the first time that American soldiers have fought on the British front. They understood that upon their few companies, fighting as platoons among the Australians, rested the honor of the United States in this historic episode. Their general and his officers addrest them before the battle, and called upon them to 'make good.'

"'You are going in with the Australians,' they said, 'and those lads always deliver the goods. We expect you to do the same. We shall be very disappointed if you do not fulfil the hopes and belief we have in you.'

"The American boys listened to these words with a light in their eyes. They were ready to take all risks to prove their mettle. They were sure of themselves and tuned up to a high pitch of nervous intensity at the thought of going into battle on the Fourth of July for the first time."

By August 28, 1918, the German soldiery had begun to have in their hearts the fear of man if not of God:

"Those German soldiers and their officers are changed men since March 21, when they launched their offensive. They no longer have even a dim hope of victory on this Western Front. All they hope for now is to defend themselves long enough to gain peace by negotiation. Many of the men go even further than this, and admit that they do not care how peace comes so long as there is peace. They are sullen with their own officers, and some of those whom I saw to-day were more than sullen. They were those captured to-day and yesterday by the Canadians in the country round Monchy, beyond Arras, nearly two thousand of them, and when those who had been first taken saw batches of their comrades coming down, they cheered and jeered and laughed, with shouts of 'Bravo!' as tho they had gained the best of luck. They became excited when some of their officers were brought in, a battalion commander among them, with his adjutant, and the survivors of two battalion staffs, and they lounged up to the barbed wire of the enclosure which separated them with cigarets hanging from their lips and no sign of discipline or deference. One of the officers was angry, and commanded the men to stand at attention when he spoke to them, but they shook their heads and grinned, as much as to say: 'All that is finished. We have suffered too long under your tyranny. We are equal in captivity.' And that was their meaning, judging from some of their speech to our officers and men. They complain that they have been deluded by hopes of victory, and have been sacrificed too often in the service of a brutal command."

And the valiant work of the British, townsmen or countrymen, when Germans were being beaten backward two days later, is lauded by Gibbs as he gives credit to vigor alike of physique and of soul, overcoming fatigue (or disregarding it) in the awful duty of the hour:

"Our men are marvelous. Highlanders or Cockneys, Welsh or South Country, Lancashire or Yorkshire, during the last three weeks they have defeated the storm divisions of the German Army, wiped out all the enemy's gains since March 21, from Amiens to Bapaume, and from Arras to the Somme, and have forever destroyed all Germany's hopes of victory. By the strength of their souls they have done this, and by the risk of their bodies, and by the limit of human pluck, fighting most of all against fatigue and the desire to sleep, more terrible this time than the enemy ahead."

Finally, the coolly perpetrated iniquity of the Hun once more is registered—something we need to remember as he bewails the comparatively mild conditions on which he is permitted to have peace—conditions so different from what he as victor would have imposed.

"I have already heard of one thing that happened two days ago in Selvigny, but I was glad to hear it at first hand from this old priest, who, by great courage and cunning, had saved his church from destruction, the red-brick church which I saw through his window as we were talking.

"'I knew they meant to destroy it,' he said, 'because I saw German soldiers put bombs at each corner of the tower and carry up cases of explosives into the loft. Then I saw them fix wires across the little cemetery, and I knew that unless the English came quickly my dear church would be blown up. But the night before they came I crept out and searched for the wires, and by good luck found them without being seen. I cut them, and then came back feeling very joyful and yet a little afraid lest my trick should be discovered.' . . . . . .

"What angered him, what seemed to him useless and incredible cruelty, was that by the German High Command all the machines by which these people earned their livelihood in time of peace were destroyed. At Selvigny, Walincourt, and other villages all around the people make embroidery and tulle, and for this work have delicate and expensive machines, those at Selvigny costing 50,000 francs. French inhabitants from the district of the Somme were ordered to break the machines, which their poor owners would not do, even tho they died for their refusal, and this destruction was carried out before their eyes as part of the general scheme to destroy French industry.

"The *curé* took away some of the delicate parts of machinery and hid them, but this was discovered, and he was fined one hundred marks, and the machinery was broken up and scattered outside his doors."

We have had volumes which give the diplomatic, the executive, the administrative, the naval phases of the great conflict. In Mr. Gibbs's book we have the inside and all sides of the military phase presented by the keenest and most sympathetic of observers and perhaps the most competent recorder of them all.

NEW AERIAL REFERENCE BOOKS

Aircraft Year-Book. New York: Manufacturers' Aircraft Association, Inc.

Official Aero Blue Book and Directory. New York: The Century Company. 1919.

Perhaps this year will go down in history as the first year of the age of aerial transportation. At any rate, we find that two annuals, for which a long life may confidently be predicted, make their bow with the 1919 number. Both "The Blue Book" and "The Year-Book" are handsomely bound, well illustrated, and crammed full of valuable information. The greater part of "The Year-Book" is filled with the histories of a dozen aircraft manufacturing companies belonging to the Manufacturers' Aircraft Association. This book gives a list of important events in the history of flying, both before and during the war, a list of the aces of all the nations and their records, an account of the aerial-mail service, a list of airplane terms, and an aeronautic bibliography.

"The Blue Book" devotes a great deal of space to the eight airways which have been laid out across the country: the Woodrow Wilson, the Wright Brothers, the Langley, the Chanute and Bell, the Rodgers, the Atlantic, the Gulf, and the Pacific. Other important chapters are devoted to the histories of contests for aeronautical trophies, to directories of aeronautic organizations, to aviation records, and to air rules and maps.

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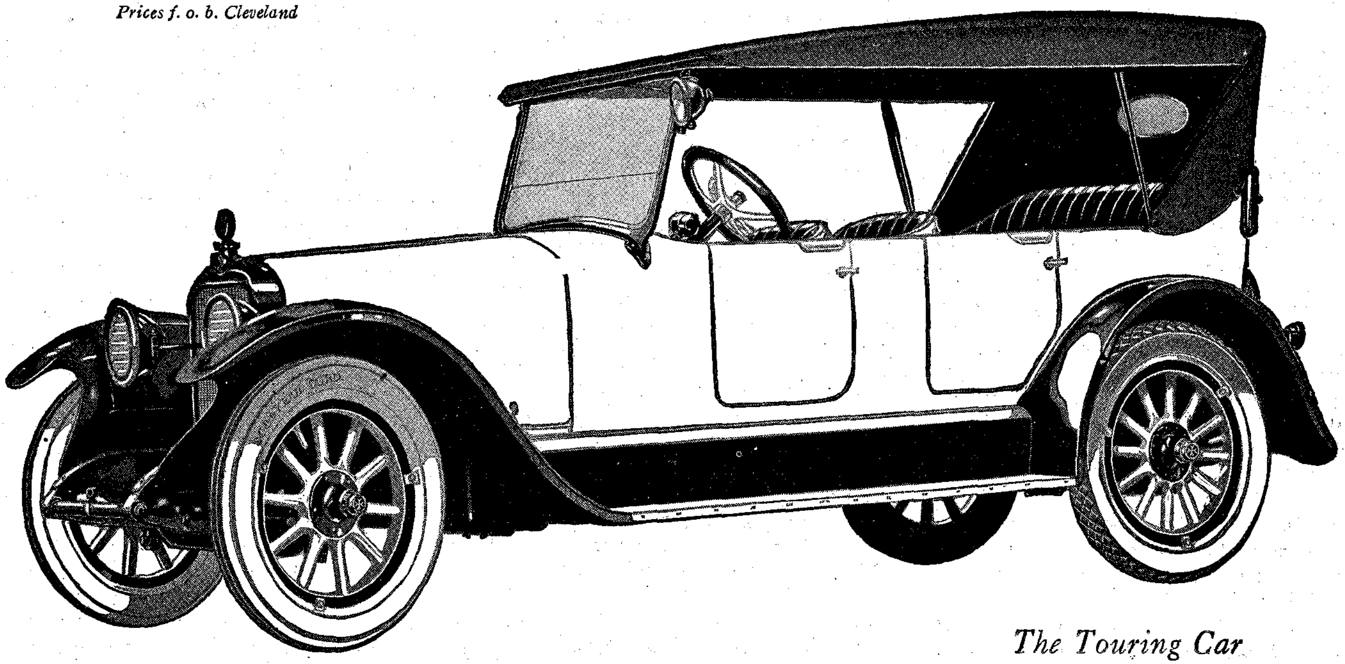

The Touring Car

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

CONSCIENCE PLUS RED HAIR ARE BAD FOR GERMANS

THE biggest reception yet given to any returning American soldier greeted a big bashful American mountaineer, with hair red enough to satisfy anybody who believes that redheads make the best fighters, who reached New York from France, the other day, to be hailed both by many of his fellow citizens of Tennessee and by the newspapers at large as the greatest hero of the war. Part of his heroism was his honesty in changing his convictions when he was convinced that he was wrong, for Sergeant Alvin C. York was a member of that strict religious sect, the Church of Christ and Christian Union, and hence was a conscientious objector early in the war, for the Church of Christ and Christian Union is opposed to fighting in any form, at any time, under any consideration. But, on the other hand, Mr. York had an inquiring mind, ready to absorb Biblical evidence both for and against an appeal to arms. Another consideration was the fact that he was fond of rifle- and revolver-shooting; he was the best marksman around his native village of Pall Mall, Fortress County, Tennessee, where good shooting is the rule. A third consideration was red hair. The third consideration may have had as much as anything else to do with the conversion of Alvin C. York from a backwoods conscientious objector into a leading American hero. A number of Germans cooperated, it is true, by trying to charge Sergeant York, shoot him with machine guns, bomb him, and bayonet him. This was on October 8, 1918, in the Argonne Forest, and so profusely did the "Heinies" present him with targets that he killed twenty or twenty-five of them, captured 132 others—including a major and three lieutenants!—and put out of action thirty-five machine guns, all in very short order. It was with this achievement in mind that New York received Sergeant York with plaudits and more substantial things, as described by *The Tribune:*

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SERGEANT ALVIN C. YORK,

Wearing the prizes of valor and holding his mother's picture.

> Sergeant York was greeted at the dock in Hoboken by a reception committee of the Tennessee Society of New York, with a special pass from the Adjutant-General in Washington granting him five days' leave in New York. For a hectic half-hour this Tennessee hill-country blacksmith was the vortex of a swarm of photographers, reporters, movie-camera men, and members of the reception committee, all of these last fighting for the privilege of carrying some part of the dunnage that Sergeant York bore on his flat shoulders for many a weary mile in French mud.
>
> Then he was assisted (which made him chuckle) into a big automobile and ferried to New York and thence to the Waldorf-Astoria. Two bell-boys fought for the honor of carrying his blanket-roll, trench helmet, and pack into the hotel.
>
> Oscar Tschirkey, the manager, has greeted potentates with far less warmth than he showed to Sergeant York yesterday. Oscar waved off a clerk who presented the register for the sergeant's signature. He could register in his suite, the one adjoining the suite reserved for the President of the United States. Then Oscar led the way, using his own portly form to batter a path through the idlers in Peacock Alley. It was Oscar who held the gate of an elevator until the sergeant and all his retinue of bell-boys and reception committee were inside, and again it was Oscar who clapped his hands for maid servants to unlock the doors of Sergeant York's suite. The sergeant entered a room with wondrous pictures on walls lined with heavy brocade, upholstered furniture, and a gilded piano gleaming in a corner. He took off his overseas cap and looked for a nail on which to hang it. Then he laid it down on the edge of a divan and stood up.
>
> E. A. Kellogg, a member of the Tennessee Society's reception committee, turned toward the soldier a silver picture-frame, standing on a table. The red-haired man looked at the spectacled old lady whose photographed likeness gazed back at him. Then he said:
>
> "That's the first picture I've seen of my mother in several days."

After that there was a dinner, and then another surprize was sprung on the sergeant, as the report relates:

> The telephone rang. Telephone operators half-way across the continent had juggled cords and plugs until a bell had tinkled in the general merchandise store of R. C. Pile, in Pall Mall. Mr. Pile himself must have shouted the summons across the winding hillside road and brought to the wall telephone in the store Mrs. York, the mother of the sergeant, and his seven brothers and three sisters.
>
> When Mr. Kellogg called the sergeant to the desk telephone in his drawing-room at the Waldorf last night he shooed the members of the reception committee into an adjoining room, and, following them, closed the door softly.
>
> Fifteen minutes later the sergeant opened the door. The telephone receiver was back on the hook. Possibly a telephone-girl at some wire junction had held a cam open while mother and son exchanged love and blessings, but none other had heard. Anyway, the sergeant didn't talk about it, but his grin was there beneath his stubbly, red mustache.

Then his Tennessee admirers informed Sergeant York that Tennessee folk were buying him a $50,000 farm stocked with the best animals money can buy, and that the New York Tennesseeans were going to make him a present of a $2,000 Victory note. Later he was taken about in an automobile to see the sights of the city, including the Stock Exchange, the tower of the Woolworth building, and other places. Then he went back to the Waldorf, where a dinner and reception had been prepared for him by the Tennessee Society, to which a thousand guests had been invited, including Maj.-Gen. George Duncan, who commanded the 82d Division, to which York belonged. York confided to a reporter for the New York *World*, as he was getting back to the hotel: "I tell you I'm pretty weary. New York is certainly a great city, but it do tire a fellow out some." The *World* account of the reception follows:

> At the dinner Sergeant York sat at the right of Dr. James J. King, president of the Society, who was toastmaster. Major-General Duncan was at the left.
>
> Vice-Admiral Gleaves, James Cummings Chase, the artist who has painted the portraits of "York and of every general in the Army," as Dr. King exprest it, and Representative Hull, from York's district in Tennessee, were others who sat at the sergeant's table and did honor to him.
>
> It was from the lips of Major-General Duncan, who commanded the 82d, or All-American, Division, that the greatest praise came for the husky young six-footer who performed what

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On every hand you hear praise for the Essex.

Its newness created an interest that sent hundreds of thousands to Essex stores to see it. On the first day more than 5,000 rode and were won by its performance.

Every day of the past four months has seen a swelling tide of admiration until now all are saying the finest things for it.

What Is It That They Admire?

Is it performance or appearance—low cost or economy of operation?

One speaks of one quality, another of some other feature.

That is accounted for by the experience those persons have had with other cars.

The man who has owned a good light weight car recognizes in the Essex a wider power range. He sees a complete car. It has features he had never hoped to obtain in any car selling within his price range.

The man experienced with fine cars sees in the Essex an equal quality to that with which he is accustomed but at an immense saving in operating and maintenance cost.

It Has Appealed To All Motorists

Interest in the Essex has come from all classes of motorists.

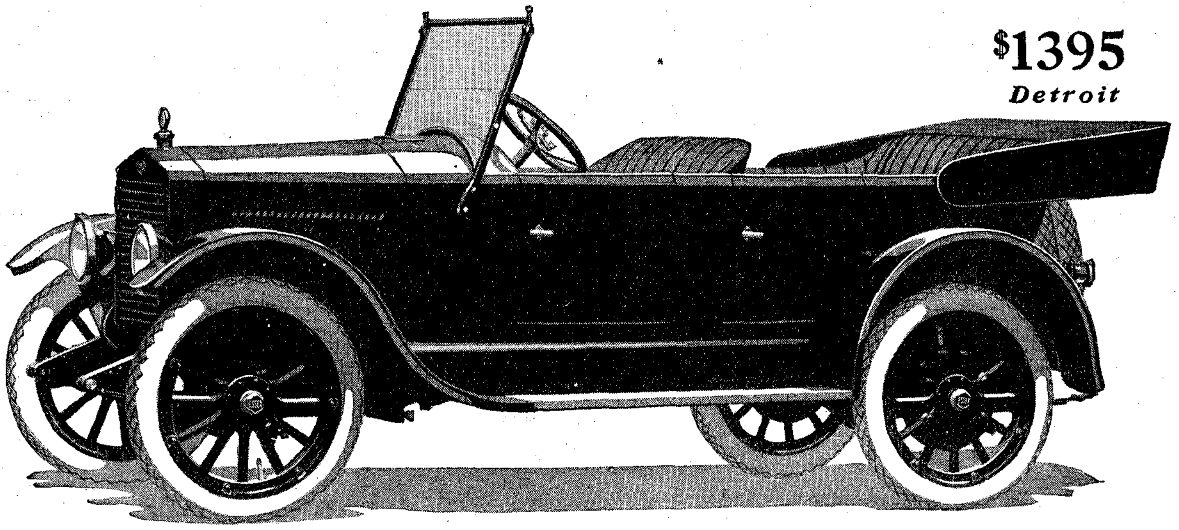
That proves the fulfilment of the aim of its builders. They intended it should be the car that would embody all the advantages of the two accepted types of cars.

It should have lightness as well as durability—performance as well as low first cost—easy riding qualities as well as economy of operation.

They did not sacrifice the advantages of either—they combined them.

That is what all have recognized.

It is what we want you to know and thus our statement "Just you ride in an Essex."



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Baked Beans, Spaghetti,
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Some of the **57**

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has been repeatedly called the greatest individual feat of the whole war.

"It is a unique distinction for me," Major-General Duncan began, "to have on one side of me the Admiral who safely conducted all of our troops overseas and on the other side one of the most distinguished soldiers the world has ever produced. His deeds are of the character that will go down in history for our boys and girls to read of and admire.

"York was awarded his medals for having been the leader of a small party which brought in a large number of prisoners after he had killed twenty-five. When I heard of his feat I ordered a full investigation, which resulted in the award of the Congressional Medal. I am happy to see your Society doing honor to a man who so thoroughly deserves it.

"I hope your unprecedented policy of banqueting a non-commissioned officer will be forever followed and honor done to the man who carries the gun—the man who goes over the top."

Then in response to numerous cries of "Speech," and "Tell us how you killed those twenty-five Germans and captured 132 others," Sergeant York rose and said:

"I guess you folks all understand that I'm just a soldier boy and not a speaker. I'd love to entertain you-all with a speech to-night, but I just can't do it. I do want to thank Major-General Duncan for his courtesy in coming to this dinner-party you-all have given for me, and I want you-all to know that I thoroughly appreciate all your kindness and attention. I just never will forget it."

Following the dinner and reception at the Waldorf, Sergeant York, in company with Cordell Hull, the Congressman from his district in Tennessee, took a late train for Washington. In that city, according to the New York *Tribune*—

An impromptu reception was tendered York when he visited the chamber of the House of Representatives, where his presence was made known by Representative Hull.

"Here sits in the gallery the man who has been credited with the greatest individual feat of bravery of the war—Sergeant Alvin C. York, of Tennessee," Mr. Hull said in calling the attention of the House to the distinguished Tennesseean. The House rose and cheered, while York rose from his seat in the Speaker's section of the House gallery, and saluted.

At the War Department York received the congratulations of Secretary Baker and Adj.-Gen. Peter C. Harris and other officers of the Army.

"You are a brave man and I congratulate you," Mr. Baker said in grasping the hand of the big soldier.

Leaving the War Department, Sergeant York went to the White House to meet Secretary Tumulty.

Sergeant York proved one of the most modest of all heroes. He was pleased with everything he saw here to-day and all was as new and interesting to him as was the war itself.

He saw President Wilson in Paris while on a seven-day furlough, so after he had been through the White House this morning he declared he had "seen it all."

Sergeant York's exploit in the Argonne is considered by those best competent to judge, the greatest individual feat of the war, and won for him not only the Distinguished Service Cross, but also the rare Congressional Medal of Honor. When the facts concerning the astounding deed became known, York, then a corporal, was commended before all the officers of the 82d Division by Maj.-Gen. C. P. Summerall, in the following words:

> "Corporal York, your division commander has reported to me your exceedingly gallant conduct during the operations of your division in the Meuse-Argonne battle. I desire to express to you my pleasure and commendation for the courage, skill, and gallantry which you displayed on that occasion. It is an honor to command such soldiers as you. Your conduct reflects great credit not only upon the American Army, but upon the American people. Your deeds will be recorded in the history of this great war and they will live as an inspiration not only to your comrades, but to the generations that will come after us. I wish to commend you publicly and in the presence of the officers of your division."

But, as already intimated, Sergeant York did not start his army career as a rampant warrior, ready to shoot large, ragged holes in the anatomy of his fellow man and otherwise muss him all up. Far from it. Mr. George Patullo gives a brief sketch of York's life in *The Saturday Evening Post*, from which it appears that he was born at Pall Mall, December 13, 1887, and comes of a family that has lived in Tennessee for generations. He is one of eleven children. His father was a blacksmith and small farmer and the son has followed the same occupations. York is described as "a whale of a man, standing six feet, tipping the scales at 205 pounds." He has flaming red hair, clear-cut features, and a habitual expression of kindly humor. Like most men of the Tennessee mountain region, York is an expert with rifle or pistol. In turkey shoots in his home town, where the stunt is to shoot the head off a turkey with a rifle, York always carried off the money. Life is quiet and simple in the Pall Mall section of the country. The people are neither feudists nor moonshiners, but a law-abiding and devout population. York confesses, however, that he himself was inclined to raise a little excitement at one time in his life, stating that he drank and gambled a little and "went all the gaits." But early in 1915, largely through the influence, it is said, of a young lady in his home town, whom he expects to marry, he was induced to join the Church of Christ and Christian Union. The rules of this sect are very strict, but York was determined to follow them to the utmost. Among other things this Church is against fighting in any form, and so, quoting Mr. Patullo:

> When the draft came along and reached out for York he was in a difficult dilemma. For not only was he a member of the Church, but second elder; often he led the singing, and several Sunday-schools in the

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Then Scientific Cooks—men with college training—worked with him to perfect the flavor. They made a study of every ingredient, and fixed a standard for each. They compared sometimes a hundred blends—even 200 on some soups. Thus step by step they attained the summit of soup savor. All of these exquisite soups were made vastly more delightful.

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Now you can get at a little price, the finest soups ever served. They come to you ready-prepared. You can serve in your own home, in three minutes, a better soup than Paris. Order a few cans to prove this. Compare them with the soups you know.

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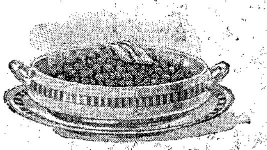
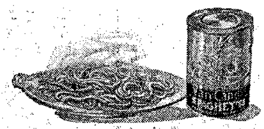


Van Camp's Pork and Beans



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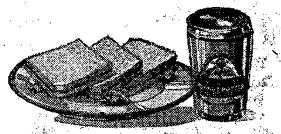


Van Camp's Peanut Butter

(527)

> county owed their origin to him. What should he do?
>
> The congregation were unanimous on the point: York must ask for exemption as a conscientious objector. Pastor R. C. Pile urged it long and eloquently. His mother, faced with the prospect of losing the head of the household at a time when her health was not robust, and with three small children on her hands, backed up his arguments.
>
> But York refused. He belonged to the Church of Christ and Christian Union and subscribed to its doctrines, but he was not going to back out of serving his country when it was drawn into war. As with a great many other courageous men, patriotism was stronger in the Tennessee mountaineer than any other impulse.

So York became a soldier at Camp Gordon. But his conscience kept pestering him. He could not reconcile the teachings of Christ, as he had learned them in his Church, with the things that were being done in the war. This is a little matter, by the way, which has pestered other minds wiser and more learned than that of the blacksmith from the Tennessee hills, and in the opening months of the war several persons exprest themselves on the subject, through the public prints and otherwise, at considerable length. Scruples tho he had against it, York took readily to soldiering, seeing which, Captain Danforth, the commander of his company, essayed to reason away his conscientious objections, which, it is said, caused the Tennesseean many hours of worry. Captain Danforth, who, it appears, was by way of being somewhat versed in Scriptural teachings himself, quoted sundry texts from the Bible to overcome the objector's scruples, among them, according to Mr. Patullo:

> The thirty-sixth verse of the twenty-second chapter of St. Luke: "Then said he unto them, But now, he that hath a purse, let him take it, and likewise his scrip: and he that hath no sword, let him sell his garment, and buy one." Or St. Matthew x, 34: "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword." Or again, St. John xviii, 36: "Jesus answered, My kingdom is not of this world: if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight."

Finally York's objections were laid low by the argument contained in the thirty-third chapter of Ezekiel, read to him by his captain as follows:

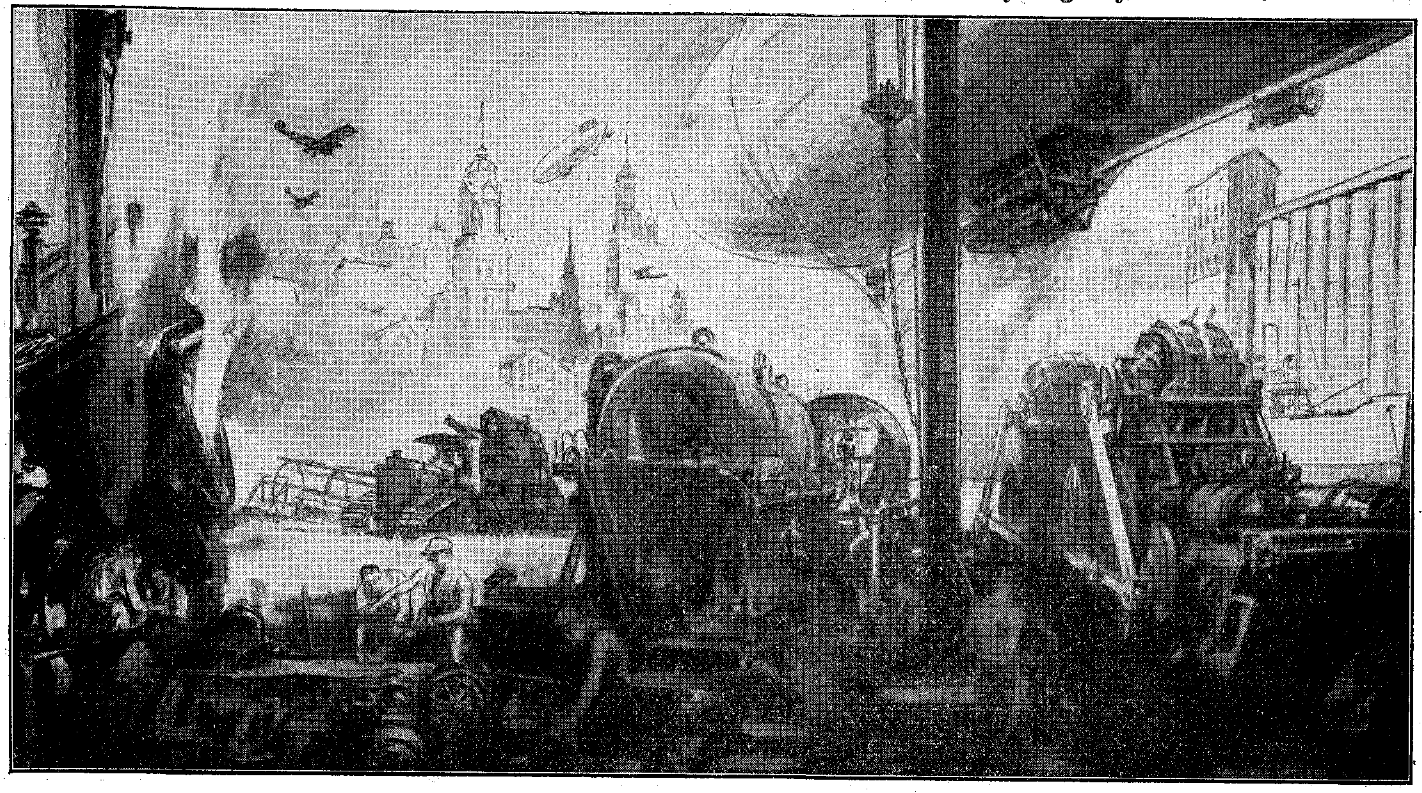
> Son of man, speak to the children of thy people, and say unto them, When I bring the sword upon a land, if the people of the land take a man of their coasts, and set him for their watchman: If when he seeth the sword come upon the land, he blow the trumpet, and warn the people; Then whosoever heareth the sound of the trumpet, and taketh not warning; if the sword come, and take away, his blood shall be upon his own head. . . . But if the watchman see the sword come, and blow not the trumpet, and the people be not warned; if the sword come, and take any person from among them, he is taken away in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at the watchman's hand. "All right," said York at last; "I'm satisfied." From that night all his doubts seem to have been laid; from that night he plunged whole-heartedly into the duties of a soldier.

Eventually York found himself in France, where he was soon promoted to corporal in Company G, 328th Infantry, 82d Division. On the morning of October 8, Corporal York was one of a body of sixteen men in the battle of the Argonne who were ordered to put certain enemy machine guns out of action. The guns they were after were on the other side of a slope. To gain their objective, the Americans were forced to climb a hill, exposed a part of the time to enemy fire from other positions. They accomplished this without loss and began to descend on the other side, their object being to advance upon the enemy from the rear. Presently they found themselves in a cuplike valley among the hills where they spied two Germans ahead of them. One of these surrendered and the other disappeared. Anticipating battle, the detachment went into skirmish order and continued to push forward. Arriving at a small stream, the Americans discovered on the other side some twenty or thirty Germans, among them several officers who were apparently holding a conference. The Americans fired, with the result that the entire body of Germans surrendered. Just as they were on the point of departure with their prisoners, dozens of enemy machine guns, hidden on the steep slope of the hill facing them not over thirty yards away, opened up on the American detachment. Captors and captured immediately dropt flat on their stomachs, but not before six Americans had been killed. Three men were wounded, among them the sergeant in command. York and seven privates remained. Of these one had taken refuge behind a tree raked on both sides by enemy fire so he could not get away, and the others were guarding the German prisoners. Hence York was left to fight an entire machine-gun battalion alone. Quoting further from Mr. Patullo's story:

> He never thought of surrender. His problem was to make the enemy give up as quickly as possible, and he kept yelling to them to "Come down!"
>
> Bang! Bang! "Come down!" York would shout, precisely as tho the surrender of a battalion to an individual soldier were the usual thing—and I really believe he regards it that way, provided the soldier be an American.
>
> "Somehow I knew I wouldn't be killed," he said. "I've never thought I would be—never once from the time we started over here."
>
> At the first crack of the machine guns on the slope opposite him York dropt to earth. He was in a narrow path leading toward the emplacements. Directly in front lay the *Boche* prisoners, groveling in fear of their comrades' fire. The machine guns were less than thirty yards away and were blazing straight down. Their stream of fire mowed off the tops of the bushes as tho they had been cut with a scythe.
>
> And then the second elder got going on his own account. Sighting as carefully as he was wont to do in the turkey matches at home in Tennessee, he began potting the *Boches* in their fox-holes, and the *Boches* who were hiding behind trees, and the *Boches* who were firing at him from the shelter of logs. And with every shot he brought down an enemy. No, I am wrong; he showed me a crease on a tree-bole later and confessed his belief that he had missed that one.
>
> "You never heard such a clatter and racket in all your life," he said. "I couldn't see any of our boys. Early and Cutting had run along toward the left in front of me just before the battle started, but I didn't know where they were."
>
> "If I'd moved I'd have been killed in a second. The Germans were what saved me. I kept up close to them, and so the fellers on the hill had to fire a little high for fear of hitting their own men. The bullets were cracking just over my head and a lot of twigs fell down.
>
> "Well, I fired a couple of clips or so—things were moving pretty lively, so I don't know how many I did shoot—and first thing I knew a *Boche* got up and flung a little bomb at me about the size of a silver dollar. It missed and wounded one of the prisoners on the ground, and I got the *Boche*—got him square.
>
> "Next thing that happened, a lieutenant rose up from near one of them machine guns and he had seven men with him. The whole bunch came charging down the hill at me—like this. They held their guns like this.
>
> "I had my automatic out by then, and let them have it. Got the lieutenant right through the stomach and he dropt and screamed a lot. All the *Boches* who were hit squealed just like pigs. Then I shot the others."
>
> "You killed the whole bunch?"
>
> "Yes, sir. At that distance I couldn't miss." He killed this detachment before they could charge twenty yards downhill—eight men.
>
> "As soon as the Germans saw the lieutenant drop, most of them quit firing their machine guns and the battle quieted down. I kept on shooting, but in a minute here come the major who had surrendered with the first bunch. I reckon he had done some shooting at us himself, because I heard firing from the prisoners and afterward I found out that his pistol was empty.
>
> "He put his hand on my shoulder like this and said to me in English. 'Don't shoot any more, and I'll make them surrender.' So I said. 'All right'; and he did so, and they did so."

Corporal York with his string of prisoners now started out for the American lines, being assisted by the seven privates, who also brought along the three men that had been wounded. On the way they ran into other German machine-gun nests, the men connected with all of which, when they saw their captured comrades in tow of the Americans, decided to surrender. So, when the party finally reached the American forces, the prisoners numbered 132.

Such, in brief, is the tale of the exploit which has made Sergeant Alvin C. York famous all over the land, and was responsible for his being tendered what is probably



PROGRESS

THE Soul of the world has found a new desire. Out of the wreck of war a new branch appears on the tree of life,—world-progress. We have fought, and learned more of both friends and foes than a century of peace had taught us. Through helping others we have helped ourselves.

Peace is here, but no unintelligent peace will satisfy us. The good of human nature requires constructive peace. Out of the eternal past into the eternal future Progress leads on, or casts aside.

Business for man; not man for business, is the watchword of progress. Service to mankind must be our standard of judgment.

What is true of our social and industrial life is true of advertising. The advertising ways of yesterday are not the ways of today or tomorrow. Here also enters the problem of service to mankind.

We of N. W. Ayer & Son believe our work must be an acceptable contribution to society if it would serve commerce; for commerce must serve society or it is not commerce, but piracy. To make our advertising service true to the spirit of Progress, we must keep our finger on the pulse of humanity and diagnose desire while it is in the very process of development.

Our organization is trained to meet changing conditions. This elasticity accounts for our known ability to increase trade for both the large and small house, the old and the new business. Perhaps these are the reasons why we are this year celebrating our Fiftieth Anniversary.

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NEW YORK BOSTON CLEVELAND CHICAGO

the greatest reception ever given a non-commissioned officer in this or any other country, upon his arrival in New York City the other day. The things about York that made the deepest impression on those with whom he came in contact in New York were his modesty and his self-possession. He comes from a little town in the Tennessee mountains and confessed that he used to think Knoxville in that State quite a city. His experiences in the metropolis, therefore, where he was lionized in true American style, were entirely new to him. Yet he was utterly unabashed throughout and carried himself with the dignity becoming the man who performed the greatest individual feat in the war. According to the New York *Sun*—

> He attributes all his prowess as a soldier to the grace of God, while admitting that he was one of the best shots with the rifle and pistol in his neighborhood, being able to shoot the head off a turkey with either rifle or six-shooter. He said to his questioners that he felt stronger spiritually since he had "come out of there, with the help of God. The American Army and the American flag won the war because they had God behind them, and when you have God behind you, you can come out on top every time."

Alvin C. York's exploit will go down in history as one of the finest examples of American valor. No doubt it will form the inspiration for writers of song and story for many a day. Already one of our American balladists, Richard Butler Glaenzer, has celebrated it in the following poem, entitled "A Ballad of Redhead's Day," which recently appeared in the New York *Times:*

A BALLAD OF REDHEAD'S DAY

Talk of the Greeks at Thermopylæ!
They fought like mad till the last was dead;
But Alvin C. York, of Tennessee,
Stayed cool to the end tho his hair was red,
Stayed mountain cool, yet blazed that gray
October the Eighth as Redhead's Day.

With rifle and pistol and redhead nerve
He captured one hundred and thirty-two;
A battalion against him, he did not swerve
From the Titans' task they were sent to do—
Fourteen men under Sergeant Early
And York, the blacksmith, big and burly.

Sixteen only, but fighters all,
They dared the brood of a devil's nest.
And three of those that did not fall
Were wounded or out of the scrap; the rest
Were guarding a bunch of *Boche* they'd caught,
When both were trapt by a fresh onslaught.

Excepting York, who smiled "Amen"
And, spotting the nests of spitting guns,
Potted some twenty birds, and then
Did with his pistol for eight more Huns
Who thought they could crush a Yankee alive
In each red pound of two hundred and five.

That was enough for kill-babe Fritz:
Ninety in all threw up their hands,
Suddenly tender as lamb at the Ritz.
Milder than sheep to a York's commands;
And back to his lines he drove the herd,
Gathering more on the way—Absurd!

Absurd, but true—ay, gospel fact;
For here was a man with a level head.
Who, scorning to fail for the help he lacked,
Helped himself till he won instead;
An elder was he in the Church of Christ,
Immortal at thirty; his faith sufficed.

THE PATH OF THE COUNTERFEITER IS THORNY AND HIS DOWNFALL PRACTICALLY CERTAIN

THE making of bad money would seem to be the most thankless occupation in the world. It involves hard work, nerve-racking vigilance, and considerable expense. If the product is to stand even a fractional chance of passing muster, those who make it must possess a degree of skill that would insure them good places and a greater income in an honest calling. And then there is the system that has been developed to run down counterfeiters. It is perpetually and relentlessly on the job, and escape from it is practically impossible. Government agents in Washington, from years of experience with counterfeiters, have compiled some interesting figures dealing with this form of crime. Roughly, it has been estimated that there is about one counterfeit paper dollar in circulation for every 100,000 dollars of genuine currency. In coin it runs between two and three dollars per 100,000. A fair idea of the counterfeiting proposition is given in a recent account appearing in the New York *Herald*, from which we quote as follows in relation to the nefarious ways of the manufacturers of home-made money:

> The kind of money a counterfeiter makes depends mostly on what part of the country he lives in. In the East, where the paper circulation is greatest, bank-notes are most commonly counterfeited, with a little silver on the side. In the South and Middle West the natural demand is for silver dollars and half-dollars. Out in the Far West the business is mainly gold, with very few bills of any sort.
>
> It is always easiest for the counterfeiter in any one region to circulate the sort of money which is most abundant in that region. He gets rid of it more quickly, since there is a greater use for it. And it is safer. It is just like watching the market. Once in a while, of course, a particularly nervy gang or individual tries gold in the East or bills on the Pacific coast, but comparatively seldom.
>
> It is puzzling to try to figure out how the proposition can possibly pay. The larger the coin or bill to be counterfeited the greater the danger of detection, and hence the need of a more expensive plant. The commonest form of making spurious money is the turning out of base metal coins—even copper cents—but the operation is always an expensive one.
>
> Silver, for instance, can not be successfully cast. Base coins with silver in them must therefore be struck off with a steel die, a die representing days of work on the part of an expert engraver. Then there must be a powerful press to make the impression, to say nothing at all of the expense of running a chemical laboratory and keeping it secret.
>
> There are two principal ways of making counterfeit coins, with endless variations of each. One is casting, the other stamping the cold metal. The latter always produces better results, as the coin is more accurate and more clearly cut. In the casting process a mold is generally made from a fresh and genuine coin. In stamping, a die is either cast or cut by hand. Both operations require hours of careful work and then the counterfeit metal is put in this die and struck with one sharp blow of a heavy press.
>
> Expert counterfeiters do the work so well that the average person is easily fooled. In making silver coins they use a certain amount of silver and adjust the alloy of the other metal so that the finished product rings true, or very nearly so.
>
> Gold coins, being worth more, are often more carefully worked over. One method is to cut about $4 worth of gold metal out of a genuine $10 gold piece, generally from the center, in one or two borings.
>
> The hole is filled in with a base alloy that is treated chemically so that it gives every appearance of the gold itself. Ring the coin or test the edge and it seems good. Detection in work like this is made a hundredfold harder than in counterfeits where none of the pure gold is used. This is the sort of work which the Secret Service agent with a pride in his job delights to follow up.
>
> Another favorite method of counterfeiting is to use silver coins of Central and South American republics, which are many times below our silver in value and strike them off as United States coins under a powerful press which absolutely effaces the old designs. The new coins are silver, and they look all right. The only fault is that they are light in weight.
>
> In the counterfeiting of paper money there are four principal methods. The first is the copying of notes by hand, putting in every finest line and imitating every silk thread in the paper of the original with delicate pen and ink work. Some of these notes can not be detected with the naked eye even by some experts.
>
> Another way is the engraving of a steel plate from which the bogus paper is printed. The engraving must always be done by hand. Most of the men who have been caught at it have been expert engravers, often graduates of some government's treasury department. The Lupo-Morello gang, which was broken up some years ago, produced this class of work, which so nearly approximated the common bill of our daily circulation that for months the counterfeits were not even suspected.
>
> Photographic reproduction is a third favorite process of turning out counterfeit paper. At first thought it would seem that this would be absolutely accurate and that it would be most difficult of all counterfeit work to detect, but, strangely enough, it is not so. If it were, the Secret Service might have a hard time of it, but as it is, the photoengraving process is not so good as the old-fashioned hand system. The camera reproductions are somehow weak and flat and can be easily detected.
>
> The fourth method is the raising of genuine bills and notes—taking a $5 bill, for instance, and changing it to a ten. The numerals are erased in the corners and the blanks are then filled in so carefully that time and again bank-cashiers and tellers have been deceived. It takes a good man a whole day to change one bill. Fives raised to tens are the most frequent offenders of this sort. The workman thus makes $5 a day. Considering the risk he takes it is not very much.
>
> These, in brief, are the chief producing methods of the counterfeiters. There are two ways for them to get the spurious money into circulation—banking it or buying articles with big bills or coins and getting good money in exchange. The first is so dangerous that it is seldom done;

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Germs can multiply on strops and partly soiled towels, and if the shaving brush is put away wet, germs are likely to adhere to it.

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When you shave with Lysol Shaving Cream, you prevent infection. You kill the germs that may have blown on your face or gotten there from hands, gloves, or in a thousand other ways.

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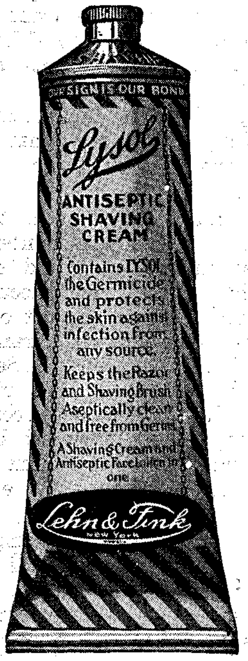
The sense of security from infection that you get from the use of Lysol, Lysol Shaving Cream, and Lysol Toilet Soap is especially reassuring when there is sickness in the home, or when mild or serious epidemics are rife.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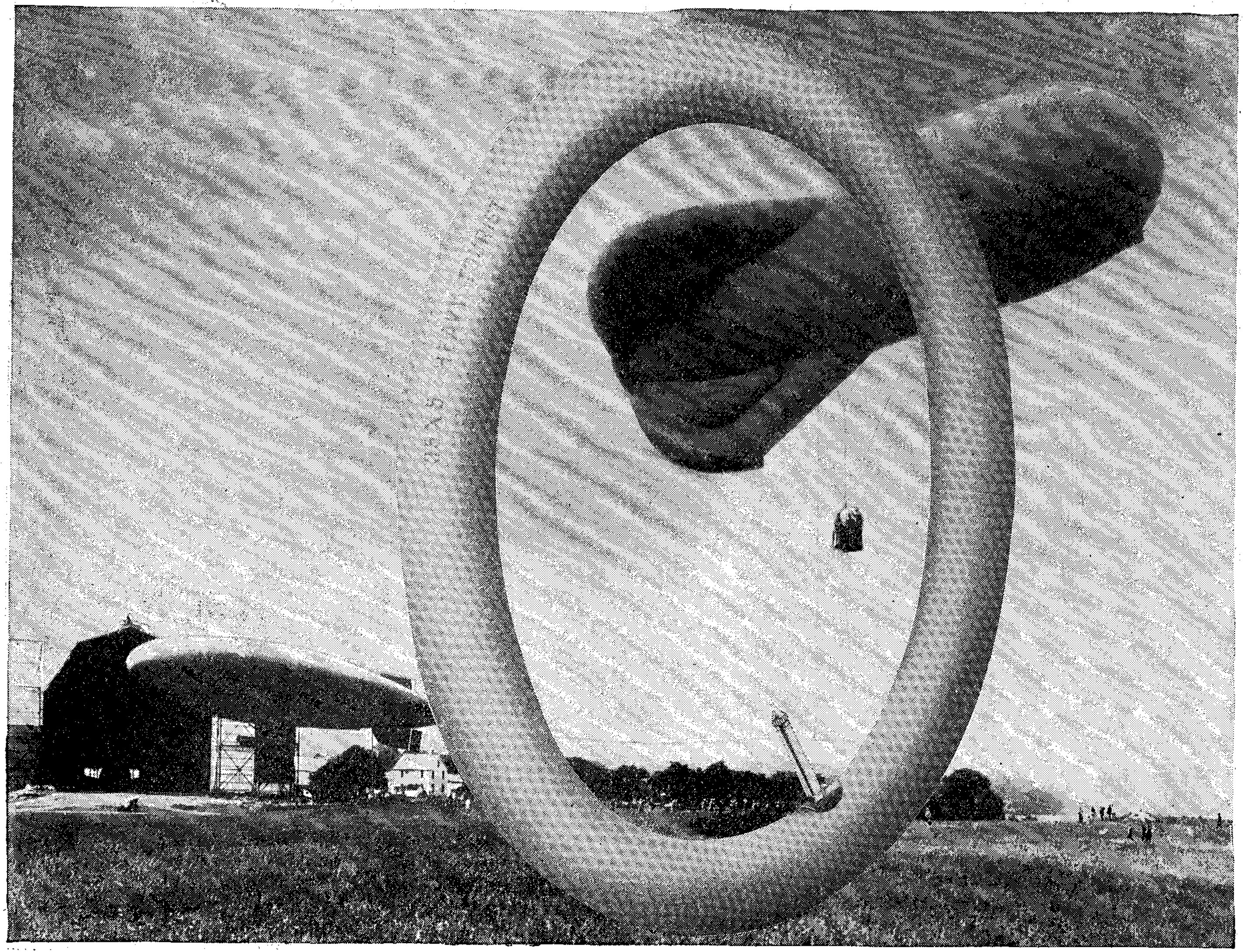

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Built-Up *Layer-Upon-Layer*

JUST how important is the *layer-upon-layer* construction which Goodyear employs in the manufacture of tubes?

Does it make them stronger—longer-lived—better containers of air?

Well, for nine years we have been building balloons and dirigibles, in the construction of which our first and most complex problem was that of inflation. For gas is volatile, much more elusive than air, harder to capture and hold.

It was finally demonstrated, however, that rubberized fabrics, built up *layer-upon-layer*, formed the most practical container for this gas.

Once this fact was established, it seemed quite logical that the same principle should prove even more successful when applied to tubes. For a tube's sole function is to hold air.

We thus evolved the Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tube, making it of pure gum strips, building them up, *layer-upon-layer*, then curing them together, after which the valve-patch was vulcanized in.

The soundness of this method was immediately established.

The thin layers of rubber cured one upon the other, enabled the elimination of all defects, such as sand holes and porousness. This construction also gave the body of the tube a criss-cross grain which prevented splitting if punctured. Finally, by vulcanizing the valve-patch securely into the tube we prevented all leaks at this source.

There is an observable tendency among motorists everywhere to use Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tubes exclusively.

They have learned that the slightly added cost of these thick, grey tubes is more than justified by their longer life and by the protection which they undeniably give to casings.

More Goodyear Tubes are used than any other kind.

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with good counterfeits the second is surprizingly safe.

A Federal law requires that anybody who becomes possest of counterfeit money or knowledge thereof shall inform the Treasury Department at once, penalties being prescribed for a failure to do so. This is a part of the system built up by the Government for the detection of counterfeits, and as a result Uncle Sam is in receipt of a constant stream of information on the subject. The methods employed for discovering bad money are thus discust:

In the long run most money in circulation comes into the hands of some bank. And there the counterfeit, good or bad, eventually meets its downfall. Tellers and cashiers handle so much currency that they seem to be gifted with a special sense. Every once in a while in thumbing over a pile of bills or counting a stack of coin a teller will stop, scrutinize the thing in his hand and then lay it aside.

Here is where system comes in. Perhaps he can tell at first glance whether or not the money is bad. If so he knows what to do. But if he is doubtful he goes to the back of his cage, where a number of periodicals are lying on a desk. There are two monthly counterfeit detecting magazines published in New York City. If the note in his hand is a "ten," issued by the Auburn National City Bank, of Auburn, N. Y., he looks up New York, then Auburn. Perhaps he finds this:

"N. Y., Auburn, Auburn National City Bank. Check Letter A, July 20, 1865. In vignette, lower left corner. Franklin's kite-string is broken or hidden by clouds. In genuine wholly visible. Seal and number poor. Lathe work on back poor."

And that is what he wants to know. If he can not find a description of the note in the Counterfeit Detector and still thinks it is not genuine, he takes the second step in the working of the system and sends the suspected bill to the magazine, which for the privilege of looking at it pays him its face value in good money if it turns out to be bad.

The magazine people cooperate with the Secret Service. If the bill is a new counterfeit it is immediately turned over to the Government and a description of it is straightway sent out on a postal card to all banks and financial houses with which the magazine is in touch. And the next teller or cashier who gets the mate of the note knows right off what the counterfeit is.

Perhaps it seems only natural, but the great bulk of counterfeit discoveries is made through the banks, which communicate immediately with one of the counterfeit-detecting magazines or directly with the Secret Service. There is a Federal law that requires that any one possessing a United States counterfeit of any sort or having knowledge of its possession must notify the Treasury Department at once, under penalty of imprisonment and a heavy fine. The result is that the Federal authorities get in touch with every newly discovered counterfeit within a day or two of its detection, with the result again that they are able to start immediately on the track of the men who manufactured the money.

How does a cashier know whether or not money is good and how can you yourself know? A difficult question, but best answered first with two "dont's." And these are:—Don't judge a coin by its ring and don't judge a bill by the paper. The ring of a coin will often show its genuineness, but the thing gets a bit confusing when we learn that many good coins do not ring true, generally because of some little imperfection, and that many bad coins do ring true.

As for notes and bills, once in a while you can tell by the paper, but in the Secret Service office they have a nice collection of them which would deceive almost anybody every time. Great, heavy $5 bills as thick as pasteboard, perfectly good, but soaked with oil or something which has dried them in this way. Other bills, all limp and thinned out—acid work on them, but not in the least impairing their value. And then there are some notes that fold and crinkle and show threads in the best approved style—counterfeits.

The best way of passing on a coin's genuineness are these:—Its weight in comparison with one which you know to be good, its thickness, the feel of it—different metals have different surface textures—and the accuracy of the workmanship. This last is the easiest test for the average man.

CITY NAMED FOR FIRST WOMAN WEARING BOBBED HAIR TO BE KOLCHAK'S CAPITAL

EKATERINBURG, the city in East Russia to which the attention of the world was first called by the report that the late Czar and his family had been murdered there by the Bolsheviki, is again in the limelight because of a report that Admiral Kolchak, anti-Bolshevik leader, is about to make it his headquarters. In a recent bulletin the National Geographic Society of Washington, D. C., furnishes the following information regarding this little known city, said to have been named by Peter the Great for his wife, Catherine I.:

Ekaterinburg, geographically, is well adapted to be a gateway through which the Siberian Government seeks to spread its influence and oppose Bolshevism in European Russia. It is the most important city in the Ural Mountains, lying about 310 miles by rail southeast of the city of Perm, and in the erstwhile government of that name. Two-thirds of the Perm district lies in Russia and one-third in Siberia. Through Ekaterinburg passed the great Siberian highway.

Ivan III. sent German spies into what he regarded as a Promised Land of natural resources, and when they brought back favorable reports the task of developing one of the richest mining regions in the one-time empire began.

This same Ivan III. laid the foundation of Russia's material progress in other ways. He summoned an architect from Venice, who was commissioned not only to build palaces and churches, but to make big bells, cannons, "to fire off the said cannons, and to make every sort of casting very cunningly." His name was Murchi, but small wonder that he was nicknamed Aristotle. For these protean services he received ten rubles a month.

As early as the eleventh century Novgorod began to exact tribute from the Perm district and to send settlers there. But when Ivan III., four centuries later, reached out from Moscow to Novgorod,

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Ice Cream for dessert is becoming increasingly popular. With a bottle of

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The Golden Flavor

in the pantry you can make a delightfully attractive sundae in a jiffy.

Just dissolve sugar in hot water and add Mapleine to flavor and color. Top with nuts or raisins if desired. Pour this over ice cream, hot or cold.

Use any left over syrup on the hot cakes for breakfast because Mapleine Syrup is so good.

Mapleine contains no maple sugar, syrup nor sap, though its flavor is similar to maple.

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Send 4c stamps and carton top for Cook Book. 200 recipes.

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PERSONALITY: How to Build It

This keen, forceful book reveals the secret of winning others by personal study, adroitness, and tact, and shows how these essential qualities may be cultivated to such an extent as to make success a reasonable certainty. *It is filled with tried and proved facts that you should understand and with lucid directions as to how to apply this information.*

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deported a thousand of the wealthy families, and sent Moscow patricians to take their places, Perm was automatically released from Novgorod domination.

But the development of the mine region of the East Urals began with Peter the Great, during whose time Ekaterinburg, the Scranton of the Urals, was founded. It was as slow in growing as were many of Peter's reforms in taking root. In contrast to the radical experiments now launched before Lenine's breakfast in Russia, it is interesting to recall the storm of protest against the census instituted by Peter, because it was a "profane numbering of the people"; or against the change in the calendar, assailed as an effort to destroy "the years of Our Lord," and of that freakish, if harmless, edict requiring beards to be shaved off, which was regarded as an insidious scheme to disfigure the "image of God," so Christ would not recognize his own at the judgment-day.

Peter named the city for his wife, later the Czarina Catherine I., that strange figure in Russia's bizarre history, who was the daughter of a yeoman, foster-child of a humble pastor, wife of a Swedish dragoon, sold after being taken prisoner of war to a Russian prince who fancied her, paramour of Peter the Great until the birth of a child impelled him to acknowledge her as his wife, to crown her Empress consort, and to clear the way for her succession to the throne.

No queen of proudest birth ever did (or would have wished to) adorn herself as did erstwhile Martha Skovronsky at the coronation ceremonies. Her crown bore more than 2,500 gems, with a walnut-size ruby sustaining a bejeweled cross.

When Peter took her to Berlin the daughter of Emperor Frederick William, father of Frederick the Great, wrote in a volume preserved as her memoirs that the empress appeared to be low-born, and that she wore so many decorations that her dress rattled. The Paris verdict of her remains unknown because Peter left her at Amsterdam when he went to the French capital. It is not fair to assume that the monarch sought a free field for a gay time. Rather he seemed deprest by the refinements there, and is quoted as saying, "I am a soldier; a little bread and beer satisfy me."

Like Cleopatra, Du Barry, and other royal courtezans, Catherine was far from beautiful; positively homely, from most accounts. But when she ascended the throne her common sense redeemed her illiteracy. Her gem-laden crown, and the luxury and power it stood for, did not turn her head, while other head-dresses tell the story of her devotion to her husband and of loyalty to her people. When she accompanied Peter in the Caspian campaign she made the supreme sacrifice (for pre-Greenwich Village days) of "bobbing" her hair, and wearing a close-fitting fur cap to protect her from the sun. She also set a fashion of wearing the cocked hat of the army.

The former Russian Government maintained an important mining-school, chemical laboratory, and gold-assay office at Ekaterinburg. Imperial lapidary-works were engaged in cutting and polishing malachite, marble, porphyry, and jasper, and the government mint for copper coins was located there.

The city also was important industrially and commercially. Paper, soap, candles, and machinery were manufactured. It had flour-mills and tanneries. Its trade was in cereals, silk goods, iron, and cattle.

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The Sampler and other Whitman packages are on sale in great variety at the Whitman agencies nearly everywhere—usually the better drug stores.

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Whitman's Sampler

A SAD, SAD SPOT IS THE PLACE WHERE THOSE FUNNY MOVIES ARE MADE

THE serious nature of the business of fun-making has been remarked before. It is a well-known fact that all persons who make a living writing or saying funny things look sad and hopeless. And now comes Karl K. Kitchen, which may look to the heedless like a funny name, and tells us in effect, and also in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, that for downright gloom an establishment where film comedies are produced has the most lugubrious of any other mournful spots in this vale of tears faded to where it looks positively joyful. Mr. Kitchen says this after visiting the Mack Sennett studio in Los Angeles, California, which, he tells us, is the biggest comedy studio in the world. Right across the street from the Sennett establishment is the studio of Fatty Arbuckle. Sennett produces twenty-six "side-splitting comedies" annually while Arbuckle produces only twelve, wherefore, concludes Mr. Kitchen, one is justified in asserting that the Arbuckle studio "is not half as bad as the Sennett studio." The place where these two studios are located is known as Edendale, which, it is explained, "looks like the Garden of Eden might have looked if it hadn't looked the way it did." Before relating what he saw in the Sennett place, Mr. Kitchen observes regarding comedy films that they are the most difficult of all pictures to make. Also, he says they are the most costly. To offset these disadvantages, however, it appears that the making of movie comedies is an exceedingly profitable line of endeavor and that those engaged in it are getting sinfully rich, which always helps some. But to get down to what befell Mr. Kitchen in Mr. Sennett's studio:

The morning I arrived at his studio the cross-eyed Ben Turpin and his side partners, Charles Lynn and Chester Conklin, were engaged in hitting each other over the head with rubber mallets. They were at work on one of their typical scenes in which the comedy husband returns to his comedy home to find his comedy wife in the arms of his comedy false friend—with the inevitable exchange of comedy blows.

I have witnessed many sad plights, but this spectacle of Ben Turpin and Charles Lynn rapping each other's heads with rubber mallets was the saddest proceeding it was ever my misfortune to gaze upon. Before I arrived in Los Angeles I pictured the Mack Sennett studio as one of the gay spots of the City of Unburied Dead. I imagined that I would be convulsed with laughter while watching the funny pictures in the making, and that a score of beautiful bathing beauties would be there to react with me from the amusing stunts.

Alas! another fond illusion shattered. The making of a Sennett comedy is one of the most unfunny sights imaginable. And the funnier they are when they are shown on the screen the more unfunny they are in the process of manufacture. For while it may be amusing to see a man hit on the head with a rubber mallet—once—when

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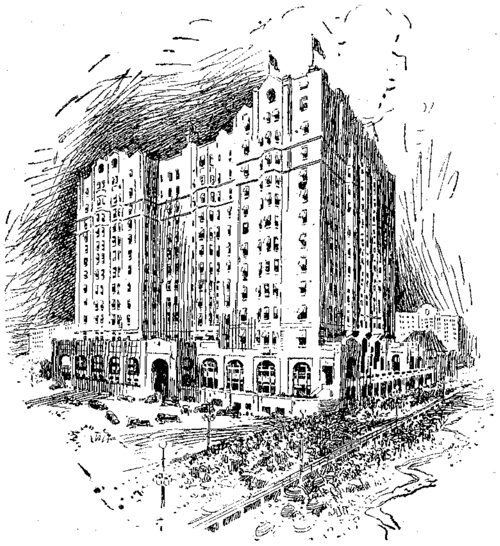

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The Ambassador will appeal to a select clientele. Reservations are now being made.

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that same blow is rehearsed half a dozen times and "shot" at least three times, it is about as comic as a piece of crape. Every bit of funny business has to be planned and worked out step by step, with the result that in the making of a Sennett picture there is no spontaneity. The finished film may absolutely convulse a convention of undertakers; it may be a succession of abdominal laughs from start to finish, but in the making it is not only serious but lugubrious work.

Mr. Sennett was led to tell some things about the making of film comedies, particularly with reference to the underlying principles thereof and the abundance of opportunity for pestiferous annoyance connected therewith—

"Making these two-reelers is one-tenth inspiration and nine-tenths perspiration," said Mr. Sennett, after watching the edifying slugging match between Ben Turpin and Charles Lynn for several minutes. "It's very different from making film dramas, where you have a scenario and know what you are going to do. Here we have to think up new stunts, try them out and find out if they are funny on the screen. Of course, I plan out the stories in a general way, but their effectiveness is largely dependent upon their treatment. It is up to the various directors, with the assistance of the principal comedians, to evolve new stunts and work them out. And I want to tell you that it is the hardest kind of work. We sweat blood over them."

"But have you ever stopt to analyze them?" I asked.

"Of course, nothing is simpler," replied the originator of the Keystone Cop. "Nearly all the comedy films we make are based on the triangle of the old-fashioned French farce—the wife, the husband, and the husband's false friend. In fact, if we attempt anything else it doesn't work out. Toward the end of each picture we have what is called a rally or a speeding up of the action, usually a chase of some kind, in order to bolster up the interest of the spectators. Most of our pictures are made on this basis. We occasionally try out other plots, but, as I say, they don't come out satisfactorily. Just at present, for instance, we are making an experiment with a comedy film with a beautiful woman for the central figure, with two rival suitors furnishing the laughs, but we don't know how funny it will be until we get it finished. I'm very much afraid we'll have to go back to the husband, wife, and false friend," he sighed. "Pretty hard lines, isn't it?"

"It's pretty hard lines for the people who have to see them," I admitted, recalling some wasted evenings in so-called temples devoted to film art.

For the first time since I arrived at the studio a smile appeared on Mack Sennett's face.

"It's a wonder that I am not in the psychopathic ward of some hospital," he confided. "You can't imagine the strain I'm under turning out one of these comedies every two weeks. Some of them are pretty bad, but on the whole they are a lot better than they used to be."

After having seen how the pictures were made, Mr. Kitchen went to the projecting-room to see how the previous day's run of pictures turned out on the screen. The account continues:

As six or seven takes of each scene were run off, without subtitles or anything to give me an idea of their connection, it was about as jolly as seeing the same movie six times in succession. One scene revealed a comedian braiding an elderly man's long white beard with the tail of an old skate and then hitching the nag to the rear of a fast-moving flivver—with the obvious results. Another scene showed what happened in a blacksmith-shop when the smithy dropt a red-hot horseshoe into the hip pocket of the comedian. The smoke which arose from that tender spot, coupled with the efforts of the comedian to dive into a distant watering-trough, made us smile the first time it was flashed on the screen, but after it had been run off five or six times it could not have tickled the risibilities of the most loyal Sennett fan. Repetition is deadly, especially of stunts of this kind.

"I'd like to do better things than this," said the producer seriously. "I'd like to make smart, dress-suit comedies—stories with some subtleties, but I can't if I want to stay in business. Movie audiences want this kind of stuff, slap-stick comedies with pies, seltzer-bottles, and all that sort of thing. When we try anything else the people walk out on them. Besides, it is much easier to make the high-class comedies. I have spent more time and money in trying to get a mouse to run up a girl's skirt, just one stunt in a two-reel comedy picture, than some producers spend on an entire picture. Cultured people naturally despise these custard-pie effects, but you must remember that cultured people don't buy many tickets to the movies. It's the great masses of the public that support the movies. The men and women who make up these masses want to see things on the screen that happened or might happen to their neighbors. For instance, Mr. Bill Smith happens to know that his neighbor, Mrs. Brown, is having a little flirtation with Jones. So when he sees a comedy picture in which the husband returns, it recalls to his mind what is going on in his neighbor's home and how funny it would be if Brown returned and actually found Jones there. It is necessary to give the public situations that they understand and that they can adapt to their friends and neighbors. And as you know, the many well-directed and well-placed kicks are funny simply because they illustrate the downfall of dignity."

Important administrative duties called Mr. Sennett to his office, and he gave me the freedom of the studio, with instructions to make myself "at home." So I wandered about watching the various companies at work. On one stage I met Richard Jones, the young director, who has achieved fame in film circles for his work on "Mickey," a big comedy feature that has found favor with the public. Mr. Jones proved to be a very serious young man, who took up the movies as his life's work because they seemed likely to have a future. Just what their future promised to be Mr. Jones wasn't quite sure, but he made it quite clear that the public and not himself was responsible for the inartistic pictures that are turned out on every side.

"But the real curse of this game," he confided, "is turning out too many pictures. You can't make a masterpiece every time, especially when you have to have them finished on certain dates. I'm surprized that most of the pictures are not worse. I know that they seem awfully sad to me."

Mr. Jones and I parted with a handclasp of understanding.

Miss Louise Fazenda, one of Mr. Sennett's *comédiennes*, who was at work on another stage, also confided to me that life at this studio was just one darn film after another, and that the sight of Grant's Tomb on Riverside Drive would cheer her up immensely. In fact, I found all the "funny" people at the studio in the depths of despair. So it was with a sigh of relief that I stept out of the shadow of the studio into the sunshine of the street.

MEXICO, LAND OF HOLIDAYS, STRANGE TOYS, AND STRANGER CUSTOMS

THE smallest rag dolls in the world are made in Mexico. Some of them are only a fourth of an inch in height, and yet every feature and all the different parts of the body are perfect and in proper proportion. Also, they are all carefully drest, some of them in elaborate costumes. This is one of the things told in a volume of sketches by Mercedes Godoy, entitled "When I Was a Girl in Mexico" (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.) and dealing particularly with Mexican child-life. The author was born in Mexico City and lived there until she became a young lady, and the things she tells are largely her own experiences. It appears that Mexican children are much like youngsters anywhere else in the world, but some of the ways they have of amusing themselves naturally differ from those of American children. For instance, speaking further of objects with which youthful Mexicans play, the author tells of drest-up fleas, which are prepared by the Mexican Indians. "They have to be seen through a magnifying-glass to appreciate the work and patience it must take to prepare them," she says. "The dead fleas stand in tiny paper boxes, and are each drest in various colors and styles." Owing to the number of saints recognized by the Mexicans, each commemorated by a holiday and appropriate festivities, it would seem that the country should be a very paradise for children, and so apparently it is. We read:

The holidays commemorating the different saints are not legal holidays, so that public offices and stores remain open on such occasions; still the churches observe them, and also many families and even some business houses. Some of the principal holidays are those of St. Joseph, St. Francis, Virgin of Guadalupe, and the Immaculate Conception. Every one celebrates his saint's day instead of his birthday, and as these days are always well known by friends, it is the custom to send presents and flowers at such times, and we children received toys and other gifts.

Each city district has its patron saint, for whom the church in that locality is usually named. The day of this saint is celebrated by illuminating the streets and giving open-air concerts in the parks of that district, and stands are also erected on the streets where sweetmeats, cakes, fruit, and toys are sold.

On Holy Saturday in the morning at ten o'clock, the burning of "Judas" takes place. This custom is observed a great deal, and more so in Mexico City than elsewhere. Toys made of cardboard representing men and animals, and having firecrackers fastened to them, are sold in great quantities to children, who suspend these figures in the courtyards or

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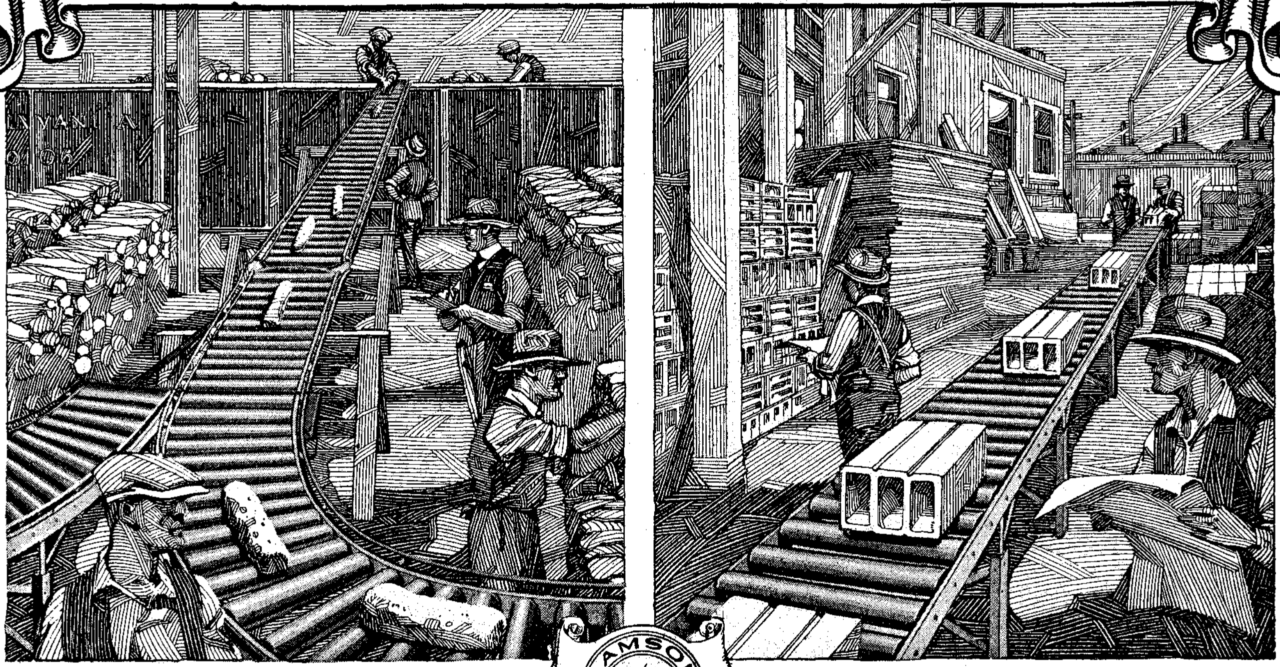

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> corridors of their homes. At the stroke of ten, when the church-bells are heard, the children light and burn them. In some streets the laboring classes hang up large figures, sometimes even six or seven feet high, made of straw or rags and drest to represent men. These also contain fire-crackers and have fireworks attached to them. It is needless to say that there is a deafening noise when the burning of "Judas" occurs, something which we when children used so much to enjoy seeing and hearing.

It seems that Christmas is not celebrated in Mexico as it is in the United States. There is a time for the giving of presents, but it comes in the first month of the year instead of the last. Of the festivities on this occasion it is said:

> Presents are given on New-year's day to the grown-up persons and toys and other gifts to the children on Kings' day, January 6. The Kings are the Mexican Santa Clauses and are supposed to bring toys to the little ones. On that day a party is given for children, a large cake being placed on the table, in the center of all the other sweetmeats. This special cake contains a bean, and if a girl gets it she is the queen and selects a king from among the boys present, while if, on the other hand, the bean falls to a boy, he chooses the queen, and I was that lucky person at one of these parties that I attended. The king is supposed to give, a few days later, a party or picnic to all those who had attended, so, of course, we children loved this party, as in reality it meant two parties.

Mexico is the only country in North America with a history and legends of a civilization reaching back into a remote antiquity. While that civilization virtually came to an end with the conquest of Mexico by Cortez, its influence has remained, and there are many reminders of it in the Mexico of to-day. Of these, the celebrated sacrificial stone and the Aztec calendar are referred to as follows by Miss Godoy:

> The Aztec calendar is well known all over the Republic. It is a large, round stone with carvings of Aztec designs, and is supposed to be the calendar of those ancient times. Numerous other carved stones and antiquities are also seen there. Another notable relic is what is known as the Sacrificial Stone, being a huge round and weighty slab with carvings on the upper portion and on the sides and with a round cavity on top where it was said that the heart of the victim to be sacrificed was cut out of the body, the blood being allowed to flow along a duct carved out in the stone. We children used to look at that stone with fright and horror. What attracted most the attention of us young people were the toys used by the Aztec children and which are also on exhibition in the National Museum.

It is said that about Mexico City are many suburbs which are interesting because they are more than anything else, typical of Mexico. The houses are surrounded by gardens or are of old Spanish architecture with interior courtyards. Some people live in the suburbs only a part of the year while others live there all the time. One of the most important of these suburbs is Guadalupe, of which place we read the following:

> The Virgin of Guadalupe is the patron saint of Mexico. There is a well-known legend about her apparition. It is said that she appeared to an Indian, Juan Diego, who, terribly frightened, ran to tell it to the bishop, who, of course, did not believe him. The Indian then returned for the second time to the same spot and the Virgin appeared again, and told him that this time the bishop would believe him. Her imprint was made on his cloak, or *ayate*. The bishop was then convinced, and as Juan Diego told him that the Virgin wanted a church erected on the spot where she appeared, a beautiful shrine was built, which now has been enlarged, and is one of the best churches in the Republic. Its altar-railings are of solid silver and it contains many other costly ornaments.
>
> Near this church is a well, the water of which is said to cure some diseases, and many people, mostly Indians, fill jars and bottles which they take home to use as a remedy. On a hill there is a small house, the walls of which are all covered with pieces of broken glass, of all colors, shapes, and sizes, making it look very quaint. On top of the hill is a cemetery where many of Mexico's illustrious men have been buried. Below in the square near the church may be seen many Indian women making and selling tiny *tortillas*, or cakes, made of ground fresh corn, which they grind in a *metate* made of stone with three stone supports and having a handle likewise made of stone. We children used to love to buy and eat the *tortillas* while still warm.
>
> Guadalupe is seldom omitted by the sightseers as its legend and church are well-known all over the country, and for this reason it is greatly visited by people of all classes and nationalities. I have several medals with the image of the Virgin of Guadalupe as well as souvenirs and photographs of the various places of interest, all these being very much sought by the sightseers or tourists.

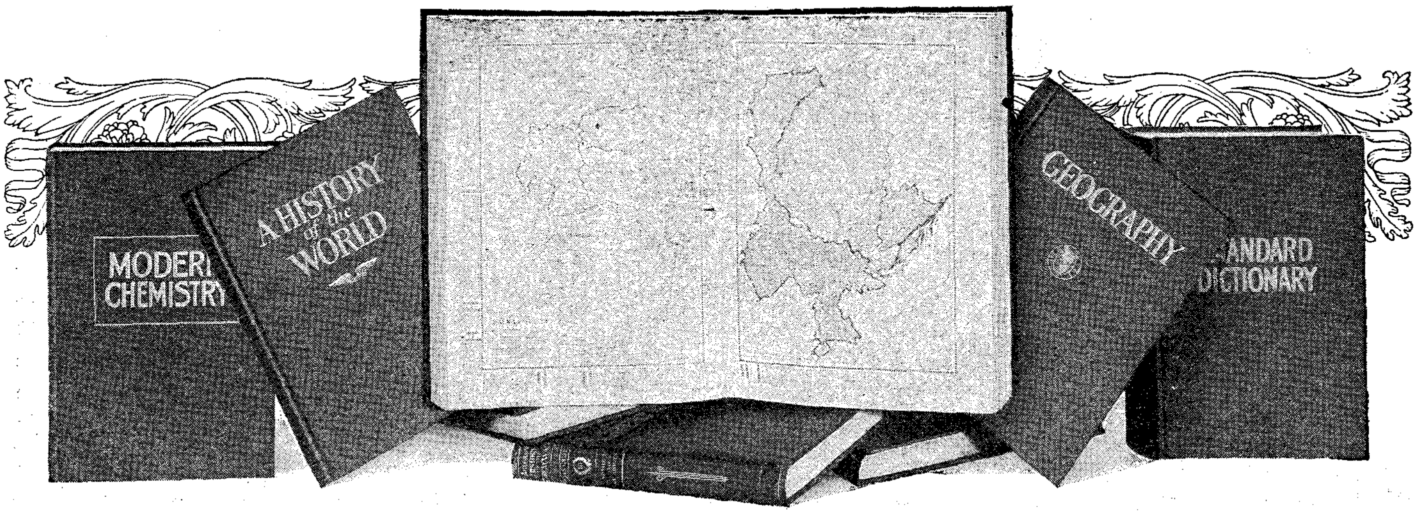
No account of life in Mexico would be complete without some reference to the favorite sport of the country, the bull-fight. A part of her time in Mexico was spent by the author in Guatemala City. In this city she witnessed a bull-fight and met a bull-fighter, and writes thereof:

> Mazzantini, the great Spanish bull-fighter, gave several performances. He made the trip on the same steamer that my family and I took from Salina Cruz, Mexico, to San José, Guatemala. In that way we met him and liked him very much. He was not of the ordinary class, like most bull-fighters, but belonged to a well-known Spanish family, and was well educated and refined. When he was a boy he took such a liking to this sport of *torero* that he followed it as a profession. I know that upon his return to Spain, his wife having died, he left off bull-fighting and was elected a member of the Common Council of Madrid.
>
> Beautiful gowns and hats are seen at these bull-fights. The young ladies that are selected to be queens wore the Spanish *mantilla* (white or black Spanish lace) over their heads, becomingly arranged with bright flowers and high combs. The Indian girls wear their best, brilliant shawls of all colors, some of these having long fringe and embroidery. All this adds greatly to the spectacle along the streets, thronged with gaiety and life, leading to the bull-ring, which I enjoyed seeing, tho I am not a partizan of that sport.

SULTAN OKWAWA'S SKULL MEANS POWER TO THE BRITISH

SO much curiosity was aroused by the provision in the Peace Treaty that the German Government should restore the skull of the Sultan Okwawa that the National Geographic Society issued a special bulletin giving an explanation. Even tho there are as many sultans as there are tribes in German East Africa the Sultan Okwawa was a very special sort of sultan, it appears, and in getting possession of his skull the British Government will accomplish more than it might be able to do with a small army to pacify the former German East-African possessions. The Albany *Journal*, condensing and quoting from the National Geographic Society's bulletin, gives this account of the skull and its former owner.

> Sultan Okwawa was a sort of Mohammed or Confucius among his clansmen, and it is to be inferred that the nation which assumes sovereignty over the people who revere his memory, and probably worship his remains, will be received with greater friendliness if it can restore the precious talisman. Furthermore, the removal of the skull sheds a side-light upon the long arm of German propaganda, reaching even into darkest Africa in contemplation of Prussia's day under the scorching equatorial sun.
>
> The German Government contributed a goodly sum for an expedition headed by Adolphus Frederick, Duke of Mecklenburg, which ostensibly made a scientific study of the German protectorate in Africa in 1907–08. There is good reason to believe that the explorers were not wholly unaware of political advantages and accomplished a tribal *coup d'état* by taking away with them the skull.
>
> The duke wrote a book about his travels in which he states, in summarizing the results of his expedition, that "1,017 skulls and about 4,000 ethnographs were collected." He described visits to various "sultans." At one point he digresses from botany and linguistics to give this naive comment on German policy: "It is desired to strengthen and enrich the sultan and persons in authority, and to increase thereby their interest in the continuance of German rule. . . . At the same time, by steadily controlling and directing the sultan and using his powers, civilizing influences would be introduced. Thus by degrees, and almost imperceptibly to the sultan himself, he eventually becomes nothing less than the executive instrument of the German governor."
>
> But Germany's early policy in her African colonial expansion was marked by no such adroit methods; rather by just such disregard of native customs and ruthless measures as that indicated by her removal of the skull referred to in the Treaty. Karl Peters, one of the first Germans to seek to exploit African resources, instituted such a reign of terror among the natives by inhuman treatment, and especially by wholesale murders of their women,



What a World of New Printing the War has made Necessary

For the next few years the printing presses of this country will be as busy as machine guns were a few years ago.

The maps of almost every part of the world have undergone some change, and the new geographies of our schools are today out of date.

New world history has been made—history that changed the relation of the past to the present and made obscure past events prominent and made prominent past events less important.

Encyclopædias are due for revision with respect to the war-sped progress in science, politics and the arts.

Our very language has been influenced. Scores of new words, such as "camouflage" and "Bolshevik," have entered the language. Other words, such as "salient," "tail-spin," "liaison," "no man's land," have acquired new meanings and uses.

Who can estimate the number of books—educational, historical, biographical, scientific—that will clamor for their place on the printing press?

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The printer is as important to peace as the munition maker is to war. Paper is important to the printer and to the man who would have printing done.

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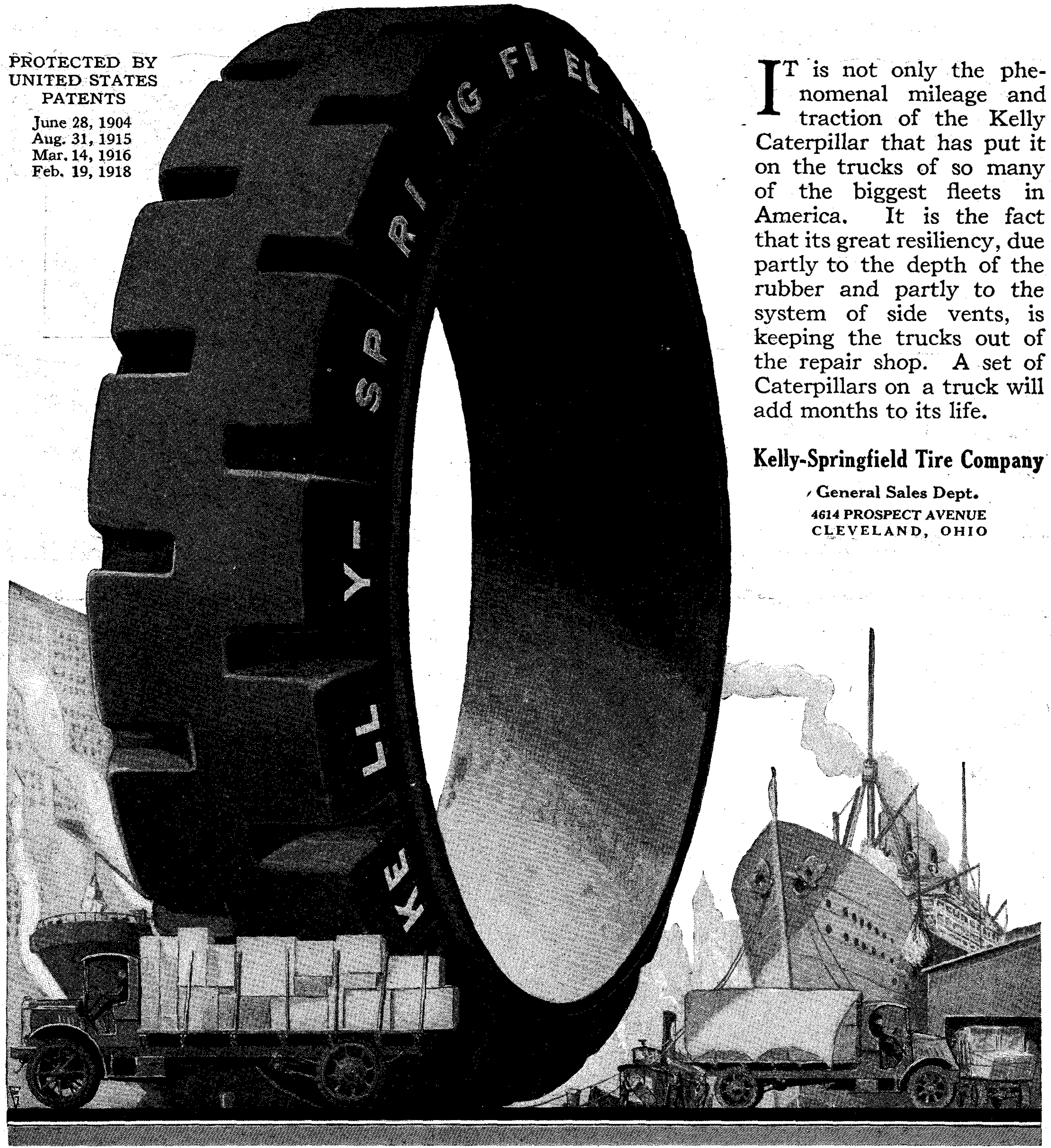

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that the German Government was compelled to remove his commission until the storm of civilized protest blew over.

But Peters was soon restored and other bureaucratic German officials rudely deposed native rulers, instead of cooperating with them as did the British, and thus incited numerous native uprisings. One of these, in 1906, cost nearly 125,000 native lives before the Africans succumbed to the same sort of terrorism as that instituted in Belgium in 1914.

The duke commented on the generosity of the natives in presenting gifts but noted that "yet the purchase of ethnological material met with obstinate opposition." He explained that each clan reveres some totem, believing that the spirit of the deceased enters these objects of reverence.

The totem is just as likely to be an animal, or part of an animal—the duke mentions the toad, crested crane, the leopard, and the goat—as a skull. Incidentally this fact helps explain the reverence of the old-time Southern darkey for such tokens as the "left hind leg of a graveyard rabbit caught on a dark night."

A COLOMBIAN NOVELIST'S HYMN OF HATE FOR THE UNITED STATES

ITALY has her angry Croats around Fiume, and we have our angry Colombians around the Panama Canal. "The United States is being converted into a nest of bandits. It is necessary that from Mexico to Cape Horn there be but one brain to combat him, one single arm to resist him, one single heart to hate him. Hate for the Yankee should be our motto, since that hate is our duty." It is no irresponsible bravo who writes this, but J. M. Vargas Vila, a Colombian novelist with "a great reputation in all Latin America," the author of half a score of widely circulated novels. His latest book is devoted to an analysis of the United States, as he interprets the history, life, and ideals of "Saxon America." The volume is called, "*Anti los Bárbaros. El Yanki—He Ahí el Enemigo*" ("Against the Barbarians. The Yankee—Behold the Enemy"). Its cover-design shows a caricature of Uncle Sam with a rifle on his shoulder, clutching dollars with hands transformed into claws, and it is said to be in wide circulation throughout South America. The action of the United States in recognizing the independence of Panama and taking the canal-zone is directly responsible for Mr. Vila's animosity. Most writers of Colombia, explains Mr. Tancredo Pinochet, a South-American now in this country, join the novelist in feeling that the United States has robbed them of a part of their country. Mr. Pinochet mentions other South-Americans who are attacking the United States:

> There is the Brazilian journalist, Medeiro Albuquerque, who has recently published strong articles against the United States in Rio de Janeiro, fearing the consequences of the United States taking over Brazilian securities in Europe. He says that Latin America has every reason to fear American imperialism. He also maintains that the United States will be the future Prussia of the world. Another famous Argentinian writer, Manuel Ugarte, who has given lectures in almost every capital of Latin America, has been preaching in books, magazine articles, and lectures that South America must unite in a common purpose to fight the United States. All these writers claim that the United States is an imperialistic country which will eventually, if not checked, control the whole of Latin America. Mr. Vargas Vila's book is only one of the exponents of this campaign against the United States.

Quotations from Mr. Vila's book, many of them rising to dramatic fervor and intensity suggestive of the German "Hymn of Hate," are given in the following translation:

> Who will warn Latin civilization, threatened by death in Europe, the Calvary of the Latin race, and about to disappear in America? The Odyssey of Barbarity advances threatening, the conquest advances; but silently and treacherously as the water of a flood in the night. . . . . .
>
> The Yankees are giving themselves over to the division and plunder of Latin America, and the world is ignorant of this division made by the pirates of Carthage, believing in the overthrow of Rome. . . . The Yankee has chosen well the hour, this tragic and crepuscular hour, in which nobody can go in aid of the peoples he is devouring; the Yankee has exploited the European War as if it were a mine; he has fattened himself with the blood that fertilizes the earth; a people without heart, it has but a stomach . . . Washington stabs Bolivar in the back and robs his treasures. . . . While the peoples of Europe are dying, the United States is robbing, . . . its cowardice was equal to its audacity. . . . The Yankee, hippopotamus of the Hudson. . . . The perfidious caress for Latin America comes from the North, cold as the wing of a falcon of Greenland and brutal as the claw of a polar bear. . . . Why not make Latin America see what in reality this race and people are? A lustful race, hostile and contemptuous, a countless people, spurious and cruel, insolent and depreciatory toward us, with a monstrous idea of their superiority and an unconquerable desire for conquest. . . . They are the men of the North, the descendants of the Norsemen, of the pirates of the Baltic, who in roughly built boats crossed the black waters, under a misty sky, to begin the pillage of peoples; they are the descendants of the worst beggars of Albion and Germany, who emigrated to America, became powerful, and who to-day feel in them the vibrations of all the atavisms of their adventurous race; what happened in Cuba was but the prolog of a drama, the conquest of America; the Yankee race, proud and mean, a race of sensual dreamers, avaricious and cruel. . . . It is necessary to combat the Yankee, or frankly declare ourselves his slaves. . . . It is necessary that we unite ourselves against the Yankee; it is necessary that from Mexico to Cape Horn there be but one brain to combat him, one single arm to resist him, one single heart to hate him. Hate for the Yankee should be our motto, since that hate is our duty. . . . The United States, a large nation, is being converted into a large nest of bandits; the specter of Washington becomes a pirate and the flag of liberty an immense shroud over the heads of the people. Wilson and Roosevelt have torn the glorious flag and shake the insolent rag over the sadness of the Latin race of America whom they dream of exterminating, in the savage ferocity of their barbarous souls. English imperialism makes for civilization. Proofs of this are to be seen in enormous and prosperous India, Egypt, Australia, and in Canada, wealthy and almost free. American filibusterism makes for brutality. Proofs of this are found in the Filipinos, hunted like wild beasts, the disappearing Hawaiians, the despoiled natives of Panama, the Porto-Ricans obliged by oppression to emigrate. . . . Wherever the Englishman goes a village is born; wherever the Yankee goes a race dies. . . . Imperialism in the English is a question of intelligence; filibusterism in the Yankees is a question of the stomach. . . . Admiration of the Yankee is, in Latin America, the most vivid and profound proof of our degradation.

BERLIN QUIET SEEMS LIKE THE LULL BEFORE A STORM

REVOLUTIONARY tho the changes in the German Government have been within the last few months, the words "Royal" and "Imperial" are still much in evidence about the streets of Berlin, says Charles Victor, writing in the New York *Evening Post*. A casual observer would probably never know from surface indications that the Kaiser was not still in power, he says in effect. Closer inspection, however, does not fail to reveal marks of the changed conditions. Innumerable posters making appeals of various kinds to the people contrast with the former imperial edicts which demanded, instead of appealing. The absence of the old-time policeman who represented law and order as typified by the former Emperor will be noticed, and here and there are signs proclaiming property to be under the protection of workmen and soldiers. Over all is that sense of evil foreboding of which much has heretofore been said by persons who have visited Berlin since the signing of the armistice. The newspapers reflect the spirit of unrest prevailing in the city and country. Accusations, counter-accusations, and rumors of calamity are daily features of periodicals representing all parties. Mr. Victor's article is an account of present-day conditions in Berlin as they would reveal themselves to an imaginary Teutonic *Rip Van Winkle*. Such a personage, he says,

> Would find no Royalist signs torn down and republican emblems put in their place; would see no statues dragged to the ground, no revolutionary heroes placed on the pedestal. He might walk down the Linden and see the *Royal* Library, the *Royal* University, the *Royal* Museum with all the old marks of royal patronage; he would find the *Imperial* post-offices, with the old sign-plates, all over town. He might admire the "Siegesallee" in all its gingerbread glory, and see fresh flowers at the feet of monarchs who happen to have a birthday. He would see little boys running about with sailor caps giltlettered "S. M. S. *Panther*" or the name of some other of "his Majesty's" ships. And especially he would see the familiar officers in their light-gray coats and bright red collars strutting along as proudly as ever—tho they are thinner and their long

sabers have become little daggers with silly little silver tassels.

Only gradually would he realize that all is not as it used to be. Strange posters will meet his eye from every angle. Not a building that has not been pasted over with several layers of posters—posters exhorting workmen to work, assuring workmen that socialization is in progress, asking workmen to go back to the land; posters protesting against the "robbing of Germany's soil," against a "peace of might"; posters asking soldiers to join this or that corps for "*Ostschütz*" or "*Heimatsschütz*"; horrible cartoon posters representing Bolshevism as a devouring beast, others accusing Communists and Spartacists of murder and pillage; appeals to citizens, appeals to mothers. Every day there is a fresh brood of posters, government posters. They are ugly, but they are a sign of change. Imperial governments do not appeal, they command.

Pretty soon our *Rip* will look about and find that in other respects the streets are not as they were in the good old days. They are less clean, for one thing; the street-cars are dirty and worn, the cabs very much down at the heels, the horses more like skeletons than live animals. The people, too, have not the old look about them: none is fat, few look well fed; their complexions are unhealthy, and not only the poor go ragged.

Presently the stranger will tumble to the fact that there are no policemen about. Berlin without policemen—how is it possible? But there is something else—people in gray-green uniforms with iron helmets of medieval cut, with rifles flung over their shoulders and ugly-looking little tin cans with wooden handles sticking out of their belts. Connoisseurs will recognize these as hand-grenades. Soldiers with rifles and hand-grenades, marching up and down, singly or in twos, in front of hotels, public buildings, at street corners. "Clankety-clankety-clank"—there goes a big motor-truck down the avenue, packed with soldiers, pointing machine guns front and back.

By this time the stranger is passing by a public building, and stops to read the plainly printed sign at the portal:

PROTECTED BY THE
WORKMEN'S AND SOLDIERS' COUNCIL,
BERLIN

As he turns the corner into the Schlossplatz he sees the imperial palace, much the worse for wear. Balconies are broken off, and the walls have many wounds, still fresh.

This may be enough to give one a feeling that all is not quite right. Well, it isn't. The city is under martial law, to begin with, and to one who has never been in a city under a state of siege this gives a peculiar, furtive feeling. Berlin is perfectly quiet and orderly, but there is a sense of evil foreboding in the air; it is the quiet before a storm.

The newspapers day after day nourish that feeling. Strikes in Berlin, strikes in Stuttgart, in Essen, in Magdeburg. Famine in Frankfort. Proclamation of a *Soviet* republic in Munich. Bloodshed here and there; robbery everywhere. Threats and counter-threats in every editorial.

There are more newspapers than anything else. Demobilized soldiers in worn-out uniforms selling newspapers on every corner. Some wear the ribbon of the iron cross. Other soldiers act as drivers, pedlers, sandwichmen—anything. In the Friedrichstrasse they stand by the dozen, selling patent specialties or fakes, but mostly papers and pamphlets—yelling out their wares with strident voices: "The private life of Kaiser Wilhelm the Second—startling revelations concerning the court of Berlin—one mark fifty," or "Germany and the Jewish Question—the most interesting study of the day—just out—one mark," and so on. Every day or so a new paper appears on the streets and everybody buys it—for a day. *Die Wahrheit* (Truth), *Der Galgen* (The Gallows), all sorts of fly-by-night sheets with scare heads about counter-revolution, monarchistic plots, revelations of one sort or another, advocating one thing or another, from the *Soviet* to free love! But all the papers lie—not only the scurrilous sheets. *Lokal Anzeiger*, *Tageblatt*, *Vorwärts* on one side, *Freiheit* and *Republik* on the other. Accusations and counter-accusations. Government papers charge plots, conspiracy, revolt; independent papers answer with "reaction," "militarism," "brutality."

The article then goes on to describe some scenes from the daily life of Berliners. They do not seem so feverishly interested in politics as might be expected. "A headline about food from America creates far more stir than the most startling political *coup*," it is said. Well-to-do people fill the fine restaurants, paying from fifty to a hundred marks for a meal. However,

Out in Lichtenberg, in the northeast, in the Alexanderplatz quarter, where houses and pavements are being patched up after the latest Spartacus outbreak, people are eating dark, moist "bread"—without butter or butter substitute—a half-pound a day, but with less than an ounce of nutrition. Undersized, underfed, scrawny, pale children are playing all too quietly, with solemn faces, while their fathers are attending meetings—strike meetings, protest meetings, *Soviet* meetings. Some fathers work, but produce little; others do not work and draw eight marks a day. Fat is what they want most of all, and fat costs thirty marks a pound.

It is dusk. People are hurrying home from work. Crowds are waiting for street-cars already overcrowded. One pushes one's way in with difficulty. The air is foul from the exhalations of people who have not seen soap in months. Some read the newspapers in the miserable half light—all that the coal shortage will permit—some converse in an undertone.

"Yes, it is terrible," says a woman in furs to her neighbor. "They steal everything; I have to hide every bit of food."

"What did you pay for your butter? Thirty-two marks? That's what they asked of me, too. You are registered at Schmidt's for groceries?"

"Yes, and at Colmann's for meat."

"You know my little dog? It's almost impossible to keep him alive these days. He's so thin. Haven't anything to give him except some vegetable remains......."

There is confusion in the back of the car. A woman misses her pocketbook—some one just got off and must have stolen it. "Serves her right," says my neighbor; "she ought to know that you can't carry a pocketbook that way nowadays."

Two young students in caps are hanging on to straps. "Say," says one, "are you a 'patriot,' wearing a black-white-red pin?"

"I think independently," says the other, "so I suppose you'd call me an Independent."

"Another miners' strike," says a man looking up from his paper. "Those fellows ought to be hanged. Just because they aren't satisfied in the Ruhr district we in Berlin have to go without gas. I see they have extended the gasless hours again."

"Still anybody without fare cards?" yells the shrill voice of the conductress, pushing herself through the car. "Getting off here?"

"Yes."

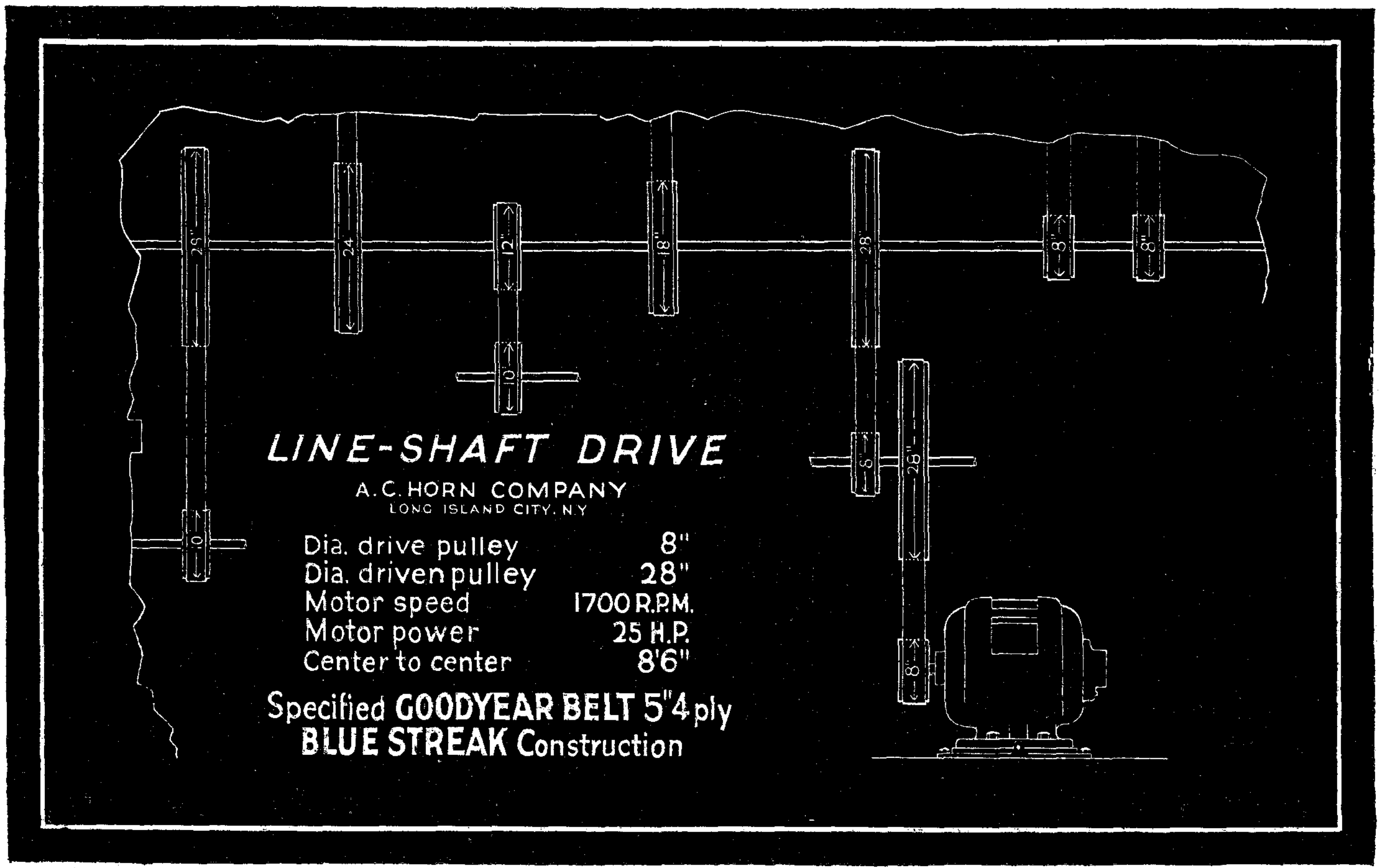
The lamps in the middle of the road give a cold, hard light. The sidewalks are dark—not a glimmer from the stores: they must close promptly at seven, under penalty of the law. On Kurfürstendamm is a "tank" which has been put out of commission by an explosion. People gaze at it curiously. A death's head has been scrawled on it with chalk and a joker has added: "Cards of admission one mark."

Another war-derelict: a soldier without arms, with one leg sticking way out in front of the other, unable to walk, shuffling himself along sideways. A little white box with a coin slot is hung about his neck. People gaze at him curiously, too—and pass on. A prosperous-looking young man and a female companion are too intent on their conversation to notice him. The woman is saying: "I must confess that baccarat does not interest me as much as roulette."

And then there is this diverting picture of the governmental machinery in operation, from which it would appear that, except for a little more lost motion and waste of energy—which is to be expected under the circumstances—the German Government machine works as such contrivances always have worked, slowly and ponderously, with much creaking of parts, and with a minimum of tangible and useful results to show for protracted grinding:

All along the Wilhelmstrasse, in the government offices, befrocked officials of the old régime, ceremonious gentlemen sitting at mahogany desks, "Socialists," addrest as "Your Excellency" by conservative bureaucrats, are dilating beautifully on Germany's future, on peace terms and colonies, on finance and economic statistics. Meantime, the real Government of Germany, Noske's staff of soldiers, sits at the Eden Hotel and "maintains order," with hired volunteer regiments. Recruits are accepted daily, and daily the city looks more like an armed camp.

In the Landtag building on the Leipzigerstrasse, the Prussian National Assembly meets. *Vorwärts* and the *Tageblatt* record its proceedings daily, tho no one reads them—any more than they read the proceedings of the National Assembly at Weimar. The separation of church and state, the partition of Prussia, and other weighty matters are being discust in all solemnity. On the other side of the town, in a smoke-filled hall, the Assembly of Workmen's Councils proceeds with less decorum, but more force. Drinking their beer and eating their sandwiches, "Right" and "Left" Socialists attack each other in wild confusion. They stamp and shout and hurl epithets at each other and the Government. They take a vote; the Independents win again and again. A Majority Socialist who has been given the floor is challenged by a wild-eyed Communist who hasn't shaved for a week, and is actually prevented from speaking. "I declare that the meeting is *sabotaged*," shouts the chairman, and adjourns—



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That Line-Shaft Drive, an Advertisement—and the G.T.M.

The A. C. Horn Company, Long Island City, N. Y., used to have much trouble with one of their line-shaft drives. On it even the most expensive double belts wore out in six months. Before they wore out they often slipped off the pulleys, or broke, leaving idle all the labor and machines depending on that line-shaft for power. The drive was costing a lot of money for belts and belt repairs, and more in lost production. One day Mr. Horn saw an advertisement telling about what a G. T. M., Goodyear Technical Man, had done in solving a difficult belting problem—reducing costs and increasing production.

He sent for a G. T. M. Our Mr. Miller came, studied the drive, measured pulleys, horsepower, speed and the like. He noted that the air was exceedingly dry and that there was a great amount of lime dust—which accounted in part for the rotting and wear of the belts previously used. So he specified a Goodyear Belt of Blue Streak Construction—designed to operate under just such conditions—and an inch narrower than those formerly used.

The price was much less than Mr. Horn had expected—so much less that there was some doubt as to whether a belt of such modest price could meet the exacting conditions. But one was ordered and installed.

That 5-inch 4-ply Blue Streak has already given half again as much service as the most expensive belt they had ever used. Still more important, it has done away with the delays and diminished production that used to be so common. And it looks good for many more months of trouble-free service.

After that the G. T. M. made a plant analysis—analyzing every drive in the plant and prescribing the proper belt for it. Five of the recommended belts have already been installed. Every one of them has proved to be a strong endorsement for the value of the G. T. M.'s service.

If you have a difficult drive that either devours too many belts or interrupts production too often—or both—ask a G. T. M. to call. He'll do it without charge when next he is in your vicinity. There are many of them—all trained in the Goodyear Technical School—all with experience in plants similar to yours—all trained to sell belts to meet conditions and not as a grocer sells sugar.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

BELTING • PACKING HOSE • VALVES
GOODYEAR
AKRON

which does not stop the argument. This is the meeting which has now elected the delegates to the Second German Congress of Councils. Feverish preparations are under way. Those who are still interested in politics are watching the Congress.

SOME GLIMPSES OF THE "BEDOUINS," DAREDEVIL AIR-FIGHTERS IN FRANCE

QUITE in harmony with the old saying that "birds of a feather flock together," a band of wanderers at heart—English, Scotch, Irish, American, Indian, South African, and Australian—were brought together in France in the formation of an aviation unit which became known as the "Bedouin" Squadron, owing to its frequent shifts from place to place. This squad of fliers, using different types of machines, played an important part in the air activities of the Allies, among other things having been the first airmen to engage in long-distance bombing. One of the "Bedouins," Lieut. Robert H. Reece, in a volume recently published (Houghton Mifflin Company), entitled "Night Bombing with the Bedouins," sketches entertainingly a number of his fellow members of the "Bedouin" Squadron. One of the most interesting characters depicted is "Jock," who is described as a "wee, bonnie laddie" from the south of Scotland. "Wee" tho he may have been, Jock was a daredevil, and, as is shown by the account of his braining a Hun with a wrench, quick-witted. One morning he started out with a companion in a captured and undamaged German airplane to see if he could work some damage to the enemy in connection with a troop-train and an ammunition-train that the German aviators captured with the plane Jock proposed to use had informed the "Bedouins" would pass each other at a certain hour at a certain German switch station. Jock had forgotten that, flying in an enemy plane, he would in all probability be attacked by the Allied aviators, and when this came to pass he found himself in serious difficulties. By so manipulating his machine as to give the impression that it was beyond control, however, he finally managed to escape and gained the German side of the lines. The account goes on:

> In due time Jock and his companion landed in a small field a few hundred yards away from the all-important switch station. Here they descended, and under pretense of examining their engine, altho the first one of the ever-curious crowd was still several fields away, they looked up the word "wrench" in an English-German pocket dictionary; they then marched off to the switch station. Fortunately there was but one occupant, for neither Jock nor his companion could talk German, and the idiocy of not carrying a more serviceable weapon than a pocket dictionary never occurred to the mad Scot until his companion began to make weird gurgling sounds, evidently intended for the language of the Hun, addrest to the astonished station-master.
>
> Then down through generations of oatmeal-eating bandits came a glimmer of sense to Jock. He grabbed the first thing within reach, a wrench, and brained the Hun station-master with a blow; then the mad but somewhat sobered adventurers found and pulled the switch lever so as to bring the approaching trains into collision, and departed. When Jock saw the crowd which had collected about his aeroplane, he took a solemn oath never to touch beer, but to stick to whisky; but the crowd, which included a few Hun soldiers, respectfully made way for the "camouflaged" British aviators, and a few moments later, wet with cold perspiration, they were in the air. Thoroughly sobered, they made for home with their engine "full out." Six weeks later "intelligence" reported that a German troop-train and ammunition-train had collided.

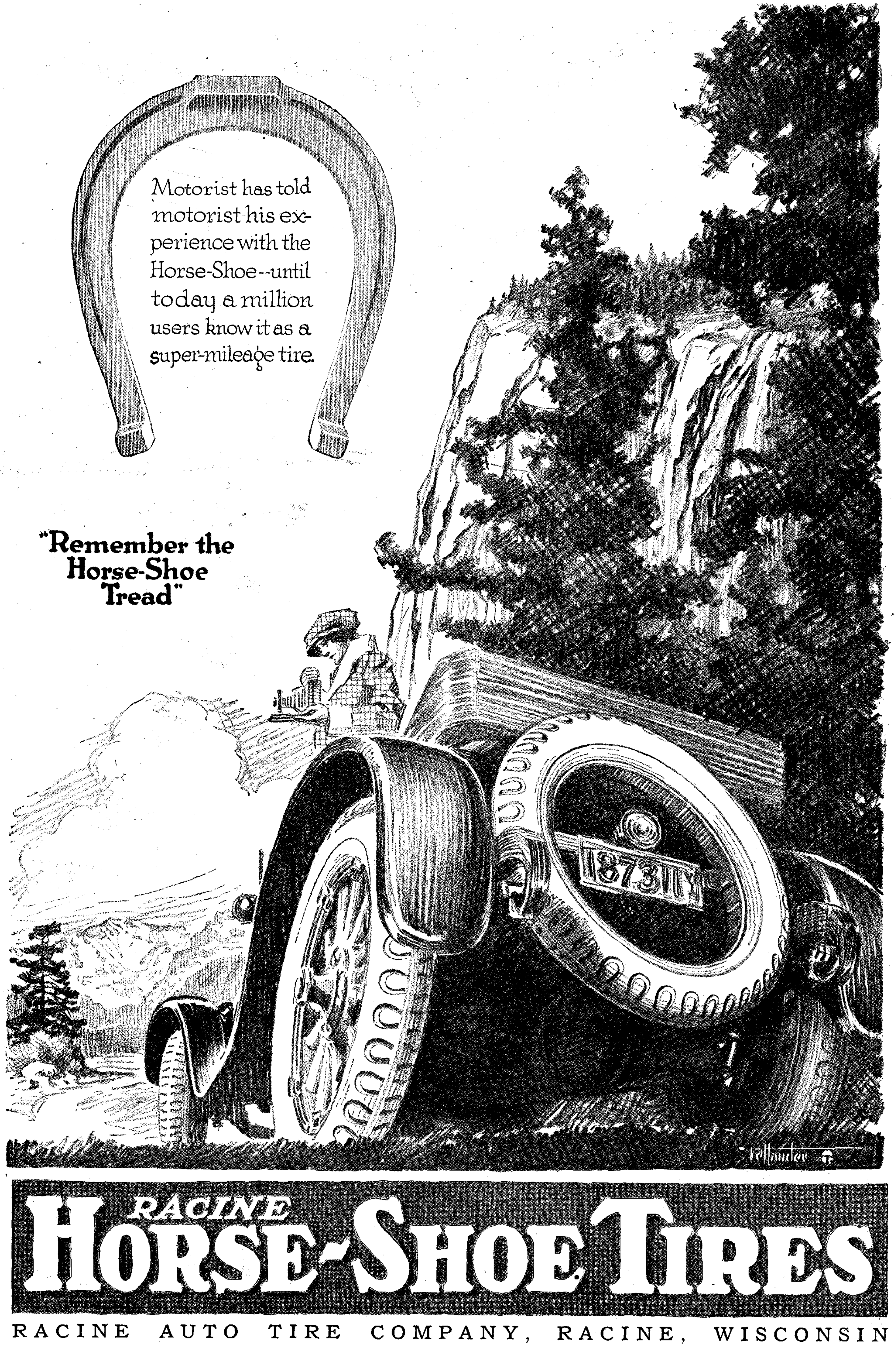
One of the "Bedouins," known as "Killem," held the undisputed and unenvied record for crashes. One of these took place one night when Killem, with two companions, was returning from a raid on the *Boche* magneto-works, got lost, and was forced to land in a rough and mountainous spot. The machine was wrecked, Killem being pinned beneath it in the icy waters of a shallow pond, where he caught a severe cold, but was otherwise unhurt. His companions were thrown clear "for no other reason apparently," says the account, "except that the devil takes care of his own," and escaped with minor injuries. Further adventures of Killem are thus recorded:

> A few nights after this unpleasant experience the mad fellow "took off" down wind. This idiotic method of leaving the ground resulted in his being barely able to rise above the roofs of the near-by village and brought him into direct contact with the church spire. The spire being of solid construction withstood the impact; the aeroplane did not. So Killem and his companions, together with the wrecked Handley-Page and one thousand five hundred and sixty-eight pounds of undetonated bombs descended on to the street below—undetonated. It was exceedingly fortunate for the inhabitants of the French village that the bombs remained undetonated. Killem crawled out of the wreck, looked ruefully at the church spire, and muttered: "I've always felt that I should have gone oftener to church in my youth. Now look at the damned result of my negligence."
>
> It was Killem who tested out a new aeroplane one day while a south wind equal to the air speed of his machine was blowing. While flying north he traveled over the ground twice as fast as he traveled through the air, but when he turned around over the city of Toul he remained stationary. He was traveling through the air as fast as before, but now he was headed south, and as the wind passed over the ground toward the north as rapidly as Killem traveled through the air toward the south, the inhabitants of Toul were amazed to see a heavier-than-air machine remaining stationary above their heads. This situation greatly alarmed a dear old lady of Toul, who eventually arrived at our aerodrome in a donkey-cart with the astounding information that one of our planes "had run out" of petrol and was stalled directly above her house.

A description is given of the quarters occupied by the "Bedouins," which conjures up a picture of exactly the sort of a place one would expect to find the abode of the happy-go-lucky, daredevil spirits comprising this air squadron. We read:

> If you had visited the Bedouin Squadron at about eleven o'clock in the morning you would have received quite a shock when entering the officers' mess. In the first place, you would have found the mess deserted except for several dogs of unknown species, and innumerable cats—some proudly nourishing recent offspring, others in various stages of anticipation of a similar pleasure. Secondly, you would have been surprized at the comfortable, if not artistic, interior of our exteriorly unattractive hut. In the center of the "ward-room," or sitting-room, was an open fireplace of ingenious design. On a stone and earth base, covered with sheet iron, rested a large cast-iron box with many peculiarly shaped apertures resembling as far as possible the incomprehensible design of a lady's lace *mouchoir*. The fire-box was supported by four cast-iron "whirligigs," the artistic effort of a mechanic detailed to construct legs for the support of the aforesaid fire-box. Above this box a large hollow pyramid, the apex of which connected with a pipe, which in turn, after divers wanderings, led through a hole in the roof, offered an exit for the smoke. Needless to say, this offer was frequently ignored. Around this fireplace was a foot-railing constructed from the main spar of a crashed Handley-Page. The rest of the furniture was not home-made. Large easy chairs and lounges, the gift of a friendly merchant of Nancy, often made progress from one end of the room to the other—a feat requiring considerable skill in navigation. A piano was wedged into one corner of the room; "Sin-fin," a mad Irishman, appeared with this piano one day together with an exhilarated French officer driving a lorry. No one ever found out how the piano had been secured, but since a sweet little *demoiselle* now rides "Sin-fin's" Irish hunters, we may believe, if we wish, that a rickety piano formed the basis of an international romance.
>
> The walls of the room were draped with rich damask; as the officers' steward who produced this incongruous luxury was an ex-convict, no inquiries were made concerning it.

The book closes with an account of a hazardous adventure involving one of those inexplicable mysteries semioccasionally encountered, and raising a question as to whether human beings sometimes are under the direct protection of supernatural agencies. The hero of the tale was a slender, dark-eyed "Bedouin" known as "Mysterious" Dick, because of his peculiar ways. Everybody was agreed that this man was a "bit queer," with his far-away look and his uncanny ability of abruptly answering questions before they were asked. One evening Dick was induced to tell something of his experiences before joining the Bedouins, and some light was thrown on his "queerness." It appeared



Motorist has told motorist his experience with the Horse-Shoe--until today a million users know it as a super-mileage tire.

"Remember the Horse-Shoe Tread"

RACINE HORSE-SHOE TIRES

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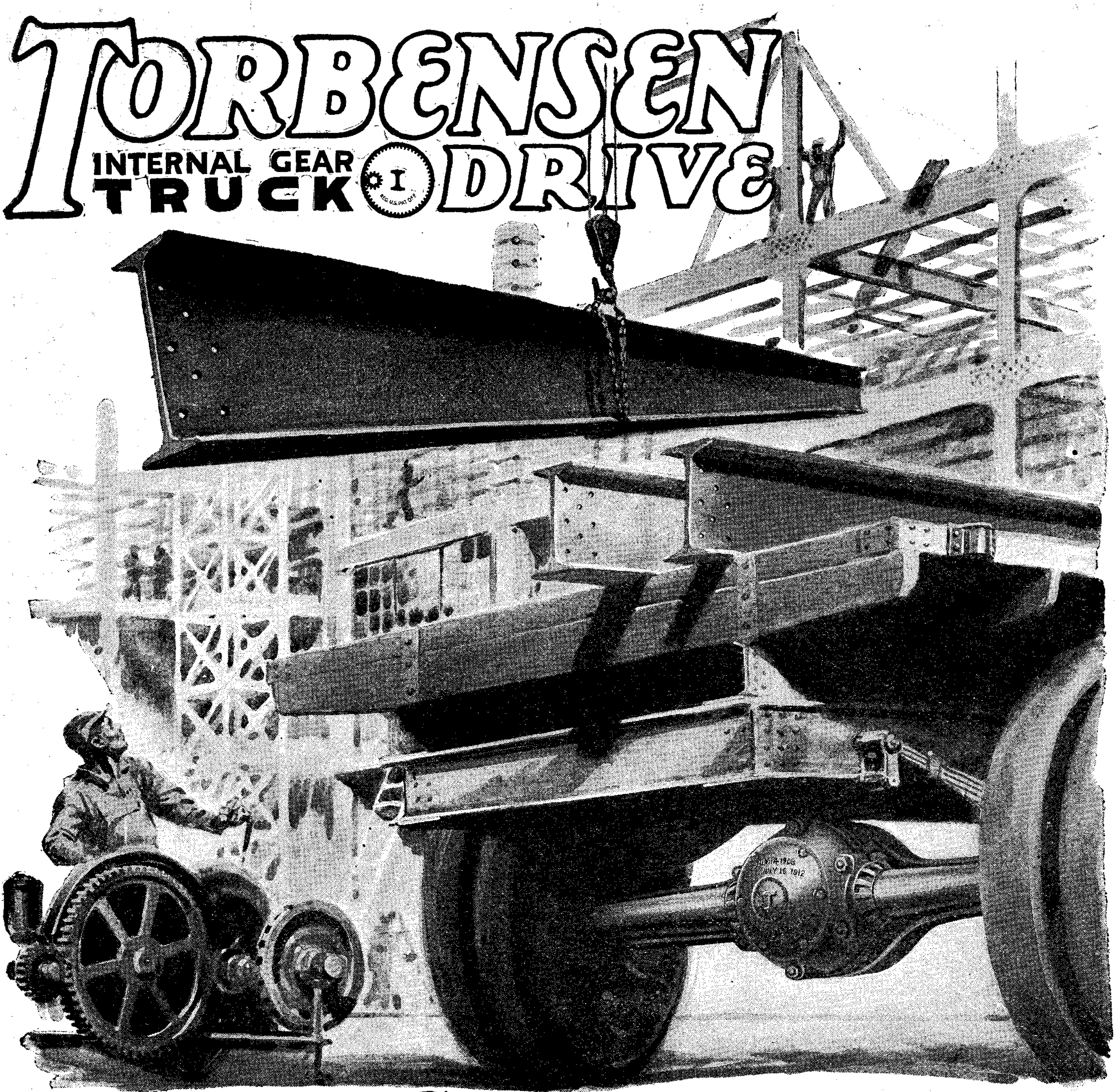
TORBENSEN INTERNAL GEAR TRUCK DRIVE



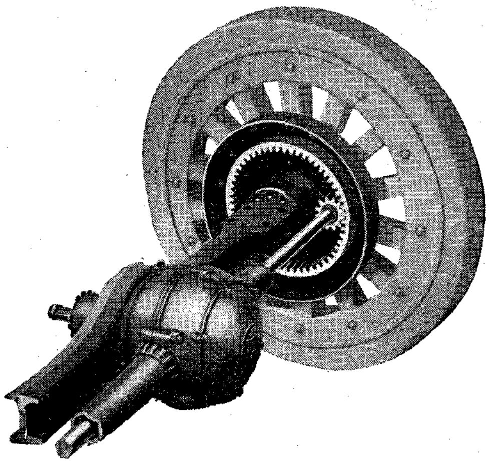
Power of Gears *and* Strength of I-Beam

Powrlok prevents stalling when one wheel loses traction.

Any truck works easily on level roads; but when the tug comes—when the heavily loaded truck must lift itself up muddy hills—must drag itself through mud holes or sand—the leverage of a Torbensen Internal Gear Drive, applied at the wheel, near the rim, will pull a truck up, through or over any place on the earth where four wheels can find traction.

A Torbensen carries the load on a forged I-Beam, which is the accepted form where great strength, lightness and rigidity are needed. Bridges and steel buildings are built of I-Beams.

Because Torbensen Drive is economical—carries the load—and never quits—it is in service under more trucks than any other type of truck rear axle.



THE TORBENSEN AXLE CO.
Cleveland, Ohio

Largest Builder in the World *of* Rear Axles for Motor Trucks that not long after the war broke out Dick had become a member of the Royal Flying Corps. One night a pal of his, to whom he referred as Jack, took him out on a raid in a Handley-Page, a machine with which Dick was entirely unfamiliar. In Dick's words:

> "I remember as we 'taxied' over the aerodrome that the roar of the engine on each side of me, the flashing of lights, the other machines as they passed us or waited with slowly 'ticking-over props' for us to pass, the different-colored lights which were being fired down from machines already in the air and the lights fired up from the ground, all combined and whirled through my excited brain like a meaningless nightmare. Then there was a deafening roar, and we shot down a path of light, bumped hard, bumped less hard, bumped again, and the huge plane with its great load of bombs was in the air. Lights on the ground and the lights of machines in the air became mixed until I could not tell one from the other.
>
> "As we rose higher and higher, ground lights far off in the distance came hurtling toward us like the navigation lights of a fast-approaching machine; I would clutch Jack, yell, and point out the lights in order to avoid a collision as it seemed to me; Jack would grin, pull me down on the seat beside him, and tell me the lights were on the ground and at least ten miles away. Gradually I got control of myself and tried to find the aerodrome we had just left; it was nowhere to be seen. There was a network of white threads on a black background, an occasional winding silver ribbon, with here and there a silver blotch and queer-shaped blacker blacknesses on the general blackness; these were roads, rivers, lakes, and woods as they looked from the air at night.
>
> "How long we had been in the air I don't know. Time seemed nothing, or an eternity. We were suspended in a sphere. Lights or stars rushed at us or receded or whirled about. Time and distance became mere words without meaning, and I had fallen into a state resembling hypnotic sleep when suddenly roused by Jack. 'There are the lines,' he shouted, and as far as the eye could see, to left and right, out of the darkness beneath us were the constant flashes of the never-silent guns of the Flanders front. Every now and then we got a sudden 'bump' as a shell passed near us. I had fallen into an almost semiconscious state when 'tut-tut-tut-tut-tut' jumped me off my seat; I realized that I was surrounded by a dazzling whiteness; the machine itself was brilliant. Amid the 'tut-tut-tut' of our own machine guns shooting down at the search-lights there was a constant dull 'whonk,' 'whonk,' 'whonk,' and the whole machine seemed to be enveloped in puffs of black smoke as the anti-aircraft batteries found the range.
>
> "Suddenly the nose of the machine went down and my breath left me in the crazy rush, my hands grasped at anything, and somehow momentarily blinded with fright as I was, my right hand involuntarily clutching Jack conveyed the truth to my brain. Jack was dead. He had fallen forward on the wheel and the giant plane was rushing, roaring down to destruction. With a spasmodic effort I pulled his body from the seat on to the floor at my feet and pulled back the wheel. With a sickening change and a shrill singing of wires we were climbing. How the fuselage and tail plane stood the strain of it God knows. I was in Jack's seat now, pushing the wheel from me, pulling it toward me, turning it to the right, then to the left, pushing the rudder bar with my right foot, then with my left. Panic was in control. We must have dropt three thousand feet before a sudden calmness came over me and I found this aerial monster as gentle to manage as a perfectly bitted horse.
>
> "But there was Jack, huddled on the floor at my feet with part of his head gone. I remember leaning down and trying to pull him out of his cramped position, and then came an eternity of star-gazing. I wondered why the stars didn't run into each other and crash. I leaned across the fuselage and turned a pet-cock; a little spray of petrol came out with the escaping air; the hands of two dials on the left side of the cock-pit began turning slowly anti-clockwise; I forgot them and looked at the stars. Later I prest a button on the dashboard and looked out at my starboard engine; a small dial was lit up. I looked at the port engine, a similar dial was lit up. I took my right hand from the wheel and pulled the throttle slightly back; again I stargazed as if in a dream and without any volition I closed the pet-cock which I had previously opened."

This was Dick's first experience with a Handley-Page, and he knew nothing about the machine. He flew for some time aimlessly, having lost track of directions. Occasionally he glanced at the compass, whose needle seemed to point west, but he gave it no heed. Finally he pulled the throttle and began to glide. The account continues:

> "Down I came into heavier and heavier atmosphere. I was calm and happy. I never even gave the ground a thought, never even glanced at it. I remember taking from a rack on my left a stubby revolver with a huge bore, pointing it over the side and pulling the trigger, and I watched a green light go slowly down and search-lights that were blinking up at me went out. A few seconds later a knob on the dashboard seemed to rivet my attention; it was a small knob exactly like an electric-light switch. I began to play with this. To do this, I had to lean forward and stretch out my left arm; this action brought my face around to the right, and as I played with the knob I saw a light blinking on my right wing tip. I remember laughing at this.
>
> "The plane took a sudden dip and I sat up. Just off to my right and very little below me were lights on the ground in the shape of a 'T' and other lights were flashing at me. I turned toward the 'T' and stuck down the nose of the machine; I pulled the throttle farther back, and just as I seemed to be running into dense blackness I leaned forward and prest a button; a brilliant light sprang up under the machine; there was the ground not two feet away, apparently. I yanked back the wheel, and a moment later there was a great bump, another and another, and we came to rest on our own aerodrome.
>
> "The doctor told me that he had never seen such a collapse. I had been unconscious for hours after being lifted from the machine together with my dead pal. I was awarded this decoration, gentlemen, for bringing that machine home safely. Since that time I have been awarded these other decorations for feats you have all heard of. But I want to tell you," and "Mystery Dick" stood up with flushed face and blazing eyes, "that I have never flown an aeroplane in France. Jack, my old pal, daredevil Jack, whose head was blown off beside me during my first trip across the lines, flies my machine. Jack, dear old Jack, has won these medals I wear."

And Dick, no longer "Mystery Dick," left the mess. I say no longer "Mystery Dick" because from that day on there was nothing mysterious about Dick to the "Bedouins."

Explain it as you may, call it God, the spirit of a dead friend, or a thought vibration to which their mind is attuned, explain it as you choose, or try to explain it not at all, every member of the "Bedouin" Squadron has felt the "Guiding Hand" and every "Bedouin" knew, as every man who makes constant companions of danger and death must eventually know, that the dead still "carry on."

TWO KINDS OF RUSSIANS

"THERE is no middle class in Russia. Either you are to the purple born or you are a roughneck." This is the conclusion of Maj. Benjamin O. Johnson, of the American Railway Mission to Russia, as exprest in a letter to his father, Olaf Johnson, of Worcester, Mass., printed in *The Railway Age* (New York, April 25). Of the two kinds of Russians as thus defined, Major Johnson expresses a preference for the lower. The Russian workman, he says, is always first class, while his master, including all of the so-called "*intelligentsia*," is lazy and incompetent. For instance, Major Johnson found that on the Trans-Siberian Railway line the civil engineering was poor, whereas the mechanical execution of the work was beyond praise. The present supremacy of the Bolsheviki, he thinks, is due to a desire for liberty unaccompanied by a knowledge of what it is. Major Johnson's side-lights on Russian railroads and his social deductions therefrom are as follows:

> All the state railways of Russia are divided into small lines of about 1,500 miles in length. Each of the small lines has a complete general and supervisory organization; is actually about four times our force in the States. Office forces work from nine to three, with some ten or fifteen minutes for tea about noon. The real officers and heads of departments show up about ten and leave about two.
>
> When it is considered that the Russian officer in any line of work is the inventor of thoughtful, systematic, effective, and perfected procrastination, and also in the noble art of "passing the buck," it is really most surprizing that they are only four times as heavily officered as we are in America.
>
> Along the lines of organization every railroad officer must be a graduate engineer. The common ruck never has a look in. You have read stories and seen plays of comic-opera South-American armies with fifty generals and ten soldiers. The Russian way of running a railroad is along the same lines, and the comedy of the situation never appeals to the Russian railway officers. When it comes to morals for this office-holding class there is no

such animal. Honesty, ditto, ditto. So much for the officers and their staffs.

The rank and file of the Russian railway workmen are as fine a bunch of workmen as are found in the world. They are about 75 per cent. as efficient as our men, but are steady, good-natured, and very good workmen. Bolshevism is simply the misdirected expression of a class of workmen against the officer class.

There is no middle class in Russia. Either you are to the purple born or you are a roughneck.

Please don't understand that the Russian people average to Americans. They have many undesirable qualities, but they are honest. They don't know what they want. They don't know what liberty is, but they want it. They are coming out from their "liberty jag" and are waking up. My sympathies are certainly with the Russian common people as against their so-called "*intelligentsia*" class.

I can give you one very good illustration of the difference. Along Lake Baikal, on the Siberian Railroad, are forty-one tunnels. The cut stone and masonry, the brickwork, and, in fact, all the workmanship are something splendid. The engineering is a joke.

To start with, the locating engineers could have avoided half these tunnels on the present alinement, and, by leaving the lake, could have avoided this tunnel district entirely. In other words, the engineers fell down, but the workman did his share satisfactorily. This runs through all the engineering work I have seen.

The old Russian governing class still believes in the divinity of the class. I heard a very highly educated Russian who had been converted to the republican theory express himself that he believed absolutely in the democratic form of government. The franchise was to be universal, excepting that the workingmen must not be permitted to vote, as they had no idea of their own best interests. He was just as serious about this as he could be, and could not be convinced that what he was talking about was not a democratic form of government at all. Yes, the Russian "*intelligentsia*" is impossible. In any event, every officer so conducts himself that you can never fasten anything on him.

Physically speaking, the Russian railways are in very good shape. I venture the opinion that to-day there is not one single American transcontinental line in the splendid physical condition of the Trans-Siberian. Of course, the little organization they ever had is entirely gone, but the rank and file, through all the confusion, have gone ahead getting out ties, putting them in, raising joints, and keeping the property up.

During the big drive across Siberia we had considerable fighting at the divide between Lake Baikal and Pacific watersheds. To cross this summit is quite a bunch of 1.75 grade. When we got to the near side of the foot of the hill we were so close to the trail of the Magyars and Bolsheviki that they could not stop to blow up any bridges or fuss up any railroad until they could get a few miles ahead of us. So over this mountain we tore—the enemy ahead in some seventy-five trains and we behind in some sixty. Our head end, which was our train, had to feel our way over. They took out some rails, and then ran a bunch of equipment into the open gaps at the far foot of the hill. We were only two hours getting a hole through and away we went again.

Do you know that the movement of these 135 trains was made over the hills without accident of any kind? Of course, we had double tracks to operate on and opposing business was extremely light. Practically all enginemen handling the Czech trains were from the Ural district, and, mind you, no air, nothing but water- and hand-brakes. That is the kind of a workman the Russian workman is.

I remember well my own sensations at the summit. We had about forty cars—no air—and I went over to the head end and asked the engineer if he had ever been over here before, and he told me he had never been east of Omsk before. Going down this hill, not knowing what the bunch ahead was doing on the water- and hand-brakes on every car—to put it mildly, I was quite nervous.

In reading over the above, I note that I omitted the most important part, which is, that the mountain movement in question was made in forty-eight hours. It was wonderful.

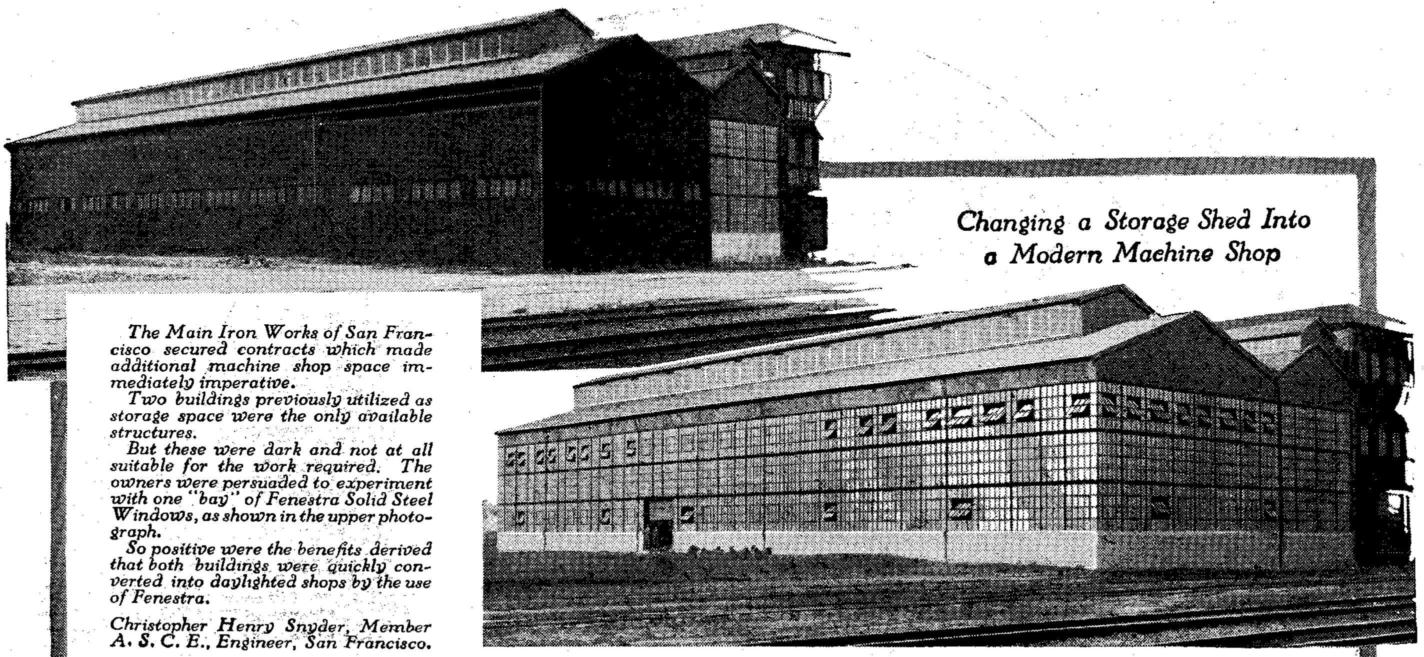
TROUBLES AND TRIUMPHS OF THE AMERICAN GAS-FIGHTERS

BESIDES the ordinary risks of war, some special perils of their own were faced by the American pioneers of the First Gas Regiment, for the deadly stuff they handled was always ready to kill them if it escaped from its steel containers in their neighborhood, and when German shells were falling fast and free the gas-containers were more than likely to be broken. In the course of a bombardment described in a compact little war-book, "With 'E' of the First Gas," written by Sergeant William L. Langer and Private Robert B. MacMullen, and published by the Holton Printing Company, of Brooklyn, phosgene, deadliest of the lethal gases, with the exception of that unnamed gas discovered by an American which never got to the front, was released among the Americans, and only an act of unusual heroism prevented a catastrophe. The incident is described in a paragraph:

> It would be useless to tell in detail of all the narrow escapes, of all the minor happenings of those hours, but it does seem to be that at least one act of heroism deserves special mention. As I said before, the enemy was throwing over considerable gas, still there was a fairly good breeze, and in most cases it dissipated quite rapidly. It was with some surprize, therefore, that the men became aware of an ever-increasing odor of phosgene. This in itself was strange, for the enemy was shooting almost exclusively sneezing-gas. On investigation it turned out that a fragment of one of the numerous shells that struck close by had torn open one of our own phosgene bombs, and that the gas was rapidly escaping in our very midst, causing a terrific concentration. It was then that, without a moment's hesitation, the Sergeant, not stopping to put on his mask, seized the broken bomb and carried it out of the hole, where, under the most intense fire of the enemy, he buried it and returned, safe in spite of all.

Company E got into the "big show" in the St. Mihiel salient, and then went into the Argonne attack, where the first section operated with the 28th Division, later with the 82d, while the second supported the 77th Division, and later the 78th. Hill 263, most famous point of the Fille Morte line, where the German line had been stabilized for years, was the first objective of the first section. The writers describe this action and several that followed it:

> The attack was to be a surprize and the line was to be held by the French until the zero hour, so it was essential that our operations should be quietly carried on. I remember that it was no easy matter, out there in the moonlight, to follow a French guide through the trenches, when every misplaced step sounded so loud that one would think it was heard in Berlin. The French were holding the line by a series of outposts, beyond which was our emplacement. On one occasion at least the enemy discovered our presence and followed us back with artillery-fire, the detonations of the bursting shells reverberating and reechoing through the stillness of the night.
>
> The initial operation was to be a big one; six Stokes mortars were installed. The target was Hill 263, which it was planned to take by a flanking movement. To make this possible, we were to shoot phosgene and thermite to weaken the resistance of the enemy and "skunk-gas" to make him wear his mask and interfere with his work. Most important, however, was to be the smoke-cloud which we planned to lay down on the hill. Sheltered by this, the infantry was to make its flank attack. The zero hour was 5:30, September 26, and at that time our guns began firing. The artillery had already been laying down a barrage for some hours. Everything proceeded according to schedule excepting that, by order from the First Corps Headquarters, no gas was fired. The infantry advanced and took the famous old position without any great difficulty. . . . . .
>
> On Sunday, September 29, the platoon that was forward with Lieutenant Fleming succeeded in staging the first of several shoots directed against large nests of machine guns that were holding the thickly wooded summit of "Le Chêne Tondu," an eminence west of Apremont, called "Mudra Höhe" by the Germans. We had to carry the ammunition all the way from Montblainville, a distance of some two and a half miles, and no easy matter, considering that the enemy was shelling the road almost incessantly. Our first shot was from a position half-way up the hill, and that afternoon we shot ten rounds of smoke and six of thermite. We went back and brought up more ammunition, but arrived too late to make use of it that day. It was impossible to determine the effect of the fire, since the density of the vegetation made observation impossible. Snipers were quite active in that vicinity, so we took our guns to the foot of the hill and returned to Mountblainville for the night.
>
> The machine guns on the heights proved much more formidable than had been supposed they would be, and the 111th Infantry was unable to take the position. Consequently we went up again on Tuesday, October 1, taking two guns and abundant ammunition. The near edge of the plateau was held by our troops, and it was from there we were planning to shoot. We had a terrible time carrying the heavy guns and ammunition up the precipitous ascent, for it was inky dark. We finally reached our destination, however, and slept



Changing a Storage Shed Into a Modern Machine Shop

The Main Iron Works of San Francisco secured contracts which made additional machine shop space immediately imperative.

Two buildings previously utilized as storage space were the only available structures.

But these were dark and not at all suitable for the work required. The owners were persuaded to experiment with one "bay" of Fenestra Solid Steel Windows, as shown in the upper photograph.

So positive were the benefits derived that both buildings were quickly converted into daylighted shops by the use of Fenestra.

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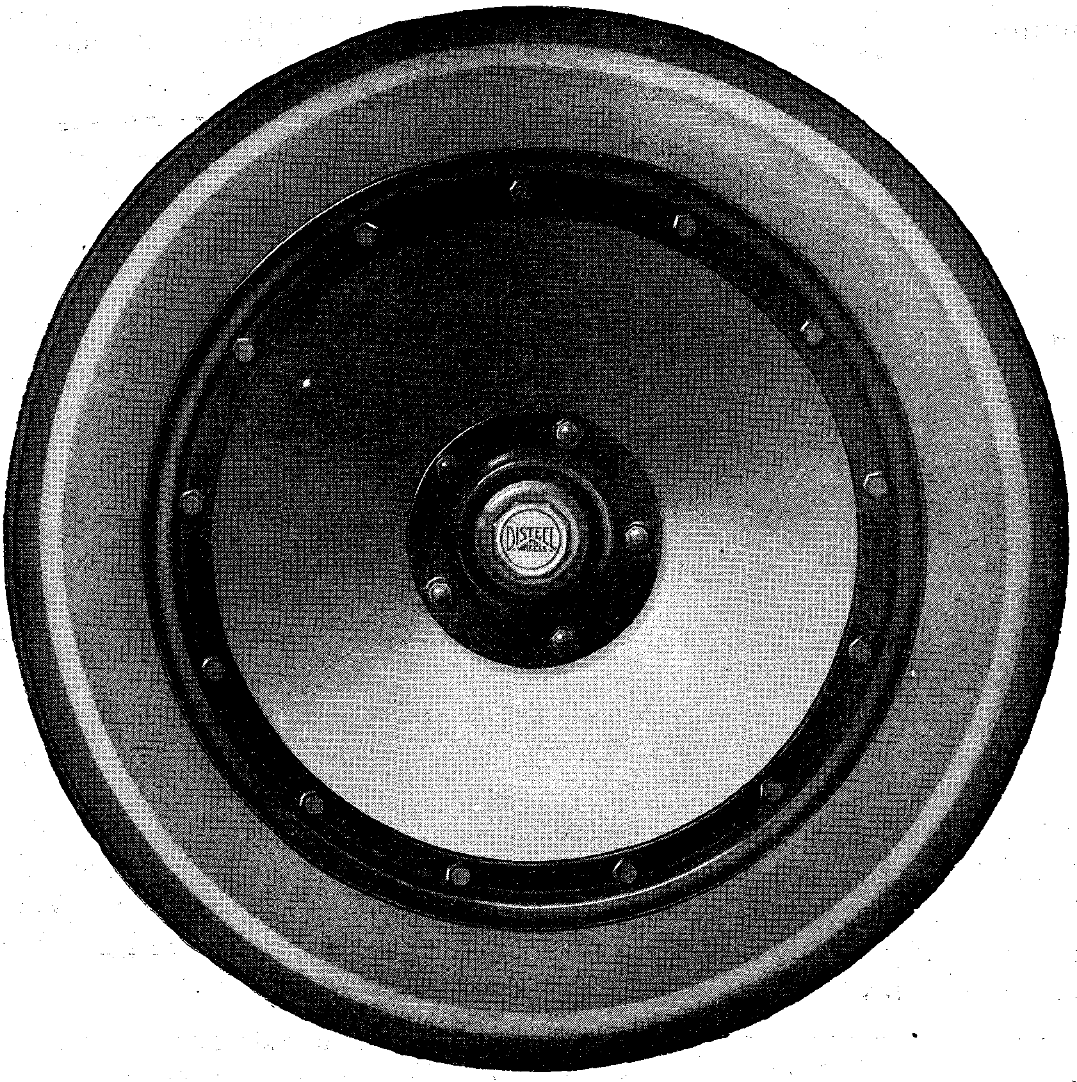

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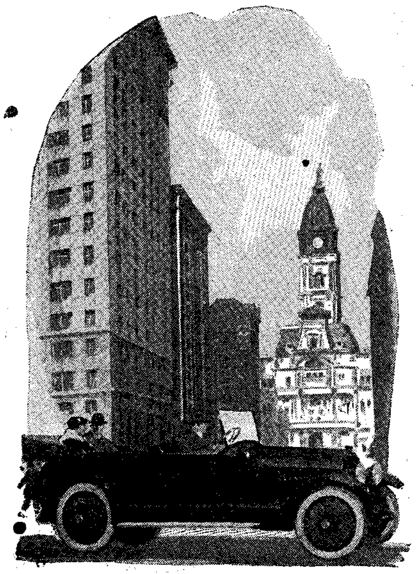
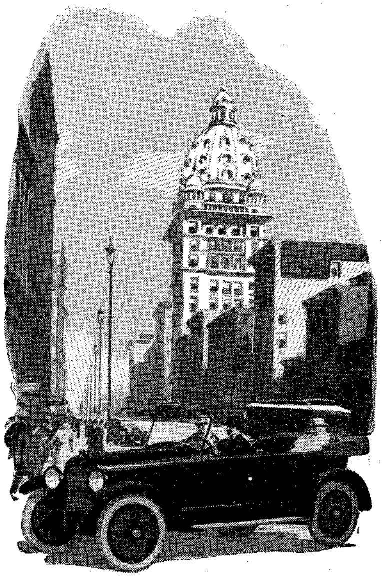


Philadelphia



San Francisco

a few hours behind a low stucco building which was being used as an advanced P. C. The infantry outposts were just beyond, as were also some of our machine guns that were trying to silence the enemy. On the following morning we set up our guns and fired, at 10 A.M., sixty-eight rounds of thermite and twenty-two of smoke. The operation was not so successful as it might have been, owing to some mistake in the information given us by the infantry. A slight advance by our troops took place, however.

We immediately prepared to shoot again and carried more bombs up the hill. Before long we had three guns set up out beyond the P. C. and in a rather exposed position. There was abundant ammunition also. But as is usually the case, when you're ready the others aren't. A zero hour was fixt and then changed again and again, until we finally despaired of shooting at all. Moreover, the hilltop was a rather warm place to stay in, for snipers by day and machine-gun duels by night kept us on our toes both day and night. At last, on October 5, at 12:15 P.M., we started our bombardment. It was a perfect operation, the smoke and thermite, at least a third of the total under direct machine-gun fire. Only the teams had stayed on the top of the hill during the firing, the rest waiting at the foot. We had the satisfaction of knowing that the infantry went through for a gain.

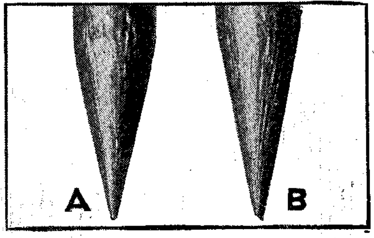
The four days and nights on "Le Chêne Tondu" had been racking. We had been sleeping in the open and living on iron rations, while all the time the enemy's fire had been wearing us down. On one occasion a shell burst so close to a party of our men that no fewer than six were wounded, Corporal Murray, Privates Wachter, and Taylor seriously, and Engineer Palacki and Private Rowlands slightly. The remainder of us were sorely in need of rest, and so it was particularly fortunate for us that the infantry soon made a rapid advance. We had returned to Montblainville, where we lived rather wretchedly in some German shacks. Several batteries of heavy guns just behind us kept us awake at night, while in the daytime there was little to do but wade around in the slime and mud. Montblainville was a distinctly disagreeable place in which to stay.

Above St. Juvin, the American gassers met their most terrific ordeal of the war. On the night of October 31, while they were digging-in the Stokes mortars, some of the men "had a presentiment of the awful ordeal to come." The enemy's continued shell-fire convinced them that they were "bucking" a bad point. As the story is told:

Our zero hour was to be 3:30 A.M., and ours was to be the honor of opening the attack in that particular sector, for the artillery-barrage was not to start until 3:37 and the first wave of the infantry was to go over at 5:30. By midnight all preparations were completed. Only the men who were actually to operate the guns were kept on the positions. Besides these, there were two parties of twenty men, each with a sergeant in charge, which were held in reserve some two hundred yards west of the positions. They were to act as carrying parties in case it should be necessary to follow the infantry immediately. The operation opened promptly at 3:30 with the explosion of a battery of projectors with H. E. and another battery with C. G gas. Shortly after the Stokes opened fire, while at 3:37 the artillery behind us began laying down a terrific barrage on the enemy's lines and the back areas. But the attack was not to prove a one-sided affair. Our Stokes had fired only forty-one gas- and twenty-four thermite-bombs when the hostile machine guns, which had located our emplacements, covered the entire position with such an intense fire that further operation of the guns was not to be thought of. Moreover, the enemy's artillery replied to our own almost immediately, bombarding in a systematic fashion the entire ridge and particularly the road. The shells literally rained about, high explosives varying with gas, and occasionally shrapnel. How shall I adequately describe our experiences during these five horrible hours as we lay in shell-holes or on the road—those dreadful, endless hours of paralyzing uncertainty and suspense, during which machine guns united with shell-fire and gas to make death seem much closer than life. For a time it seemed that the enemy's infantry would attack before our own, and so we lay there, huddled together, nerves tense, weapons ready, determined, if the occasion should arrive, to sell our lives as dearly as possible, for I hardly believe there was one of us who expected to get away alive. . . . . . .

With the reserve parties, meanwhile, things, to say the least, were no better. To keep out the chill night winds, the men had spread their shelter-halves over the fox-holes which had been dug into the side of the bank. When the enemy's barrage opened it was directed particularly at this spot, where he believed the infantry was lying in readiness to go over. It was not surprizing, then, that the entire vicinity was thoroughly bombarded. In quick succession the shells struck, many of them so near that they blew men to pieces less than ten feet from us and peppered our shelter-halves with stones and mud, leaving many of them perforated like sieves. Had the enemy used shrapnel, most probably not one of us would have survived. As it was, we managed to escape injury until 8:30, when, the fire increasing in intensity, we left our holes and covered the distance to St. Juvin, a good part of it on our hands and knees. It was without one of our dearest comrades, however, for at 6:30 A.M., Private Robert Mayne had been struck in the back by several shell-fragments, one of them finding the heart and causing instant death. On the following day we buried him close by where the shell fell, and later on erected a wooden cross over his grave. In addition to his death we had another casualty that night. It was that of Private Alterici, who was affected by gas more seriously than the rest of us, and who was sent to the hospital, from which he was not released in time to rejoin the company.

A weary, exhausted, nerve-racked group of men it was indeed that, about noon November 1, assembled in a gully north of Sommerance to rest and dig in for the night. The artillery was still firing furiously, but the enemy's barrage had ceased very suddenly about 10 A.M., and now only occasional shells from long-range rifles would explode in the vicinity. The weather was gloomy and the moist air chilled one to the bones. Yet it was with that meticulous care that is characteristic of worn-out men that we prepared our fox-holes, carrying boards and iron sheeting from abandoned machine-gunner's dugouts in order to make our "houses" as



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Study these photo-micrographs. Fig. B shows an ordinary steel needle after playing one record. Notice that the point is worn off. Fig. D shows Sonora Needle after playing one record. No wear is perceptible. Fig. E shows Sonora Needle after playing over 50 records. Needle has shortened but is still in perfect playing condition.

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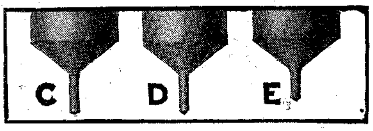

comfortable as possible, even tho only for one night.

And, in truth, we left the next morning, setting out in two sections, as had become our custom of late. The first section, under Lieutenant Le Veque, started from the old positions with guns and mules, and, following the road from St. Georges, passed through Imecourt to Siury-les-Buzancy, which is less than three kilometers south of Buzancy itself. The second section, under Lieutenants Thompson and Cobern, started across the battle-field with guns on one of the hand-carts, while the men carried the ammunition and their packs.

That, too, was an extremely disagreeable trip, over the shell-torn fields where the dead lay strewn about and one's feet sank continually in a glue-like mud such as France only can boast. We kept on as fast as we could, trudging toward Alliepont, and from there to Imecourt. I think by far the most redeeming feature of the trip was the opportunity it gave us to see at first hand the terrible havoc wrought by our own artillery. The German barrage had been very heavy, but had consisted chiefly of shells of smaller caliber, while our own guns had been, to a great extent, large caliber howitzers, etc. The enormous craters and the incredibly large number of them convinced us that if being under the German barrage had been hell, being under our own must have been worse than hell.

These men of the "First Gas" had the advantage of training by the English, who had surpassed the Germans both in ways of projecting gas and in the deadliness of the gas itself, before America entered the war. The early German idea of a series of tanks of gas to be opened when the wind was right had been found to be unsatisfactory. The English developed the Stokes mortar and the Levins projectors. "Let not all the credit be given to the English, however," writes one of the authors of "With 'E' of the First Gas." "It is true that we appropriated the methods tried by the Royal Engineers, as a basis to work on. Then the brainiest and most able chemists of America set to work improving old methods, inventing new ones all the while." Anglo-American gas-methods are described in detail, beginning with the Levins projectors:

> They resemble great iron test-tubes, four and a half feet long with an eight-inch smooth bore, weighing some 140 pounds each. Their maximum range is but 1,700 yards, so it is necessary to operate in No Man's Land. A battery of twenty are implanted in a ditch dug for the purpose, resting on iron base-plates which take up the recoil. The guns are lined up with the objective, set at an angle of 45 degrees, with the muzzles just level with the surface, and are held in place with tamped earth. Then charge-boxes containing the propellant of cordite and the detonating-fuse are thrust into the projectors, the two wires leading out of the muzzles. The size of the charge, by the way, is adjusted to give the proper range to the projectiles. The battery is wired up in series, the main lead wires running back a hundred meters or so to the exploder-box, hidden in a place of safety. The bombs themselves are shaped somewhat like real fat cigars, the thirty pounds of gas being loaded from one end in a

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A Pratical Electric Grill

Chops, bacon and eggs, toast and griddle cakes can be cooked successfully on the Manning-Bowman Grill. Two things may be cooked at once—one above the red-hot wires, one below. This grill would not be worthy the M-B trade-mark were it not exceptionally efficient and attractive enough to be used with the finest of silver and linen.

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6 lb. Irons, $6.35

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See Manning-Bowman goods and Hotakold Vessels at electric shops, department and hardware stores, jewelers and novelty shops.

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Bottles: Pints, $2.25 to $4 Quarts: $4 to $6.50

Tilting Carafes, $10.75 up

Carafes, $5.25 up

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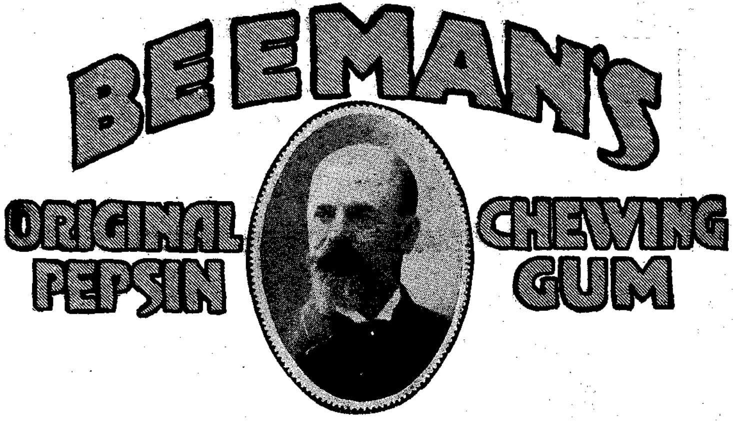
Lunch Sets $3.25 to $4.50

liquefied state, and the bursting charge and fuse being placed in a "Gaine" tube inserted in the other end. The bombs, on being fitted out with Mills pistol-heads, are lowered into the projectors, and the circuit tested for leaks. All is ready. All men withdraw except those who operate the exploders. At zero hour, when the various batteries are set off, the following events take place: the dynamo in the exploder generates the current which fuses simultaneously the tiny platinum wires in each charge-box; these ignite the percussion-caps, which detonate the cordite, which sends the shells hurtling on their way. The initial shock releases the inertia pellet in the Mills pistol-head, which sets the Bickford fuse going in each bomb. At the end of twenty seconds, by which time the bomb has soared and landed at the predetermined range, the time fuse has reached an explosive cap in the interior; and thus the iron shell is ripped open, releasing the liquid-poison, which immediately vaporizes. All this happens in a much shorter time than it takes to tell it. Now imagine hundreds of these batteries being set off at once, and you can see what a dreadful barrage must result. Whole areas are drenched with gas which no mortal can escape.

Of course, the Levins method was good only on a stationary front, for a big show required several nights of steady work in advance. And it used to be no easy matter for a man in the carrying party to shoulder a 140-pound projector, in addition to his rifle, pack, gas-mask, and helmet, and to stagger for several miles perhaps in a muddy trench in absolute silence and darkness; to stop dead as a Very light soared over his head, or drop when a machine gun started popping. There was real downright drudgery and pathos in a carrying party of the First Gas, yet our men worked uncomplainingly throughout. War was 99 per cent. hard labor.

Still another use to which projectors were recently put was the shooting of T.N.T. in place of gas. On the night of September 26, near Varennes, one of our parties sent over a ton or more of this high explosive in one dose, and completely annihilated Hill 285. Another time bombs were filed with thermite, and the fuses shortened to secure an air-burst. Several batteries were trained against a town held by the enemy; not only were the fireworks phenomenally spectacular, but they set the entire town afire! It burned for several days. These feats, of course, where novelties. The fact is that during the American drive very few projector shows were attempted, the companies most generally being organized into Stokes mortar outfits.

That brings us to the use of the trench-mortar which, because of its lightness, its portability, and the great variety of effects possible with it, came to be our chief weapon of offense. Briefly, it consists of a 4-inch smooth-bore barrel, 4 feet long, weighing some 96 pounds; an iron base-plate to take up the recoil weighing 60 pounds; and bipod, by which the gun is elevated and traversed, of some 36 pounds weight. The other adjuncts consist of sand-bags, a ramrod, a kit of tools, and a pick and shovel. Five men can just handle the apparatus, and, therefore, there are that many men on each gun-team. To set up the gun, elevation and azimuth (direction) being given, the base-plate is lined up and embedded in the ground at a slope of 90 degrees minus the angle of elevation, and held secure by sand-bags. The barrel is then set at right angles to the base-plate, and is supported by the bipod, the plane of



100% Efficiency
and Good Digestion

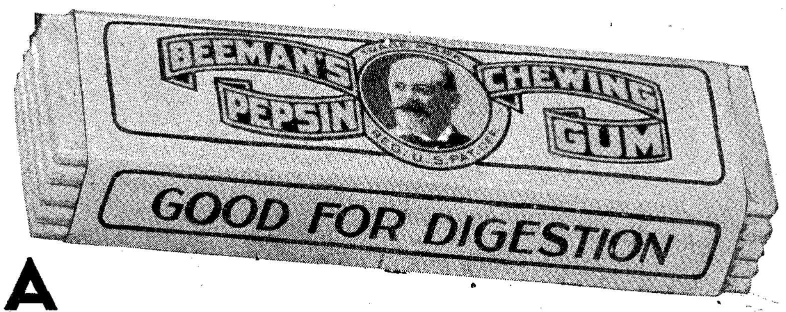
NO man can be 100 per cent efficient whose digestion causes him the least discomfort. His nervous system will be depressed, his optimism lowered and he will be prone to magnify the worst of everything.

Such a man cannot give his best to his work, nor can he inspire those around him to do their best.

Many a business firm is thus denied the success it could achieve but for the slight digestive disturbance of some one of its high officials, due solely to hasty and improper mastication of food.

In a case of this character, if the individual will eat more regularly, masticate his food properly and make a routine practice of chewing a stick of my original pepsin gum for ten minutes after each meal, he will soon note, not only decided improvement in his digestion, but also what is no less gratifying—a notable gain in his personal efficiency.

Beeman



CHICLE

AMERICAN CHICLE COMPANY
New York Cleveland Chicago Kansas City San Francisco

The Old and th

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Fig. A

UNTIL now the world at large little knew, and little cared, what made a gas engine go, how it burned gas, how efficient it was, and just why one was better than another.

But a constantly declining grade of gas has changed all this. Engine troubles began to develop in nearly all cars. What was the cause? Some laid it on certain kinds of pistons, others on faulty construction, and so on.

Then the engineers got busy and they reached the important and surprising conclusion that present day gas was to blame.

Engines had to be redesigned because they would not "digest" present day gas. The engineers knew there was just as much power in so many gallons of low grade gas as in high grade gas but the trick was how to get the power out.

After much experimenting, the leaders in engineering thought arrived at this point: gas, after leaving the carburetor, must be "cracked" up finer, just as coffee finely ground gives greater strength in the brew.

Having satisfied themselves fully on this point they set to work to develop a process or a device.

The first group of engineers to perfect such device were in the Chalmers employ. They coin an expression to cover this device, using the nan Hot Spot.

This device was placed at the throat of the man fold and was of such simple construction that "pulverized" the new gas to a "fine powder. Also, after the engine had run a short time it heate the cracked up gas just enough—but not too muc —so that it would burn or ignite quicker and litt unburned or unused gas would come out the exhaus

Gas, like the "cave man" in modern civilizatio generally reverts to "type"—if given the slighte chance. It condenses on the slightest provocatio and goes into the cylinders in a rawer state tha when it left the carburetor—unless "handled" ju right. So this is the way the Chalmers enginee met this condition:

They devised a new method of taking gas into the cylinders. They first sent the gas into each cylinder an equal distance—14 inches. This meant that no one cylinder was "starved"—that each got gas quickly, that the best gas did not go to cylinder No. 1 while cylinder No. 6 got what was left.

CHALMERS
De

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CHALMERS MOTOR CAR

CHALMERS MOTOR CO. OF C

New in Engines

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e

ERS

great
world

Fig. B

igure A shows the old way—the kind to be l in most cars to-day. Note the long distance gas travel to get to cylinders Nos. 1 and 6, and how 3 and 4 get their "pick" of the gas (for that is what happens) while Nos. 2 and 5 are starved.

his means a "choppy" engine, the lurching that bucks and is full of throbs. If your engine rms that way the chances are it is an old type.

igure B shows the Chalmers engine not only the Hot Spot device but also the Ram's-horn, is also a coined word to indicate the intake fold.

is like the horn of a ram in its curves. There's d reason for this. Gas will lurk in the slightest t and condense or grow foul, will condense at a angle, and will condense unless the canal areaway is smooth, has "easy air bends," and is short.

Thus in a Chalmers of to-day you get the most modern, the most highly developed gas engine of the day.

Extensive laboratory and road tests by Chalmers engineers showed these two great devices—Hot Spot and Ram's-horn—to be right, but before they were O.K'd for a factory production run a Chalmers was put on the speedway at Sheepshead Bay, Long Island, and the driver told to go after the 24-hour record.

Only a short time before a notable car had hung up the enviable distance of 1819 miles.

Chalmers shattered all records. It ran 1898 miles —the fastest and farthest that man had ever traveled on land, sea or air in 24 hours.

No one had felt up to this time that Chalmers was a speed car, and we do not claim speed as its great asset to-day. We do contend, however, that Hot Spot and Ram's-horn have accomplished such results as these:

1. Solved the low grade gas problem.
2. Produced a throbless, smooth-running engine.
3. Developed immediate starting on a cold day.
4. Produced a cool running engine on a hot summer day.
5. Reduced engine adjustment and hence made a more reliable and economical car.

Thus you will see why a man who owns a present day Chalmers will tell you he drives one of the few great cars of the world.

NY - DETROIT, MICH.
D. - WINDSOR, ONTARIO

whose legs is parallel to the base-plate. The final adjustments are made with the inclinometer and the prismatic compass, to secure accuracy of fire.

Now the barrel is always elevated around 55 to 70 degrees, so that a projectile inserted at the muzzle will slide easily to the breech. That is the special feature of the Stokes mortar; it is not a breech-loading piece, like a cannon, but muzzle-loading, awkward as it may seem. At the breech there is a striking-pin which explodes the propellant in the bomb the instant it slides to the bottom. So one has but to feed the gun with bombs, which go "tooping" into the air in rapid fire. As many as twenty-five shots to the minute is about the record firing speed.

There are a variety of Stokes bombs—one for every desired purpose. In general, they are steel cylinders resembling rolling-pins, about fourteen inches long, having a total weight of twenty-six to thirty pounds. In particular, they may be classified into two types: those which burst after landing, and those which are cast solid to preclude the danger of leakage. In the forward end a well extends to the interior, and in it is inserted a Bickford twenty-second time-fuse; a Mills pistol-head is then screwed into the opening. As in the case on the Levins projectors, the purpose of this arrangement is to cause the shell to be ripped open gently on the ground, allowing the gas to seep out as a liquid. A violent explosion, or an air-burst, would dissipate the gas and render it harmless. Hence, the familiar sound of the gas-shell; a dull "phlop," resembling a dud. On the rear end of the bomb is attached a container for the propellant of E. C. 3 powder, which is put up in the form of several "biscuits." The range of the Stokes projector can be varied by the number of these "biscuits" as well as by elevating the barrel of the gun.

The other type of bomb includes both the smoke and the thermite shells. In the forward end is inserted a Gaine tube and a No. 31 time-fuse. The latter is set to explode the powder in the tube when the bomb reaches the critical point in the trajectory. The propellant takes the form of several "doughnuts" of cordite, which slip around a container and a cartridge used to detonate them.

With that basis to start upon, let us see how the various chemicals are used in practise. Suppose the infantry is about to advance under heavy machine-gun fire. Several Stokes gun-teams would then produce a smoke-screen across the German trenches to obscure the movements of our troops. The smoke-bomb contains white phosphorous, and is timed to explode just as it hits the ground. Dense gray clouds of smoke are liberated, which, tho harmless, have a bewildering effect on those caught in it.

Or it is sometimes possible to fool Fritz with our so-called "skunk"-gas, an evil-smelling compound. This gas is absolutely harmless, tho very disagreeable. The enemy, thinking it to be the "real stuff," will put on his mask, while our infantry advance with perfect freedom and fight to inestimable advantage.

If it is desired to make the enemy wear his mask for long periods of time, lachrymatory gases are used, such as bromacetone, and the so-called "S. K." gas, While not deadly, unless in heavy concentration, these weeping gases will produce great suffering; and because they linger in every nook and corner, even in the clothes, for a considerable length of time, a high concentration is not necessary. One shot a minute will do the trick.

For actually gassing the *Boche*, there is nothing so good as the "P. S." bomb, a mixture of 80 per cent. chlorpicrin and 20 per cent. stannous chlorid. And, of course, phosgene and diphosgene are used considerably because of their extreme deadliness. However, in this case, we must take Fritz by surprize—gas him before he has time to put his mask on at all. To accomplish this we fire forty or more pounds of shell in rapid succession from each gun, thus producing a terrific local concentration of gas. Phosgene does not linger such as the lachrymatory gases do, but volatilizes very quickly. For that reason it is possible to pull off a gas-show just before our infantry go over, and in no way endanger our own men. Of course, the wind conditions must be considered first, and the company meteorologist decides whether the gas-show will be effective. Sometimes the wind will become unfavorable before zero hour; this spells "wash-out," and a lot of wasted energy for all concerned.

More than any other kind of shell, we shot the famous thermite. It is a mixture of powdered aluminum and ferric oxid, which on ignition reacts chemically with the liberation of intense heat. The iron reduced in the reaction is heated to a molten state, and falls thus, a shower of "liquid fire."

SOME EXPERIENCES OF A MAN WHO HELPED SHOOT THE TRUTH INTO THE HUNS

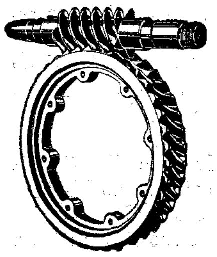
THE best weapon employed by the United States in France, say some, was its propaganda. Flying in airplanes above the enemy and dropping printed matter containing sundry truths which it was desirable to impress upon the Teutonic understanding was one of the regular activities in the American Army during the last months of the war, and a corps of trained men were engaged in the preparation and distribution of this persuasive material. Capt. Heber Blankenhorn, of the United States Intelligence Division, who was sent to France to organize these activities, tells in a volume entitled "Adventures in Propaganda" (Houghton Mifflin) some of his experiences while so engaged. Illuminating are some of the samples given in this book of the propaganda material used. One item which must have caused the Germans not a little uneasiness stated the number of American troops in Germany to be 1,900,000 men, and showed how the number was increasing by month. Another was a fac-simile of a "Field Post-card for German soldiers captured by the American Army." This reads in German, "Take this card, write the address of your family on it, and if you are captured by the Americans, give it to the officer in command of your detachment. He will make it his business to send it off and so relieve your relatives as to your condition." Then the fact is stated as to whether or not the prisoner is wounded, followed by this reassuring information to his relatives: "Do not worry about me. The war is over for me. I have good food. The American Army gives its prisoners the same food as its own soldiers: beef, white bread, potatoes, beans, prunes, coffee, milk, butter, tobacco, etc." Another sample of propaganda is a map showing the section where the St. Mihiel operations took place. The legend in German reads, "The salient, where the Germans had defended themselves for four years, was taken in twenty-seven hours by the Americans. Three hundred and ninety kilometers were gained. The number of prisoners amounts to 15,000." There are also reproductions of German propaganda, among them four cartoons from *Kladderadatsch*, the German comic paper, entitled "American Justice," with legends running as follows: "In Kansas the pro-German Jimmy Walker was lynched. The murderers were acquitted." "The nigger Sam Darky shot the widow Aunt Lizzy because she was reading the Bible in the Lutheran version. He was acquitted." "The Chippeway Indian Bloody Shirt lassoed the boy Tommy Pinkleton because he was carrying a few Frankfurters for his father. He was acquitted." "Professor Woodrow Wilson has written a book according to which Germany is the best governed state. He was acquitted." Captain Blankenhorn's contact with the war being of a character in a class by itself, his sketches are from an angle different from that of most accounts that have thus far been published. Among other things, he furnishes some first-hand information on *Boche* psychology, as he obtained it from a study of prisoners. He says:

> I have three major impressions: First, the great herd, the dirty common cattle, simple, stinking, helpless, dangerous. They want to eat and be warm. They are speechless and they are all glad to be prisoners.
>
> Secondly, the ordinary run of officers—intelligent, trimmed, and controlled in mind and body, stubborn, able, but unattractive, who can be voluble. They are utterly unoriginal.
>
> Thirdly, certain youths. A few days ago they were trying to kill Americans, and if I met them I should dutifully try to stick a bayonet in them, if able to. They are the enemy. They have delicate faces, clear skin, and eyes. I used to see many of the like of them before me in schoolrooms.
>
> Take Herr Junkherr H. von B., aged twenty, of the Prussian Guards. "Papa," to whom he constantly refers, was Military Attaché at Washington once. The boy speaks perfect English. He is slim, almost feminine in his manner, handsome. When brought before me he addresses me at once to prefer a request: "May I ask that my rank and name be not ignored? The French officer who interrogated me did not acknowledge the salute and left the room without speaking. In the German Army officers always speak on leaving the room." All this most gently, like a child who was bewildered and must know at once whether he was to receive the treatment that he expected. A true stripling of his class, who stated his "social position" as if it were the same sort of fact as his name, place of residence, etc.

Idle trucks are costly

THE earning power of your truck depends on its ability to render uninterrupted service. Cheap trucks are too often out of commission and for too long a time. And then they don't last.

An economical truck cannot spend time in the repair shop. It must be working and earning its keep. Our records covering 103 lines of business in which we have installed trucks prove conclusively that a



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**Delivers more work in a given time;
Loses less time on the job and off the job;
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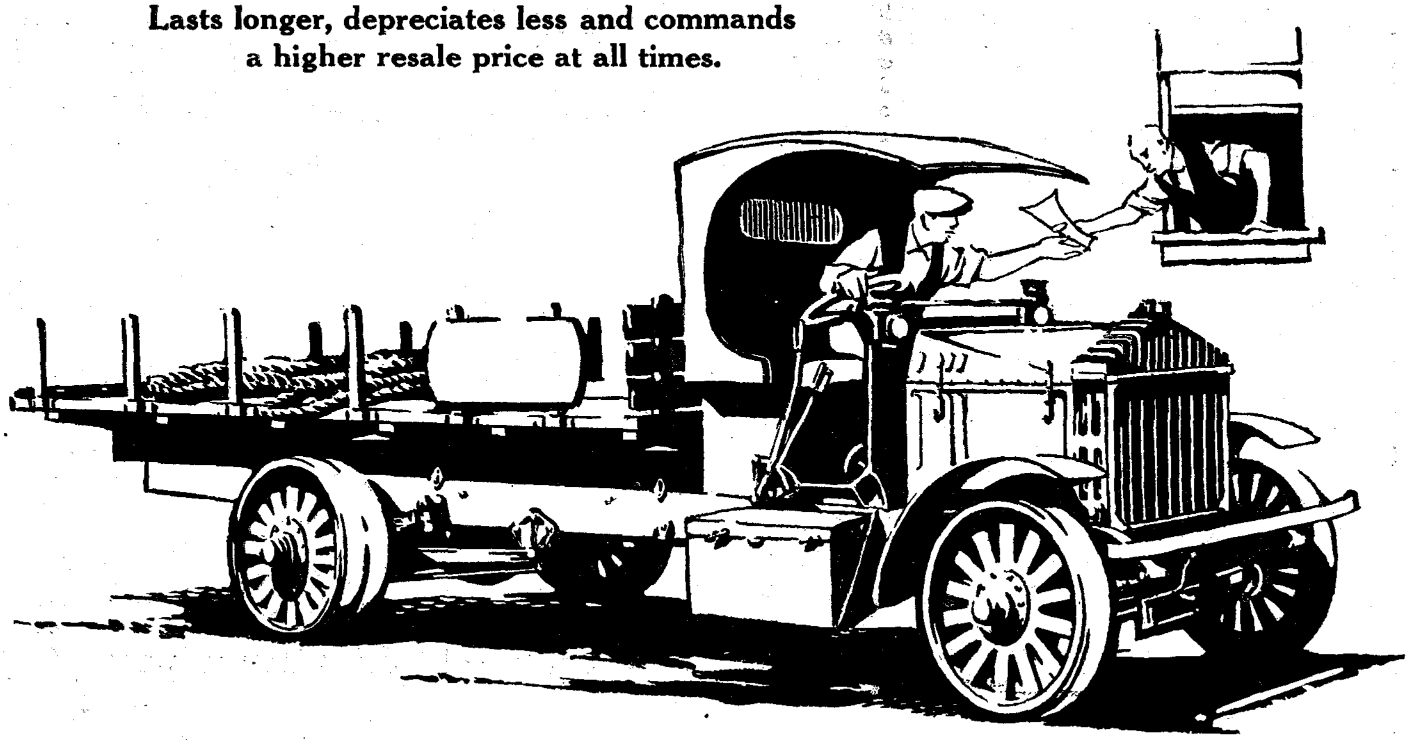

He mentioned these things first because they seemed to him to be in peril, just as the herd asked first for food and blankets.

I cut short his protests with a request to sit—an apology for the box that stood for a chair — and offered a cigaret. His questions were thus answered and then forgotten. We talked about the war and about America, which he had planned to visit, "but he was afraid now he never could see," and he asked if I knew Anne Morgan and Anita Stewart and Mrs. Vanderbilt, whom "Papa had talked of so much!"

The morning before he was directing a machine gun until the soldiers at his side were shot, one in the chest, and one killed outright. Then he heard the firing of the Americans behind him as well as in front—on all sides. "I talked with the *Unteroffizier* who had been at the front since 1914. I told him that when it was useless I would not waste blood, either German or American. I wish so much to send word home that I am not dead. You see a few hours earlier I had sent back word that we would hold the position at all costs—that was the last word, so they will think I am killed."

Another, just nineteen, wore a cumbersome iron helmet two sizes too large, like a cavern around his girl's features. I would not have had the heart to be stern with him even in the schoolroom. In war—kill him? Good Lord!

With others it wasn't so. The officers were such capable dunderheads. They talked their newspaper nonsense so seriously and held such fervent shallow beliefs that one thought of them in command of the thousands of animals in the next cage and understood how very dangerous the combination could be.

One of them, a Hamburg shipowner's son, who solemnly lumped Roumania and America together as about on equal terms, said equally solemnly: "One of our ships, the *Höhefelde*, is now the *Long Beach*. She is carrying American troops. That is a good thing. My father says it is very bad for a ship to lie idle in the water. It is much better for the ship to have it doing something." You have to use a hammer made in a shell-works to get sense into a noodle like that. I talked with him very reasonably for some time, but it was with profound satisfaction that I finally turned on him and said very warlike: "We will smash your line all right. Of course, every one knows that now. And then the Rhine, and the longer you stand up for smashing the worse your country will be off." I left him with his jaw polishing his shoes.

The animals—those shapeless, grinning private soldiers — were amusing. They took a lot of the seriousness out of the war. They are so glad to be caught, so content to be alive and in the hands of Americans, so sure "the war has lasted too long, much too long," and so hilarious over the fact that for them the war is *aus*, that it was cheering to see them—especially so many of them!

Every officer asks: "Why is America in the war?" Some, a good many, really are puzzled, they want to learn. Others are curious to see if you will repeat idealisms as sober war explanations. When you do—they smile sarcastically. But their smile fades if you take the trouble to insist, and if you ask them what it will mean to Germany if what you say is really correct. When you tell them that they are prisoners, that thousands more are prisoners, that Americans are savage killers because they want nothing out of the war, some of these sarcastic Prussian Guard officers almost quail. It is very curious.

After informing us about a young German officer anxious to go home and tell his people, who are aristocrats, what the Americans are like and why they are in the war, Captain Blankenhorn goes on with the story of Gefreite F. W., a German private who has won the first- and second-class Iron Cross—

This stark, creased, desperate-looking soldier, to all outward appearance nothing but a "good soldier," told us his story in bitten-off sentences and in a post-card. In August, 1914, he had been mobilized. In four years of war he had had sixteen days of leave. He spent those four years in front of the first-line trenches, gunner of a fifteen-millimeter piece. His job was to lie out in a shell-hole with his gun, ahead of his own infantry. He was put there because he was a Social Democrat. That was his explanation. Not even when his wife died did he get leave to go to the funeral. He was forty-two years old, a butcher once, employing men, with a good business and a house which he owned, and he had a post-card picture of it if we wanted to see it. The business had been sold for war-taxes. The baby died three months after the mother. His own mother was paralyzed, seventy-nine years old. He must have killed hundreds of men. At Cambrai, where he was out in front of his own infantry, the British sent eighteen waves against him and none broke through.

"Did he know Americans were before him in this last fight?"

Yes, he had heard so, and in the fog on that morning two days before he saw the Americans, some passing to left, others walking to right, and he said then and there, "I will shoot no American." He swore he fired not a shot. When some American soldiers called out in German to him, he rose up from his lone shell-hole fort and surrendered.

"But if there had been negroes before me I'd have shot to the last shell," he added. It was this postscript that convinced me he was telling the truth.

We asked him who caused the war. "*Die Weltspitzbuben*," he said; "the rascals, the Prussian landlords." "Scheidemann?" "He spoke pretty well" — "Haase? Ledebour?"—"*Ach*, they spoke the truth—Liebknecht?" "He talked too much." On one of his rare leaves in a café in Stettin a captain of the *Vaterlandspartei* had said that the war must go on. W. had said to him: "You fool, if you had lain out there in that devilish *Schweinerei* for four years in the mud, you'd have reason to know better—you office-slacker." W. said that the captain said he'd shoot the soldier, and the soldier says he answered, "You— you reach back, and I'll slit your —— throat." His *echt Deutsch* cuss-words were venomous. I questioned him closely, but he stuck to it. "Do many common soldiers speak like that to officers?" "Many think it, the greatest part think it, and more dare to say it now than ever did before."

Finally we looked at the post-card of his house shown by this haggard, wolfish soldier with the broken teeth, the scars, the cropt, mangy-looking head, the plowed forehead, and the almost glazed, glassy eyes. We got a shock. In front of the common dwelling with its fenced-in yard stood a man, a round, prosperous person, obviously in the pose of owner, almost a self-important person, with a high choker collar, a noticeable tie, and large waistcoat, with jowls and a well-tended mustache, with his blond hair slicked down on each side of a neat "part"—ridiculously the type of the fattened *bourgeois*. He was so prosperous, with his arm akimbo and his newspaper crumpled in hand.

He explained that that was he—that was Herr W. in peace.

We simply did not believe him. He explained that he'd lost forty-eight pounds in four years of war. I looked sharply at the card and the face and could make out the nose and brows the same—not a thing else.

That man, body and life, was as smashed as these French villages by the war. He had stayed out in the trenches, outside even of the trenches, hating the *Spitzbuben* who put him there. Ralph remarked, "He has only his anger left." I rejoined. "But he can't do anything even with his anger." For, as with all Germans, despite the hatred that could make him swear, there seemed in him no spark of revolution, no hint of organizing resistance. He had killed hundreds of men at the behest of *Spitzbuben*, at whom he railed and who smashed him and his, but it never seemed to occur to him that he could do anything whatever about it.

Then a couple of stories are told of the kind that makes an American inquire, "Why is a German, and how did he get that way?"

One German major was found with his kit all packed up, his arms folded, waiting to go to prison-camp. He was furious with the high command whom he had told the attack was coming, but who didn't believe him. So, in high dudgeon and righteous indignation, he made no effort to escape. Achilles in his tent was no nobler picture!

I keep telling the funniest story of all. On the British front they advanced so fast not long ago that they caught a train and sent the engineer trailing back a prisoner. The engineer was explosive with indignation and flourished a paper which nobody would read. Busy fighters just waved Fritz rearward and he waved his paper as he went. Finally, late in the day somebody looked at his paper. It was a guaranty from the Imperial German Government that he would not be sent for service into the war-zone. According to his interpretation he could not be taken prisoner! Therefore he demanded to be sent back to Germany at once!

And then there is this brief but rather vivid description of a night air-raid that was defeated by the use of search-lights and the fire of "archies," as the antiair guns were called:

In the dark we began motoring home, and just a few kilometers away from —— search-lights sprang up from the hills and raked the sky. Then distant crashings began. "Pull up," said our companion. "Raid on St. ——, I'm afraid. It may get stinky down there."

More search-lights shot from the hills, and on our hill we stood and tried to figure out what were the meanings of the noises that cracked and rattled out of the night.

"Crack, crash, blap, krump, crash!" all in varying powers and keys and at varying distances. They were archies and bombs, we knew, but it was the devil's own

Two men were talking about a friend and his motor car

"I don't see how Robinson can afford to drive that car in the first place. And have you noticed his tires—all four of them are Hood Extra Plys? I can't afford such expensive tires for *my* car."

"Why," replied his friend, "I suppose Robinson figures he cannot afford to use any tires but Hoods—others cost too much.

"His car takes a 35″ x 5″ tire. That size of a certain so-called *standard* make would cost him about $60.25, for which he would get approximately 4,000 miles of service.

"Now then, a Hood Extra Ply tire of the same size gives him from 7,000 to 9,000 miles at a *first cost* of only $13.45 more.

"It is evident that Robinson looks for *real* cost — not *first* cost. At its own cost per mile the *standard* tire would —if it gave even the minimum Hood average of 7,000 miles— be the most expensive tire by about $31.30.

"I should say Robinson is a shrewd buyer."

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job to tell which was which and what noises fitted what flashes. "There he is!" suddenly cried Captain H. In the crossing of four search-light beams was the *Boche* raider, or one of them. The handsomest silver dragon-fly you ever beheld, ducking a bit as if dazzled and turning, but caught.

Just then down in the valley about five miles off, a red roar, literally that—a red roar! A hideous roar and a burst of red that lit up ten or twelve miles of the valley and the cloud and smoke flashes overhead. A *Boche* raider had got a dump—a big one. Explosion on explosion, belch of noise on belch, tore up out of the valley.

Then the raider overhead twisted and came on toward us, still caught in the four beams, quite large, and quite rapidly getting right overhead. Every blamed archie in the world, it seemed, concentrated on him. Some of our party shrank around the corner of the only protection in reach—a ruined house, for the hail of archie bullets is no joke. When he was about three degrees from being squarely overhead, about six feet from the zenith, I suppose would be the technical term, he turned again, I'm relieved to relate, and swam away, pestered by the bright-red fireflies of scores of archie shells. And almost half a mile off he slipt all the beams and got away.

HOW AN AMERICAN WOMAN ESCAPED DEATH IN THE EGYPTIAN INSURRECTION

EGYPT was among the several peoples that decided the time had come to "start something" when they heard President Wilson's well-chosen words relative to the "rights of small nations." Feeling themselves small and at the same time entitled to sundry rights of which they yearned to have the world take cognizance, it occurred to the Egyptians that the psychological moment had arrived to assert themselves. Whereupon, following a custom that has had considerable vogue lately, they started an insurrection. People well informed on Egyptian affairs say there was no particular occasion for an uprising in the land of the Nile. The Egyptians, it is said, had sat around during the period of the war reaping all the benefits resulting from that struggle without being touched by any of its horrors. But insurrect they would, and did, being urged thereto principally by certain discredited pashas who had axes of their own to grind. These disgruntled persons, says Clair Price, writing from Cairo to the Charleston (S. C.) *News*, "even told their followers that President Wilson, in declaring for the rights of small nations, had declared for Egyptian independence, and Americans who came to Egypt at the time of the rising were asked repeatedly by the natives, 'When is President Wilson coming to Egypt?'" An account of the disorders taking place in Egypt is given by Mr. Price in the words of Mrs. D. L. Askern, of Allegheny, Pa., who has spent sixteen years in Egypt as a missionary and was there when the insurrection took place. We quote from Mrs. Askern's story:

> For the past six months, Dr. Askern and I have been working with the American Red Cross in Jerusalem. A few days ago I came down from Jerusalem on four days' leave to secure our summer clothing from the mission station in Fayoum where we live.
>
> "With three trunks full of it, I left the station at Fayoum by the eight o'clock train last Saturday morning (March 15). With me was R. W. Graves, an inspector for the Ministry of the Interior in the Fayoum district. Mr. Graves was bound for Cairo, but I was to change at Cairo for the Jerusalem railway.
>
> We knew there might be trouble, for all sorts of rumors had been about. We didn't know that we'd have such a narrow escape as we did have, however.
>
> When the train pulled into Com obu Radi station, a few minutes south of Wasta, a number of boys armed with clubs leapt into the train and began roaming up and down the corridors. They did nothing in the first-class carriages but peer in at us, but later we could hear the crash of glass in the second- and third-class carriages. All of us were unarmed and had no military guard.
>
> When the train pulled out of Com obu Radi station we saw some of them pass up and down the corridor again, and we began to suspect that trouble was ahead for us, for they wouldn't be riding on the train with the insolence they showed unless they expected to meet their friends at the next station or two.
>
> They met them quickly.
>
> It takes only about four minutes to reach Watsa from Com obu Radi, and there must have been nearly seven thousand natives packed around the Wasta station. They were all armed with long clubs and knives and led by students on horseback, drest in *fezzes* and European clothing. They swarmed around the train and began to board it before it stopt.
>
> We knew we had little mercy to expect from them.
>
> There were seven Christians in our car—two Syrian men, their wives, a Syrian girl, Mr. Graves, and myself. With Mr. Graves leading the way, we jumped out of the car-door before the train had come to a stop and dashed across the platform to a freight-car. It was a sheet-iron car and looked as if it might afford some protection. We chained the door on the inside and the seven of us stood in the darkness within, wondering what would happen to us next.
>
> For a time I had had some hopes of saving my trunks, but I knew by this time that I would never see them again. I presume I shall be compensated some time for the loss of them, but the future will take care of that. Standing in that freight-car, we decided we'd be lucky enough if we got out with our lives.
>
> I think the reason we succeeded in getting into the car was that the entire mob was bent on looting before anything else. We knew that we were safe for a time, but as soon as the mob had glutted its appetite for loot we knew they would turn attention to us.
>
> I had seen a Syrian who had been riding in the second-class car being unmercifully beaten with clubs as I ran to the freight-car. I presume he either was not giving up his money fast enough or did not have enough money on him to satisfy the mob. I had seen a Syrian woman who objected to having her earrings torn out of her ears being beaten on the face.
>
> The fact is that each member of the mob was afraid he was not going to get his share of the loot, and to that fact I owe my life. It was not long before the rest of the Christian passengers had been looted and the mob began to turn its attention to our freight-car. A fearful pounding began at the car-door and soon it began to yield. I had already, as soon as I had gotten into the car, put my rings and most of my money into my stocking, leaving about fifteen dollars in my hand-bag, under the supposition that if it were empty when I handed it over it might enrage them.
>
> As soon as the car-doors began to yield, knives began to be thrust through the aperture and voices began to call in in Arabic, "Give us your money or we will take your lives!"
>
> One of the Syrians at once began to hand his money through the aperture, scores of hands grabbing for it, and the din increasing in volume. The Syrian was badly frightened and the worse the din became the faster he handed money through the door. To tell the truth, we were all pretty nervous by that time.
>
> The aperture in the door continued to widen slowly as it was forced open, and when it appeared that presently it would be wide enough open to admit one or two of the mob, Mr. Graves succeeded in smashing open the door on the other side of the car, and the two of us jumped out.
>
> As soon as we had gotten the door open, part of the mob leapt around the car to catch us.
>
> I thrust my handbag at them and ran. Mr. Graves thrust a roll of money at them and ran with me.
>
> I didn't look behind to see what was happening, but Mr. Graves did, and he told me afterward that the only thing that saved our lives was the fact that they were so pleased with my handbag that for the moment they forgot all about us.

The fugitives made for a building some three hundred yards away, without knowing what might await them there. It was the only hiding-place that appeared. Then they unexpectedly found a friend—

> An Arabic boy saw us coming, and shoving us into a small fitter's shop, he locked the door and returned to his work outside the shop. I shall never forget that boy. His name was Mohammed Aly, but he was a good friend of ours. He might have given us up to the mob at any time, but he stood loyally by us.
>
> "They've been here," he said, as he locked us in. "They won't come back."
>
> It was a ramshackle little shop, built out of wood, and could have been smashed very easily had they known we were in there, but it afforded us a hiding-place, and any hiding-place looked good to us then.
>
> It was not long before their looting of the train was finished and the mob came swarming over to the shops and demanded of Aly:
>
> "Where is the inspector and the *sitt*" (Arabic term for woman)?
>
> Aly profest ignorance and asked the mob what they were doing.
>
> "We're going to smash up the world and kill all the English," they said.
>
> We could hear them talking outside our hiding-place. In fact, they were all around us, but we kept very quiet. They went away soon and came back again after

What the Public Should Know About the Packing Industry

THE business of collecting, preparing and distributing foods so relates to the daily life of all that it has close, personal interest for everybody. Sensation seekers have long realized this and capitalized on it. An attack on the packers could always be relied upon either to draw notice to its instigator or divert too close investigation of some other question.

Possibly, we are partially to blame for the lack of understanding which exists in regard to our business. In the past, knowing that attacks upon us have been based on tissues of half-truths, adroitly handled innuendo and misinformation, we may have forgotten that the public were not in full possession of the true facts.

Armour and Company have always courted proper inquiry into methods and operations. And, in the past few years, because of so many ex-parte hearings, we have voluntarily put our case before the public. Through publication advertising, we have met the misleading headlines through which people get impressions, headlines frequently controverted by the text matter under them.

Confident that fair-minded people will respond to complete knowledge, we seek better understanding with them. Through newspapers, booklets, moving pictures of our processes and other similar methods, we are explaining the place Armour and Company occupy in the world of human needs and the manner in which they fulfill their function.

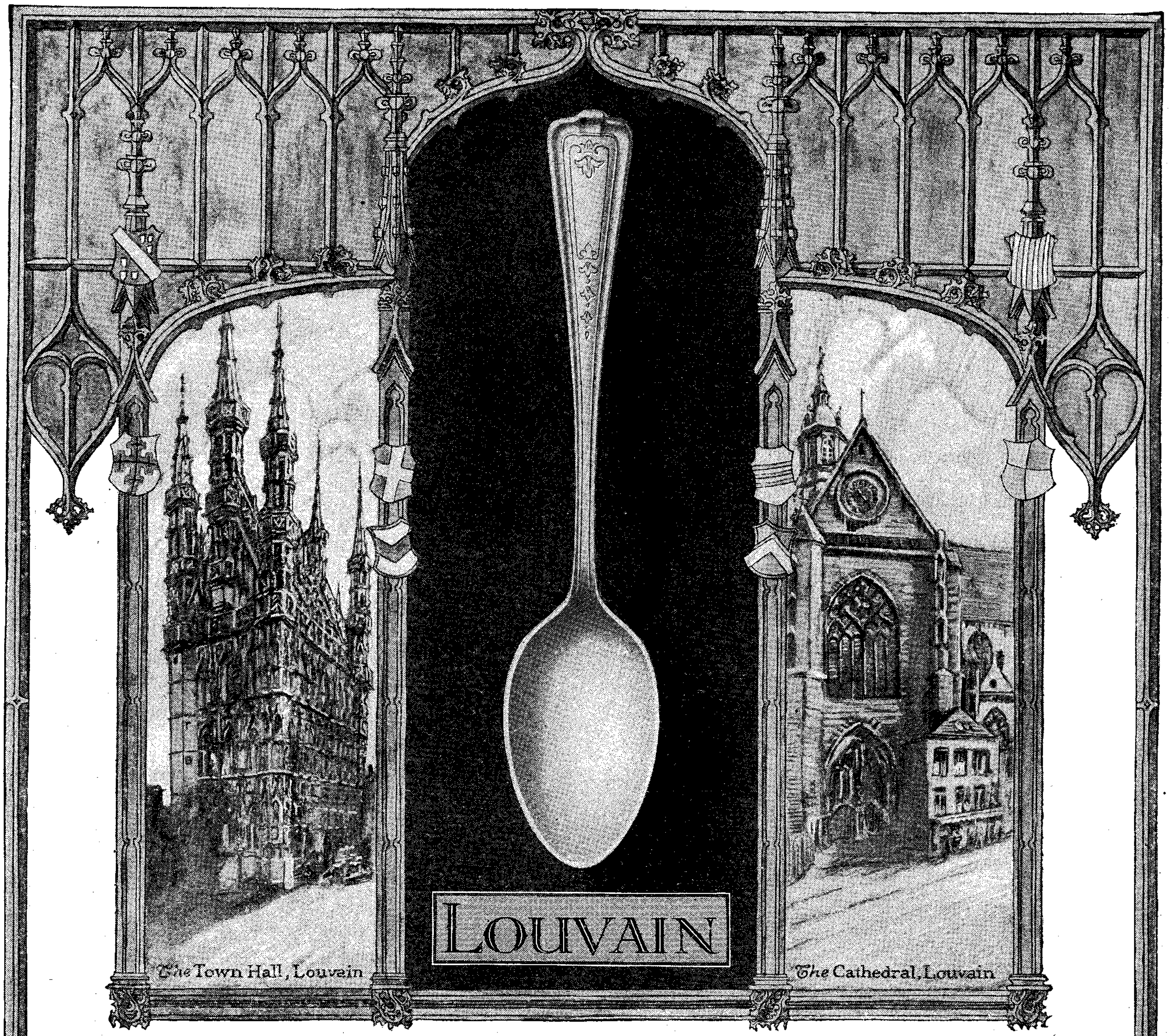
We are putting our case squarely up to all parties who are interested—to producer, merchant, consumer and labor—and that each may realize how our obligations to him must combine with our responsibilities to the other involved, we let all know the entire story as we tell it to the rest. We tell consumers what we say to producers—producers what we say to consumers.

When all is said, however, the size of any business dealing competitively in staples must remain the best evidence of its economic soundness. If our methods were not sound, Armour and Company could not have attained size in proportion to national needs.

Bearing this thought in mind, you will readily appreciate that your own self-interest and your right to fullest value for your money, both urge that you always ask your dealer for Armour Products.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY
CHICAGO

3009



A silverware pattern with an undying name

Because of the character of the design, which is of Flemish origin, and because of the fitting application of an imperishable name to an article long renowned for its durability, we have named our newest pattern "Louvain".

1847 Rogers Bros. Silverware is made in one quality only—the best. In the "Louvain", as in other patterns, hollow ware, such as Tea and Coffee Sets, Vegetable Dishes, etc., can be had to match knives, spoons and forks.

Teaspoons, $3.25 a set of six. Other pieces in proportion.
Sold by leading dealers. Send for catalog "F-81".

1847 ROGERS BROS.
SILVERWARE

The Family Plate for Seventy Years

INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY, MERIDEN, CONN.
New York, 9-19 Maiden Lane   Chicago, 5 North Wabash Avenue   San Francisco, 150 Post Street

a switch key to open one of the switches at Wasta. We learned that an English railway man had been killed as he jumped off the train with his wife and three children. He had been clubbed to death in front of his wife, but she and the three children succeeded in hiding themselves and escaping. I've just been over to see them this morning.

We spent an hour and a half in that fitter's shop. Then there came a knock at the door and a native voice said in English, "Open the door." Mr. Graves was undecided as to whether to obey, but the voice was repeated, and since everything else outside seemed quiet, he opened the door and looked out. A native official from Beni-Suef stood there with a guard of gaffers, or native watchmen. He told us that we would be taken to the *marcus*, or government building, where we would be safe.

That was about 11:30 A.M.

We went with them to the *marcus* and found from fifty to seventy-five Indian troops with a single British officer on guard. They had no machine gun, but they had seven thousand rounds of ammunition, which inspired a healthy respect in the natives. The mob by this time had disappeared.

None of the natives had any firearms, except three of them who had looted an Englishman's house at Wasta that morning and had taken his two rifles and a revolver. The rest of them were armed with nothing but clubs and knives, and the fact that we had an armed guard in the *marcus*, even tho there were only a few more than fifty of them against thousands of natives, made us feel greatly relieved.

Our relief was not long-lived, however. About noon word came that a force of Bedouins, reported to be 14,000 strong, was marching on Wasta. And we had one English officer and from fifty to seventy-five Indians.

As soon as the report was received, all of us—quite a few English residents of Wasta had been gathered in the *marcus* for protection, so that we were not alone now—were removed to the agricultural bank and native gaffers were left to guard the *marcus*. The bank was situated in a compound, surrounded by a stone wall, and was the best building in Wasta in which to withstand a siege. All afternoon, the Indian troops worked making sand-bags and generally putting the bank into a defensible condition. Airplanes came over us in the course of the afternoon, but dropt no messages.

At night two Englishmen and three Englishwomen, who had crossed the Nile in their own motor-launch, came over from Korimat, a pumping-station across the river from Wasta, and joined us.

Then began the long vigil through that endless Saturday night.

We didn't know at what moment we might be attacked by a tremendously superior force. We had alarm after alarm through the night, and none of us got any sleep. The women among the refugees were given beds and were made very comfortable, but in our nervous ears every noise outside was the beginning of the end, and we did little all night but wait for the attack to begin.

Toward morning, when no attack had so far developed, we began to plan how we might get away at dawn. The motor-launch in which the Korimat people had crossed the river had been pulled up into safe place and its fuel-tanks were full. We planned to embark in it as soon as possible in the morning and go down the river, hoping to be able to reach Cairo by night.

When dawn came, we still had not been attacked.

We put together the little belongings we had with us, made tea—the only thing we had had to eat or drink all night—and left.

It is only a step from the bank at Wasta to the river, and we had shoved out into the stream and begun our journey within a moment after leaving the bank.

We traveled without stop all day Sunday and at seven o'clock Sunday evening we reached Kasr-el-Nil at Cairo, and were taken away to a hospital. At present I'm waiting for permission to return to Jerusalem.

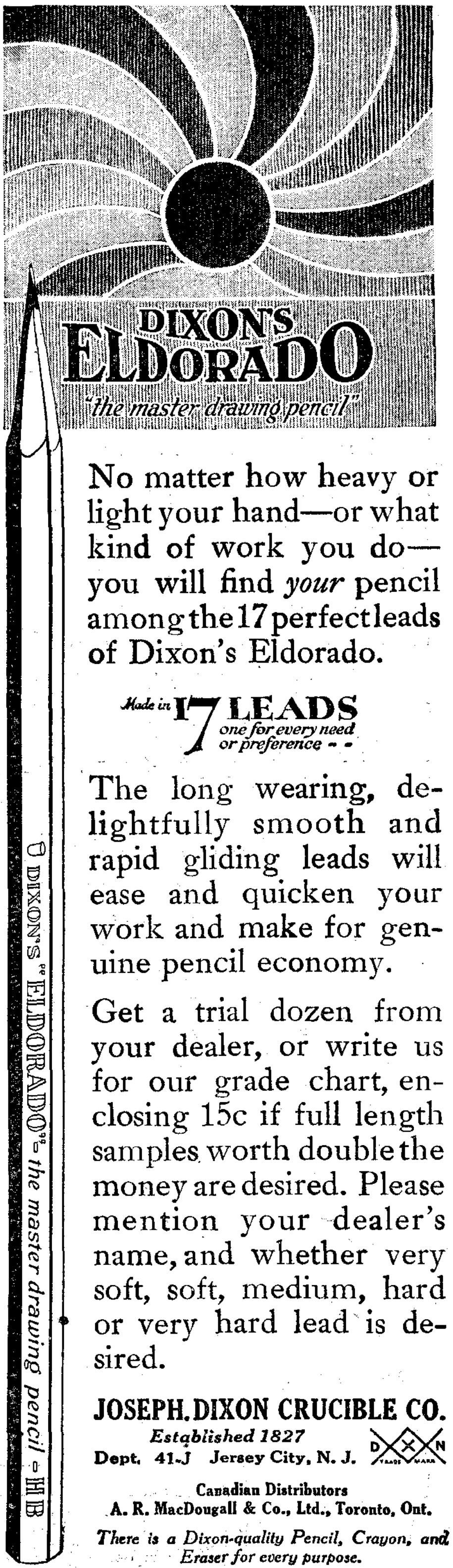
IT FEELS STRANGE TO FLY SIX MILES ABOVE THE EARTH

HUNGER, cold, impairment of sight and hearing, and, naturally, difficulty in breathing, were some of the things experienced by Maj. R. W. Schroeder when he reached an altitude of approximately six miles in an airplane, the world's record for high flying. Then his engine stopt because his gasoline gave out, and there was nothing to do but come down to earth, which he did in twenty minutes. Major Schroeder gives a brief account of his altitudinous flight in *Popular Mechanics*. He explains that he has been connected with the flying game since 1910, during which time he has tried to learn all he could about it. He says all his past experience stood him in good stead in his attempts to make a new world's altitude record. Prior to Major Schroeder's record-breaking flight the highest altitude reached by an airplane was 20,258 feet, attained in 1913 by G. Legagneux in France. The American officer was anxious to outdo the Frenchman, but he found it a somewhat difficult task. He says:

In order to take an airplane to a higher altitude than any other pilot in the world, I found that more than one or two attempts would be necessary. I made three, the first taking me to an altitude of 24,000 feet, the second to 27,000 feet, and the last to 28,900 feet, all of which would have been world's records, and now I feel certain that with a few changes and improvements I can get to 30,000 feet.

The following experiences and sensations which I noticed during my flight were due to lack of oxygen. I took off at 1:45 P.M., September 18, 1918, and made a steady westerly climb, passing through clouds at 8,000, 12,000, and 16,000 feet. At 20,000 feet, while still climbing in large circles, my goggles became frosted, making it very difficult to watch the instruments. The temperature at this altitude was 18 degrees centigrade below zero. When I reached 25,000 feet I noticed the sun growing very dim, I could hardly hear my motor run, and I felt very hungry.

The trend of my thought was that it must be getting late, that evening must be coming on, and that this was the reason the sun was getting so dim. But I was still climbing, so thought I might as well stick to it a little longer, for I knew I could reach my ceiling pretty soon. Then I would go down, and even tho it were dark I could land all right, for I had made night



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Made in 17 LEADS *one for every need or preference*

The long wearing, delightfully smooth and rapid gliding leads will ease and quicken your work and make for genuine pencil economy.

Get a trial dozen from your dealer, or write us for our grade chart, enclosing 15c if full length samples worth double the money are desired. Please mention your dealer's name, and whether very soft, soft, medium, hard or very hard lead is desired.

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There is a Dixon-quality Pencil, Crayon, and Eraser for every purpose.

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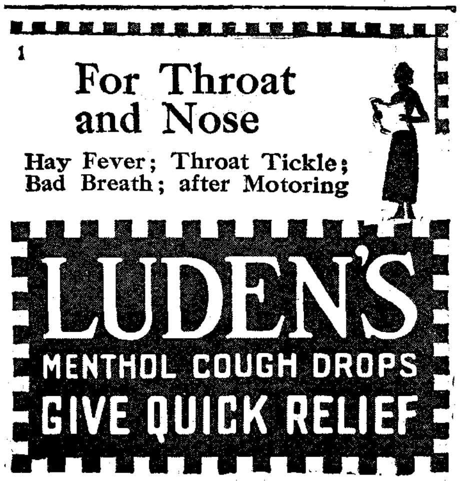
By Pearce Kintzing, M.D. Simple, sane advice by a physician of long standing. 12mo. $1.00; by mail, $1.10.
FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Pubs., NEW YORK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Hay Fever; Throat Tickle; Bad Breath; after Motoring
LUDEN'S
MENTHOL COUGH DROPS
GIVE QUICK RELIEF

It's Not Just "Paint"—it's STONE-TEX

You can't paint brick, stone, concrete or stucco buildings with ordinary paint—and expect the most satisfactory results. A special coating is needed.

STONE-TEX is prepared specifically for masonry surfaces. It gives the walls a **beautiful, uniform, soft-toned finish,** and at the same time renders them **damp-proof—rainproof—weatherproof.**

All masonry surfaces, such as brick, stone, concrete and stucco, are more or less porous. Rain, melting snow, sleet, dew—are absorbed into the pores, causing a damp condition. The dampness, mingling with the dust from the streets, produces those unsightly streaks and spots that disfigure the building.

STONE-TEX *"SAVES THE SURFACE"*

Ordinary paints, being intended for wood, offer little resistance to moisture, when used on masonry, and soon crack, chip or peel off. STONE-TEX, which is a liquid cement coating, enters deep into the pores, fills all hair-cracks and makes the walls hard as flint. Because of its dampproofness, it outlasts ordinary paints, retaining its beautiful, even finish for years. Suitable for new or old walls and furnished in a variety of pleasing colors.

If your brick, stucco, concrete or stone building is disfigured, or damp and unsanitary, have it "Stone-Textured" at once.

Write for Stone-Tex Booklet, giving full details, colors, etc.

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You could dip this house in water

Problems of waterproofing, dampproofing and hardening cement have been the province of the Trus-Con Laboratories for many years. The organization of this well-known company includes a corps of expert chemists and chemical engineers, whose advice upon special problems in this field is at your disposal. This consulting service is without charge or obligation.

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Insure your cement floors against deterioration—indefinitely postpone their relaying—by giving them the simple, easy, inexpensive AGATEX treatment. Agatized cement floors are hard, durable, wear-resisting, and will not "dust" or crumble. Impervious to oils and grease—easy to keep clean.

AGATEX can be applied at night, or even during the noon hours, and floors can be used immediately afterwards. Especially suitable for factories, warehouses, theatres, schools, office buildings, wherever floors are subject to wear. Write for details of the "AGATEX Treatment" and sample test block.

Truscon Laboratories, Detroit, Michigan
Please send full details, circulars, etc., regarding
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landings many times before; and so I went on talking to myself, and this I thought was a good sign to begin taking oxygen, and I did. I was then over 25,000 feet up and the temperature was 25 degrees centigrade below zero.

As soon as I started to inhale the oxygen the sun grew bright again and my motor began to exhaust so loudly that it seemed something must be wrong with it. I was no longer hungry, and the day seemed to be a most beautiful one. I felt like singing with sheer joy as I gazed about through the small portion of my goggles which had no frost, due to a drop of oil which had splashed on them from the motor.

I kept at it until my oxygen gave out, and at that point I noticed my aneroid indicated very nearly 29,000 feet. The thermometer showed 32 degrees centigrade below zero. The lack of oxygen was affecting me and I was beginning to get cross. I could not understand why I was only 29,000 feet after climbing for so long a time. I remember that the horizon seemed to be very much out of place, but I felt that I was flying correctly, and that I was right and the horizon wrong.

About this time the motor quit. I was out of gasoline, the propeller stopt, and everything was quiet; so down I went in a spiral. When I had descended to about 20,000 feet, I began to feel much better, and realized that the lack of oxygen had affected me. I passed down through the clouds at 16,000 feet, and, as I remember, it was snowing from these clouds upon the next layer, some 4,000 feet below.

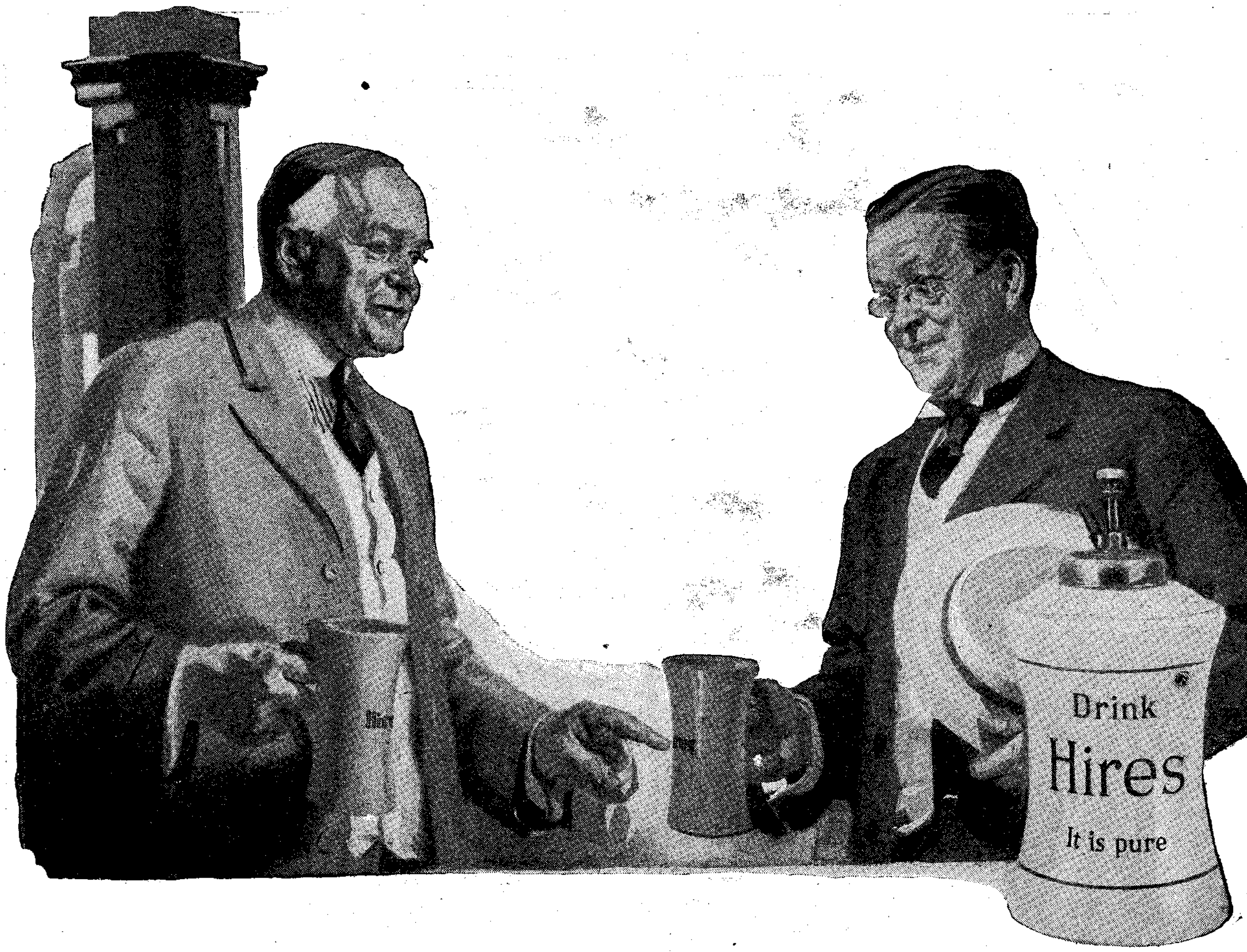
During the entire trip I did not see the ground from the time I went up through the clouds above Dayton until I came through the clouds again, at 4,000 feet above Canton. I landed near the house of a Mr. Joseph Schario, and one of his little daughters came running up to me, but she was speechless. I asked her, "Where am I?" and she replied, "Canton, Ohio." Well, it almost took the wind out of me to think I had drifted over 200 miles from where I started. I reached my greatest height 105 minutes after I started. It required 20 minutes to come down. I was in the air 125 minutes, flying in a westerly direction practically all the time, and came down 200 miles east of where I went up."

GONZALEZ, PACIFIER OF MORELOS, MAY BE MEXICO'S NEXT PRESIDENT

MEXICO will make another effort before long to substitute ballots for bullets in deciding who is to be President. "Barring unlooked-for events and dark horses, Gen. Pablo Gonzalez, pacifier of Morelos, stands the best chance of being the next chief executive," telegraphs Jack Neville from Mexico City to the New York *Call*. Mr. Neville, who has been in Mexico for some time, is an admirer of President Carranza's way of governing, and assigns to him the credit for the present prospect of a genuine election in Mexico. His discussion of the leading Presidential candidates begins with this appreciation of Carranza:

In Carranza, Mexico has at last found a President willing to serve his term of office and depart forever without being kicked out. His will be a notable and unique precedent.

Carranza fought for no reelection.



"There is no other drink like **Hires"**

You will find many a drink labelled rootbeer—but there is only one Hires. No other drink has the same combination of ingredients. There are seventeen reasons for Hires goodness. Sixteen of them are the ingredients, and the seventeenth is the delightful combination they make. Yet you pay no more than for an artificially flavored substitute.

There's no secret in what gives Hires its snap and sparkle, its deliciousness and purity. Pure cane sugar—juices of roots, barks, herbs and berries that seem to have caught the very freshness of the woods and morning dew, to release it in Hires. Sassafras, sarsaparilla, spikenard, birch bark, pipsissewa and ginger. Don't they fairly conjure up a wholesome craving for a foaming glass of Hires—the thirst extinguisher?

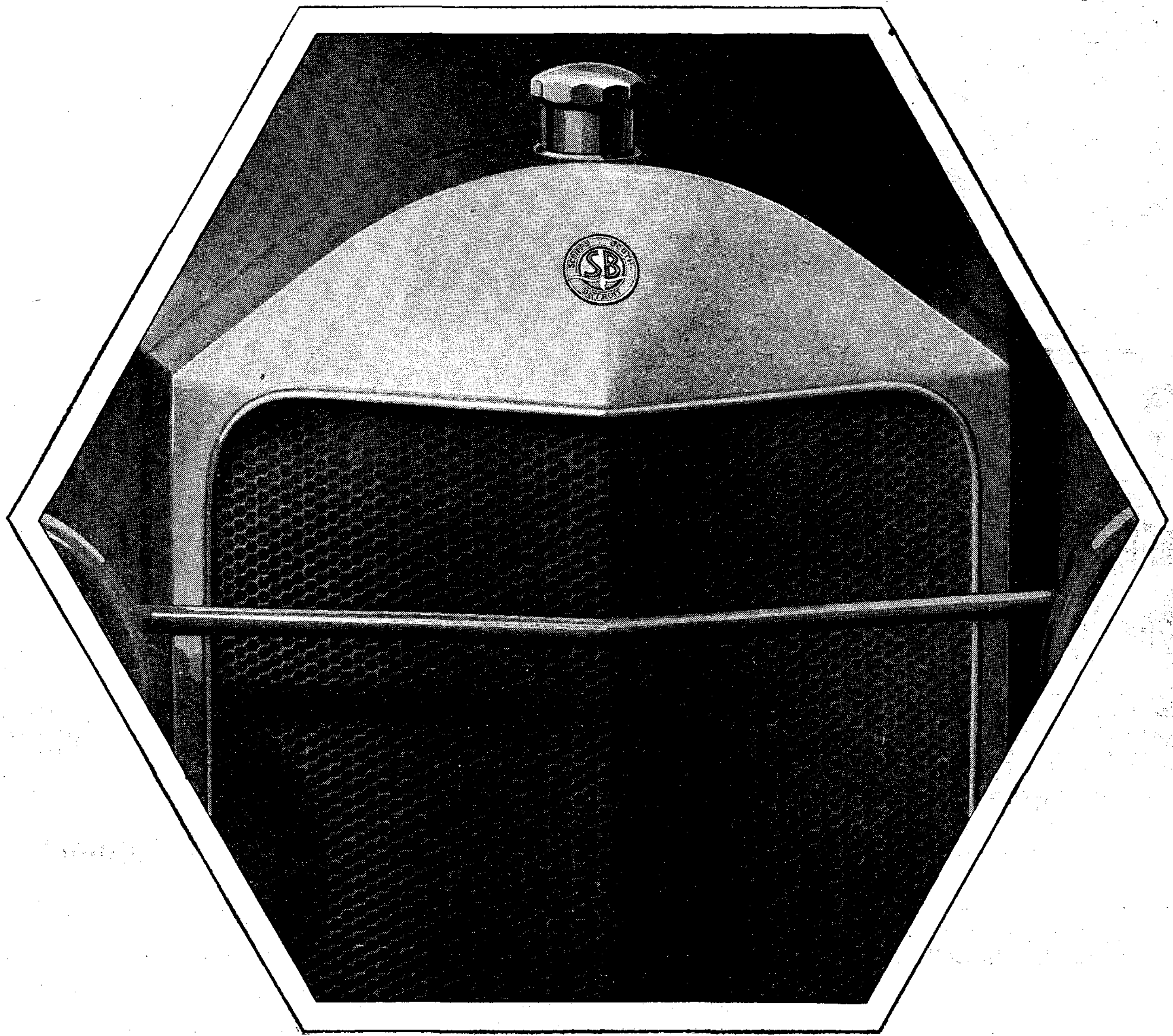
From the canefields of the sunny southland, from Central and South America and even from across the sea, come the carefully-selected ingredients of Hires. An instance of Hires standards is the fact that we use only the genuine juices of the vanilla bean. We could save $100,000.00 every year by using an artificial flavor for vanilla. But then we would not be justified in recommending Hires to you and urging you to always ask for "Hires."

Hires

Say "Hires" at every good soda fountain. Hires is also carbonated by licensed bottlers—for sale in bottles so you can have Hires at home.

THE CHARLES E. HIRES COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Hires contains juices of sixteen roots, barks, herbs and berries



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The efficiency of a radiator can be judged by only one standard—its ability to cool the engine. And, to effectively dissipate heat, a radiator must have three essentials—large cooling surface, big free air cells and ample water passages.

All these requirements are met by Harrison Radiators.

The Harrison Hexagon cell construction provides not only free air passages but also maximum cooling surface per unit of weight. And the large water passages insure the easy circulation of water, free from clogging by dirt or deposits.

Harrison Radiators are being adopted as standard equipment on an increasingly large number of high-grade motor cars.

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General Sales Offices: Detroit, Michigan
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HARRISON *Original Hexagon Cellular* **Radiators**

Neither the amendment of the constitution permitting reelection nor a scheme now projected by his friends to extend his tenure of office will shake his resolve. He told me this unqualifiedly.

"Why should I violate one of the principles I fought for?" he said. "The election will be called next year. It will be fair, and the man selected by the people will succeed me."

Despite his faults and slips, Carranza has been honest, and none of the present revolutionaries has the least chance to unseat him.

There are three real Presidential candidates and several aspirants in sight to-day. They are Gonzalez, Gen. Alvaro Obregon, and a civilian, Secretary of State Manuel Aguirre Berlanga. Any of the three is good Presidential timber, but with the militarists still in the ascendency, civilian candidacy will find hard opposition.

Of course, there is a chance that, with a three-way split, Berlanga will be inducted into office. His control of the electoral machinery will necessarily put him at the head of the civilian group gazing toward the national palace.

If elections were held to-day it is more than probable that General Gonzalez would nose Obregon out. His program as military governor and commandant has been more conciliatory. His policy toward foreign investors and the Catholic party has won friends. Besides, he has the powerful moral and financial support of his officers and men. Also, he openly urged two years ago that Mexico declare war on Germany.

Alvaro Obregon, once looked on as anti-American, has changed, his friends say. Obregon some time ago retired from public life and resumed ranching in Sonora. Besides accumulating a fortune from the soil, he has made frequent trips to Washington and other American cities, and his contact with American ways has changed many of his former ideas.

Obregon has the support of a very powerful army group and the backing of his own state, Sonora. But the federal district, the eastern and central states, are sure to back Gonzalez.

The fact that Gonzalez lived for years in the United States, that he has an American wife, that his record has always been clean, and, above all, conciliatory, has won him much moral support from the foreigner.

Obregon is not popular in Mexico City because of his alleged harsh program, following the ascendency of the revolutionists.

Gonzalez's record as a fighter, both for Madero and Carranza, has been good. His campaign of kindness crusht the Zapatista rebellion, and his untiring efforts put an end to the bloodthirsty Zapata.

President Carranza is known to be friendly to both Gonzalez and Obregon, but he told me he would throw his moral support to no one candidate against another.

The only military chieftain who would have a chance against these men would be the general who could subdue the outlawry of Francisco Villa, the Chihuahua bandit.

Berlanga probably will be supported by those who believe Mexico should have a civilian executive and chuck militarism. Gen. Lucio Blanco, now retired, will win support with some civilians and a part of the militarists.

Luis Cabrera, Mexico's finance head, has said he will not be a candidate. Felix Palavincini, editor of *El Universal*, a great Mexico City daily, is grooming himself. Palavincini, as a backer of the Allies, has a strong following, but little organization.

Gen. Salvador Alvarado, of Yucatan fame, this month starts publication of a new political organ in the capital. It is only fair to predict that this sheet will back Salvador Alvarado.

Most of these men are unknown quantities to the average Mexican scanning the political horizon. Their eyes have centered on the two chiefs, Gonzalez and Obregon.

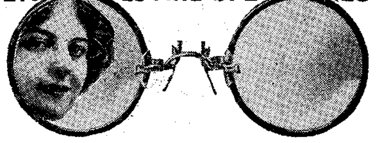
The election will be hot—maybe threatening—but the Mexican leaders are prepared for this. Some time ago a number of the chieftains met at the headquarters of Gen. Pablo Gonzalez. They decided the day of revolution was over. They agreed to select a compromise candidate, if necessary to the welfare of the country.

But the crowning hope of all is the attitude of President Carranza. His latest advice to all factions and aspirants has been:

"Lay off politics until three months before the election; then state your platform, and confine yourself to that platform. Don't sling mud!"

A BULL MAY BE A TERROR IN A CHINA-SHOP BUT A GENTLEMAN IN A HOTEL

THE classic allusion to a "bull in a china-shop" probably had its origin as a mere figure of speech. There is no record of such an animal. But a "bull in a hotel" is "something else again," as *Abe Potash* would say. A few days ago there actually was a bull that dined at an aristocratic hotel in New York City—the Waldorf-Astoria. Of course, the bull was some aristocrat himself and conducted himself as a personage of that kind should, with perfect decorum, and there was no devastation such as is popularly supposed to take place in connection with a male bovine's invasion of a tableware emporium. This bull that invaded a hotel is of the Jersey brand, and represents not only the highest development of that breed of cattle, but also an investment of 60,000 perfectly good, old "iron men," which is some valuation to place on a bull, when you come to think of it, tho less by more than $40,000 than the price brought by the Holstein bull purchased at the cattle show in Chicago last summer by the Carnation Milk Co., for $105,000. Quite appropriately in the case of an animal valued at even $60,000, this Jersey has been named "Financial Sensation." The occasion for his visit to the Waldorf was that he was the guest of honor at a dinner arranged for him at that hostelry by his admirers at the Milk Show, which he attended as the principal attraction. Five hundred other guests attended the banquet given in honor of the bull. It was a big occasion, involving much elaborate preliminary preparation, especially on the part of "Financial Sensation," who had to be most carefully groomed so as to appear at his glossiest and best. A writer in the New York *American* thus



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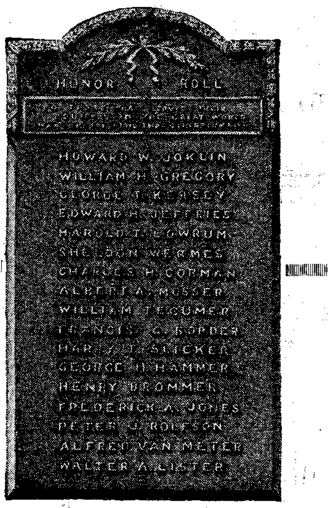

In Everlasting Bronze!

ENROLL on enduring metal the names of the men who fought for you; to the honor and glory of their families and kinsmen. Designs suitable for churches, fraternal orders, municipalities, commercial and industrial organizations. Special designs with any insignia. Write, stating where and how the tablet is to be erected and the number of names it is to contain. *Ask for designs—Selection 21.*

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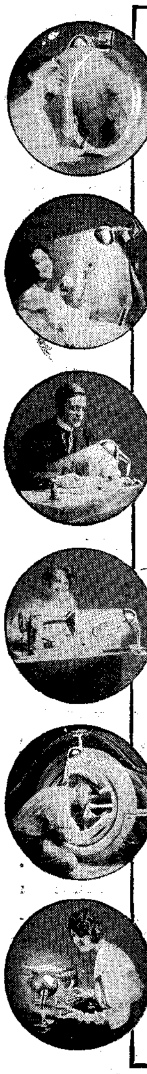
Modelers and Manufacturers of Bronze Tablets, Ornamental Bronze for Public Buildings.



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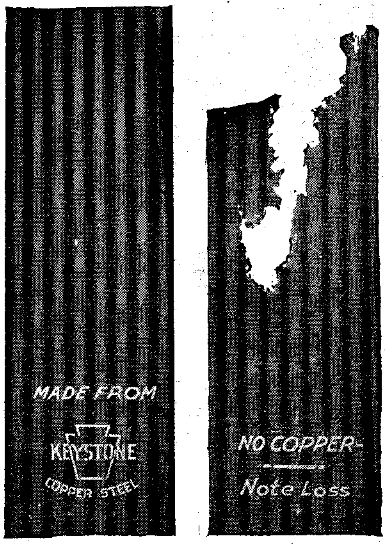
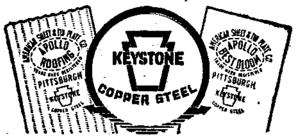
KEYSTONE

Copper Steel—



These two uncoated sheets were exposed side by side for exactly the same length of time. They were identical in manufacture—the same gauge, and from same heat, the only difference being the ALLOY OF COPPER. The proof is positive. Your own service tests will show similar results.

The name is true, not fanciful, and states exactly the nature of the product—high grade *steel* alloyed with *copper*. KEYSTONE quality assures increased durability and rust-resistance for Black and Galvanized Sheets and Roofing Tin Plates. This is important to buyers and users.



Apollo

Galvanized Roofing and Siding Products as formed from APOLLO-KEYSTONE Copper Steel Galvanized Sheets give unequaled service. Demand KEYSTONE quality for Roofing, Siding, Cornices, Spouting, Gutters, Tanks, Flumes, Culverts, Silos, and all exposed sheet metal work. This Company manufactures Sheet and Tin Mill Products of every description and for every known purpose. Send for booklet.

AMERICAN SHEET AND TIN PLATE COMPANY, General Offices: Frick Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

describes how the bull was placed in festive trim:

The banquet was on April 25, and two days in advance of the dinner the bull was covered with blankets and rubbed down twice a day with crude oil to get his dinner coat in sleek and shiny perfection. He also received a hair-cut with fine hair-clippers to eliminate any vagrant whiskers that might have previously eluded his grooms.

The bull's horns received especial attention. The horns were polished and scrubbed and powdered and oiled and repolished again and again. First they were rubbed down with fine emery-paper and then briskly polished with pumice-stone. Having attained the highest possible degree of smoothness a bit of crude oil was applied and the horns were rubbed down again. When this foundation coat of crude oil thoroughly dried a light coat of olive-oil was applied and rubbed down. A final application of cold-cream was then made and this was polished with chamois-skin.

A bull has no finger-nails for a manicure to give attention to, but he has four hoofed feet, which are a more difficult task to put into prime condition. A specialist on bovine pedicuring worked a portion of two days on the bull's hoofs, paring them and trimming them and filing them and sand-papering them and oiling them and polishing them and reoiling them and repolishing them, and just before the animal started out for the dinner a final polishing was given the four precious hoofs.

Unlike a lady dressing for a formal affair, the well-bred bull gives little attention to the coiffure. The bull's hirsute asset is his tail. This must be marceled as scrupulously as any lady's hair. For two days previous to the banquet it was braided together with a kind of pliable weed and kept tied so as to form innumerable little wavelets. When the weed is finally taken out and the tail combed and brushed it acquires a fluffy and wavy appearance which is quite fascinating.

Of course, a bull at a banquet would not partake of the more or less indigestible food which was provided for the human guests. Some special dishes had been prepared for him, therefore, of a variety particularly relished by bulls, and it is not recorded that he awoke the next morning with a headache. The details of the affair are set out as follows:

When the time came for the bull to leave his apartments at the Milk Show, a few blocks away, he did not take a taxicab, but walked to the Waldorf. As he entered the hotel-corridor the owner put his arm affectionately on his head and walked beside him through the hotel-office to the elevator. Up the elevator to the third floor the party went, and there, passing through the hall, entered the banquet room. The assembled guests all stood as the bull entered the hall, and in a procession they escorted their honored guest to his special table. This table was fully appointed with napery, silver, and glassware, and in addition to the bull's two personal valets were assigned two of the Waldorf waiters.

As the bull took his position at his table of honor cocktails were served and each of the five hundred guests raised his glass. For the bull there had been provided a generous sweetened oatmeal cocktail, which was served in a silver champagne-bucket.

As this mammoth cocktail was raised to the bull's lips by the two waiters the guest of honor sipped it with some deliberation, then raised his head, as if to bow an acknowledgment to his five hundred hosts.

As the champagne-bucket was removed one of the bull's personal attendants wiped his lips with a napkin while the other attendant slipt a tablecloth around the bull's neck and chest and tied it behind his ears as a sort of giant napkin to prevent any drops of food from staining the marvelous shine of the guest's chest or his brilliantly polished forehoofs.

Following the cocktail the largest Sheffield silver platter in the Waldorf was brought in by four attendants, heaped with bran and ground oats mixed with a special relish which Oscar, the famous *maître d'hôtel*, insisted on concocting, saying that he knew just what sort of a relish would tickle the palate of this distinguished guest.

The bull consumed his platter of bran and oats with great relish.

The second course was another platter heaped high with macerated beet-pulp and flecked with another special relish designed by the great Oscar. This dish also met with the approval of the bull, for he ate every scrap of it.

For dessert the guest was served with a a huge tray of timothy and clover hay chopped fine and sprinkled with green alfalfa-leaves and sweet buds. This the bull devoured with huge delight and looked about for more. He was not disappointed. The waiters soon returned with a second heaping tray of the same delicacy and the bull devoured every bit of it, apparently with the utmost relish.

While the guest of honor was proceeding with his dinner the five hundred hosts at the various tables throughout the banquet-hall were following their menu cards and making speeches and complimentary allusions to their distinguished guest of honor.

The Milk Show bestowed these honors upon "Financial Sensation" because he represents the highest type of pure-bred Jersey. In speeches that were made at the dinner the following facts were brought out regarding the advantages of raising thoroughbred dairy animals:

"There are 2,300,000 dairy cattle in the United States, and not more than 500,000 of them are on a profitable basis. These 500,000 are pure-bred cattle.

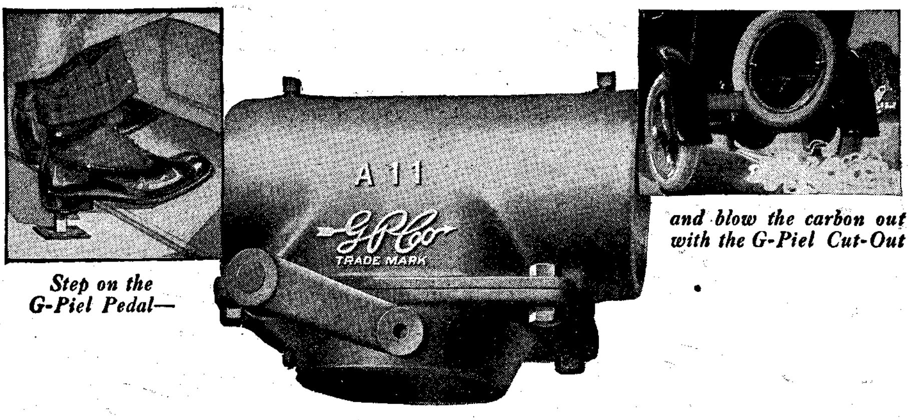
"The increase per person in the United States over the increase per cow has been about twenty per cent. in the last eight years.

"These two facts show what is the cause of the increasing cost of milk and butter. This is an industry on which the welfare of the people depends.

"There are 6,300,000 farms in the country. There is invested in the dairy industry in the States $8,000,000,000, and the products of that industry last year were $3,000,000,000."

The way the price of milk is to be brought down, according to Mr. Munn's theory, is by as rapidly as possible displacing the 1,800,000 cattle that do not produce enough milk, or rich enough milk, to pay for their keep, with pure-bred, profitable stock.

The increasing population will, it is thought, make this change necessary to keep the price of milk from advancing to still higher figures.



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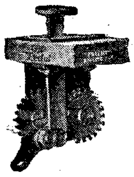

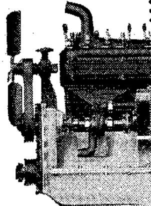

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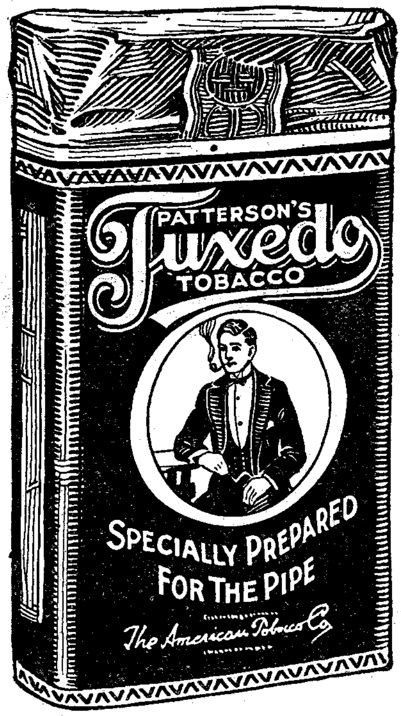
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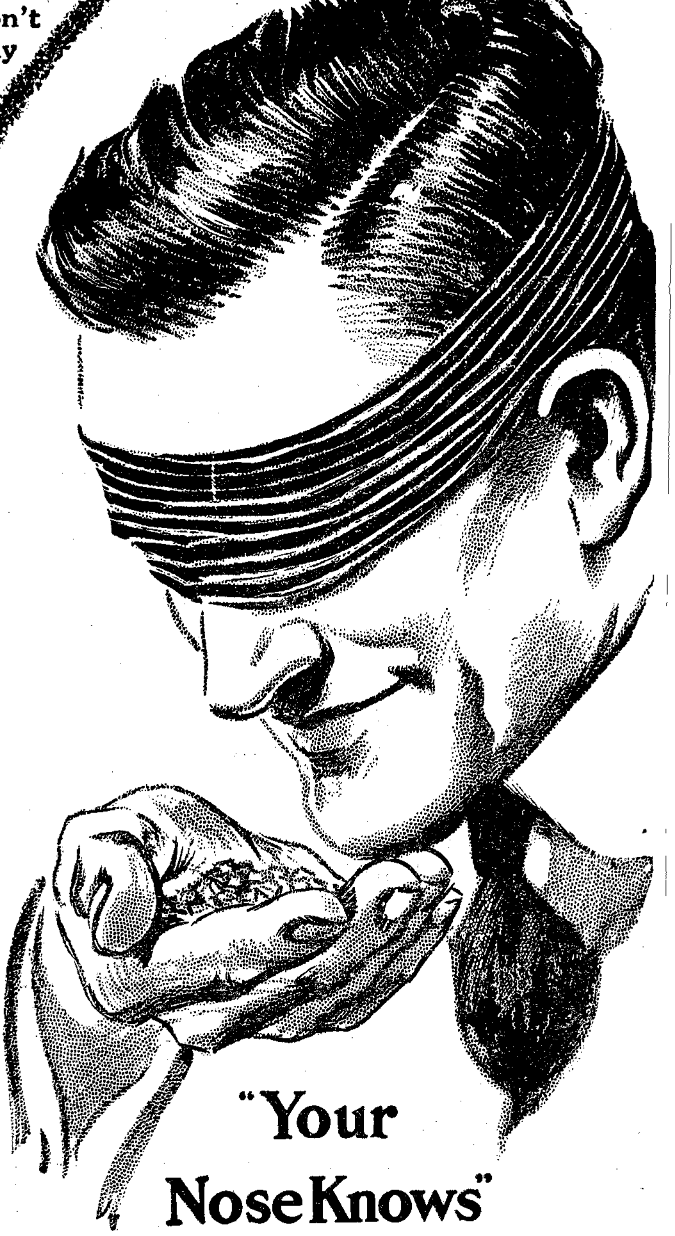

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LENINE AND TROTZKY CAN'T SUPPLY FOOD, BUT THEY HAVE A FINE CARD SYSTEM

A HOUSE of cards is Moscow under the Bolshevik régime, according to the story of Miss Esther White, of Philadelphia, contained in an interview appearing in *The Ledger* of that city, in which Miss White relates her experiences during her recent sojourn in the Russian city. Everything and everybody there is card-indexed. First, one must procure a card upon taking up his abode. Then if he wants to move he must get another card. If he is desirous of eating he must have a card for nearly every item of diet. If he wants to buy clothing, more cards are necessary. And so on, world without end. Possession of all these cards by no means insures the holder's being able to obtain the things they call for, however. The whole card system is under the supervision of the *Soviet* Government, which, it appears, manipulates the cards solely with a view to its own advantage and not for the benefit of the populace. Add to the pestiferous situation created by the restrictions and the inconvenience imposed by this system of cards the fact that productive labor is at a standstill, that most of such salaries as are being paid go to government officials, that the scarcity of food is appalling, that with the enormous quantities of paper money being turned out by the Government the currency has depreciated to where it is practically worthless, that under the communistic system of landholding there is no opportunity of developing the agricultural resources in the country districts or even establishing homes, and you have a fair approximation of conditions in and about Moscow as described by Miss White. She speaks first of the scarcity of food, in this connection stating that she has learned what it is to be hungry, for everybody in Russia to-day is in that state. She says:

The one topic of conversation in Moscow is, What shall we eat? That is the one thing which fills people's minds. They are always hungry, and so they are always thinking of food.

Each house in Moscow is in charge of a house committee. A large part of the people live in apartment-houses, but even single houses must have their committees. The committee catalogs everybody in the house, what they do, how old they are, and other facts which regulate the amount which they may have to eat. There are three classes. In the first are the Army and the people who do physical work. All children and holders of important government offices make up the second, and everybody else is in the third. The proportion of food allowed to these different classes is shown in the bread rations. Each person in class one is entitled to one and a half pounds of bread in two days, for the second class the allotment is one pound every two days, and in the third class one-half pound is allowed.

It is all black bread, made out of rye flour, and is like brown bread, but somewhat heavier. At first I did not like it, but I soon learned that it satisfied the hunger. Of course, there was no butter, and meat was so expensive that we rarely had it. Even for horse-meat we had to have cards. The main food was cabbage, carrots, beets, turnips, and occasionally potatoes.

Sometimes we had a porridge of milk and buckwheat. Milk, however, absolutely vanished during the early winter, but in January we could again procure a cupful at a time for fifteen rubles. The exchange value of a ruble, formerly worth fifty cents, is now about ten cents, which would make the cupful $1.50, even at the present low value of Russian money. There is absolutely no canned milk left. Meat was selling for thirty-five and forty rubles a pound, so that we could seldom afforded to buy it. Even if we had the money we were rather afraid of it, as it was apt to be young horse or dog.

Tea was practically unobtainable, and a substitute was made of the juice of dried carrots. There was no coffee, and in its place we used a drink made of rye, parched and ground. This substitute was quite good. There was no sugar. I had one pound in September, which lasted until Christmas. Of course, I did not use it on my food, but ate it as candy, a little bit at a time. Salt and pepper, like almost everything else, was procured by card. But none of these articles except bread could be had daily. They would be advertised in the newspapers. "The day after to-morrow," we would read, "there will be salt at such and such a shop." And on the day after to-morrow every one in the neighborhood would go to the shop and stand in the long cues outside, often in the cold, waiting, card in hand, for their meager allotment.

One of our favorite dishes was cabbage, cut up and salted, like pickled cabbage. It was mixed with rye flour with one little piece of bacon, two inches by one-half inch, for each person in the family. This would be the *pièce de résistance* at dinner. The only other dish served at the same meal would be soup.

Our menu for the day was something like this: At nine o'clock we had breakfast, which consisted of bread and substitute tea. In the early fall we used to have cheese also. Sometimes we would be able to procure little meat-cakes, which for some reason continued to be sold at a shop in the neighborhood. I never inquired what was in those cakes, but toward the last I found it difficult to eat them. I would keep saying to myself: "Maybe it's horse, maybe it's dog; maybe it's horse, maybe it's dog," and it took away my relish. For dinner at three o'clock we had soup and one other dish, perhaps baked carrots, or fried potatoes, or baked turnips. There were beans, like lentils, which we parboiled, and sometimes we made a porridge out of milk and buckwheat. For supper we had the soup, warmed over, followed by one dish, similar to those at dinner. When we could get a little meat we would stuff turnips with it, and sometimes we had cold vegetable salad.

Fat was practically unobtainable, and the peasants used castor-oil, cod-liver oil, and sunflower-seeds for frying. In fact, sunflower-seeds formed an important part of their diet. Every Russian peasant has a sunflower patch, and they are seen everywhere chewing the seeds as they would gum. It is difficult for the foreigner to get at the kernel, but the peasant is an expert and puts the pod into his mouth, cracks it, chews the kernel, and spits out

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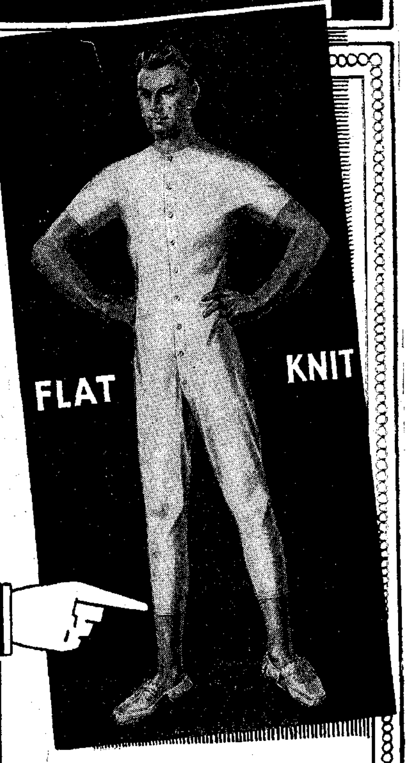

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You'll like the finish, the fine quality of these Lastlong flat-knit suits, but get into one and discover how comfortable a union suit that does not bind can be.

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> the pod, apparently all in one motion. You see them everywhere, talking away, with a continued stream of pods running out of their mouths, and the village streets and station floors are black with them. There is a little oil in the seed, and I believe the nourishment has much to do with the fact that so many of the peasants have kept in good health, in spite of the scarcity of food.

It is explained that the menu outlined above, while humble, is much better than that of many Russians. The *bourgeoisie* have a hard time to get food, particularly widows with children, who are prevented from working. Apparently the big idea of the Bolsheviki is that if one does not work, neither shall he eat. This presents, to say the least, a peculiar situation, when it is further explained that there is no work to be had in Russia to-day of a productive character. Of course, a good many people are required to handle the card system, which activity apparently passes for work in the Bolshevik mind. Others go into the Army, where one is fed. But the principal reason for the hunger in Russia is that there is nothing to eat. Of this Miss White says:

> Even in the shops there is little food to be obtained, and the people are pouring out of the city in great numbers to forage for themselves. Great processions of them are to be seen everywhere, often taking children with them, on the search for food. The railroads are all controlled by the Government, and the transportation of troops has put a stop to any kind of regularity in service. Often the hungry peasants will have to wait two or three days for a train, and travel has become agony. Stations and cars are unspeakably dirty.
>
> When the train at last comes the people crowd in, biting and tearing one another like wild dogs and wolves in their attempt to get places. They cover the roofs and hang on the buffers, even when the temperature is below zero. Many of them are killed in accidents and many die after their return to town of illness resulting from exposure. Others never go back, but find a place in the country, where food is to be obtained. It is estimated that Moscow, which a few years ago had a population of two million, has now less than one million inhabitants, due to typhus, starvation, disease, and other ravages of war and revolution.
>
> The people are pouring out of the villages as well as the cities in quest of food. They take their children and go forth, not knowing where. Sometimes they wander until they reach a good-natured settlement or village, where there is a little food which they can have, and there they stay.
>
> The program of nationalizing the land is nothing new to the Russian people, in whom the communistic idea is deep-rooted. They have always had the land portioned out to them, changing from year to year. They live in settlements and farm outside. "It is not fair," they say, "that you who had a strip of land near the settlement last year should have it again next year. Therefore you should have one far from the settlement this year and this strip should be given to another." The result of this system is bad, for a good farmer will not take good care of his land for the sake of the lazy farmer who is inevitably sure to have it later.

Food is not the only thing that is scarce in Russia, however. Clothing and fuel are also among the commodities that are almost unobtainable. With winter temperatures all the way from twenty to forty degrees below zero, the lack of these things is serious. It is said that "just as no one is ever satisfied as to appetite in Moscow, so no one is ever warm enough in cold weather." The account continues:

> The houses have gone to rack and ruin, and the people have taken many of the inside doors to burn as fuel. Everything looks seedy, including the people, who can not buy clothes.
>
> It is hard to tell what will happen next. The peace program of the nationalization of the land was supported by the whole people. Since then we have watched the change in the attitude of the public as shown in the newspapers. During the period of the Red Terror they were full of radical, threatening editorials, prophesying a world revolution. Then it became evident that the people were questioning the value of the new governmental methods. By January the editorials were asking such questions as What has become of our factory output? What are the railroads doing? What about their rates? They began seeking the reasons for these things.
>
> The Russian is not a gifted organizer. In fact, organizing is not his forte, for he is a dreamer. Certain it is that the more pressure is brought upon them from the outside the more radical they become. When they feel that their own position is more secure they must change.

IF AMERICA WERE BEING RULED AS WE ARE RULING PART OF GERMANY

SUPPOSE America had been conquered by Germany, suppose Germany were now occupying a part of the United States, as American forces are now occupying a part of Germany—what would we have to endure, and how would we feel about it? "I am going to try to give you a little idea of how Germans live under American military rule by reversing the facts and imagining ourselves surrounded by enemy troops," writes Lieut. Henry B. Harris, with the American Army of Occupation, to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles N. Harris, of Winchester, Massachusetts. The result is a surprizing revelation not only of what the American occupation of Germany must mean to the Germans, but also of what actual measures have been taken by the American Army to make itself supreme in the occupied territory. Even tho the American rule is infinitely less stringent than was the German rule in Belgium, Germany is now, it seems, experiencing something of what it means to be conquered. The spiritual effect of being forced to entertain her conquerors is especially brought out by Lieutenant Harris's novel idea of imagining the situations reversed. He takes up details, small in themselves but full of significance, in his letter, which appears in the Woburn (Mass.) *Times*. "First, we can think of every available room in every house occupied either by one officer or by several enlisted men," he writes, and continues:

> When I say every available room, I mean each room that is left after the family has been made to move into the fewest number of rooms it can get along with. If it were our house, for instance, and we four were living there, you would both together be allowed one sleeping-room and Arthur and I another, as well as one for the maid. The other sleeping-rooms would be given over to officers and the rooms on the third floor would be for two or three enlisted men, while the library might be used for a dining-room or office. All conveniences of houses would, of course, be used by all the occupants, who would also have free access at all times, day and night, early and late.
>
> Unless we were sound sleepers, we would be awakened each morning at an uncomfortably early hour by the sound of the bugle blowing first call and the soldiers subsequently making a hasty and probably noisy exit.
>
> Our new hospital would be used by the Army, and, like so many other things, would probably be "For Officers Only." Some of the school-houses would be turned into hospitals for the soldiers, and our youngest pupils would have to remain at home with nothing to do until military necessity no longer required the use of their buildings. Likely one building only would be allowed for both high and grammar schools. One set of pupils would occupy it in the morning; another in the afternoon.
>
> The town hall or other prominent office building would be taken over as headquarters, and sentries with bayonets fixt would constantly guard its entrance, allowing none of our own citizens to pass without first showing proper credentials. Public halls would likewise be used by the enemy for educational and recreational purposes.
>
> Our Manchester Field would be taken by the enemy for use as a drill field and for athletics and entertainment. Other fields and open lots in the town might also be used for drilling, for a rifle-range, for parking artillery or motor-transportation, or to corral horses and mules.
>
> Wherever we might wish to go, it would first be necessary to obtain permission from the officials of the occupying army. Armed guards would be stationed constantly on every road leading out of town, and it would be necessary for us to stop and show our authority for travel. Railroad-stations would also be surrounded by guards, and none would be allowed to board a train without first presenting a pass. Military policemen would work in conjunction with the civil police in maintaining order among both civilians and soldiers.
>
> Our storehouses and freight-yards would almost entirely be given over to the enemy; they would demand reservations on already overcrowded trains. None of us would have automobiles, except possibly one or two doctors, and municipal officials. We would walk and would have continually to be on the alert to get out of the way of the many and fast-moving touring-cars and trucks, the drivers of which would show no sympathy for the slow-moving or careless individual who failed to get beyond the range of the splashing mud. Our best and most influential citizens would walk, while the enemy private might use motor-transportation if his errand were official business.

While walking, Lieutenant Harris points out, it would be necessary for all Americans to turn out of the way of the enemy

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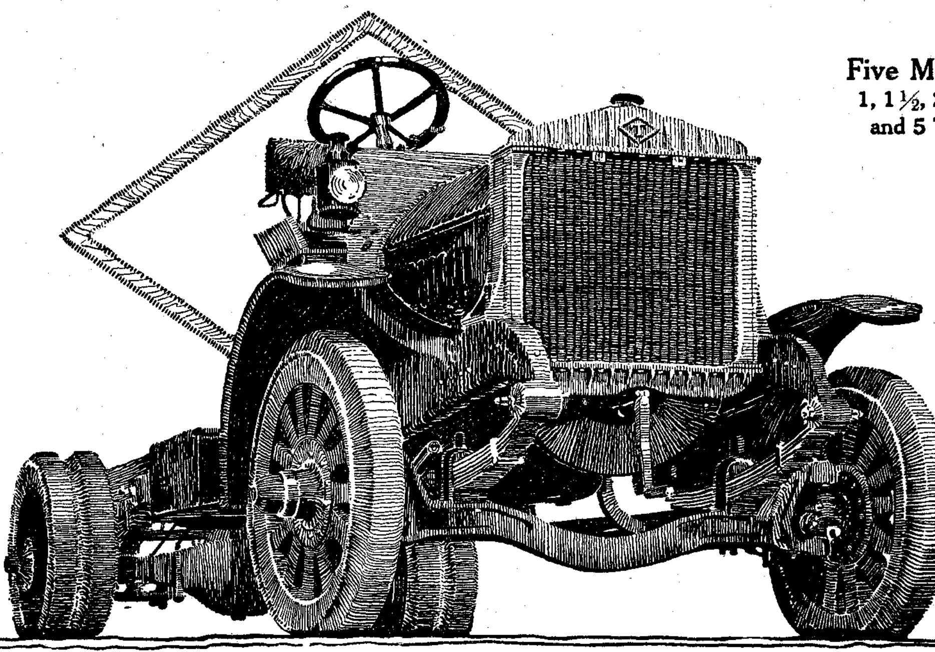

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the "slam! bang!"
out of screen doors.
SARGENT

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LOCKS AND HARDWARE

officers. They would probably not give way except for a lady. His imaginary situation, which is real enough to-day in Germany, is further developed:

> Any of our people wearing a uniform would be required to salute all enemy officers—firemen, policemen, postmen, conductors, and brakemen, soldiers and sailors, Army and Navy officers, no matter what their rank.
>
> We would have little to eat; food would be very difficult to obtain, everything would cost three or four times its normal price; yet we would see our enemies in our very houses having everything they need to eat furnished by the Government and being able to buy more from the same source at very low prices. From them we would be allowed to buy or accept nothing.
>
> All our mail would be censored, and consequently subject to long delays. It would not be an uncommon sight to see some of our men marching up or down the street, or laboring, under the close surveillance of a prisoners' guard as a result of having committed some minor offense. None of our citizens would be allowed to have arms of any kind in their possession, while practically every one of the enemy would be armed.
>
> Such would be the situation if our country were as depleted of its resources after four and one-half years of war as Germany is to-day, and if our town were occupied by an enemy and that enemy was no more domineering, no more demanding in his terms, or no harsher in its treatment of the people than our Army is here in Germany.
>
> Needless to say, if the conditions actually were reversed, the *Boches* victorious and occupying our beautiful little town, it would hardly be worth living in. What they did in France and Belgium is proof of that. Our citizens would be forced to labor for them, our young women and girls would be insulted, and property, public and private, would be unlawfully seized. Yet such might have been the case had our Allies not held the advance of the German hordes before we came to their assistance. France and England have much to thank us for, but perhaps we owe more to them than they to us, and we don't know it.
>
> The Germans where I have been seem not only not to resent our presence here with all its attending discomforts, inconvenience, and humiliation to them, but, on the other hand, are cordial, friendly, and willing to submit to whatever our military commanders dictate. To be sure, they realize that it is better to submit gracefully to enemy conquerors and have order preserved than it is to have revolution wrought by their own people like that in the parts of Germany not occupied by the Allied armies. However, if conditions were for our people what they are for the Germans here, I wonder whether we would submit as calmly and with so little apparent ill-feeling. The *Boches* as a people show that they are accustomed to discipline and to act as they are directed.
>
> It is very possible that their friendship is only apparent, not real, and that when they realize the severity of the peace they must accept (as I think few of them do at present), we may have trouble with them.
>
> While I have been writing this, a big fire broke out and the guards all over town fired their rifles and pistols to give the alarm. The same thing happened a short time ago in the middle of the night, and until we knew the cause of the firing, it took but a little imagination to realize what a riot would be like.

THE STORY OF PAPER FROM THE NILE REED TO THE RAG-BAG

MAYBE the world would be spared much if paper had never been invented, but the damage is now done and we have to make the best of it. But we can at least ferret out the roots of the crime and find who is to blame. Of course they "meant well." When the ancient Egyptians, thousands of years before the Christian era, were busy stripping the thin, fibrous layers from beneath the outer bark of the reed called papyrus, in order that they might have material on which to render their butcher and grocery bills—there were no coal bills then—they little dreamed that in centuries to come our pine-forests would fall under the ax to supply paper for the daily hair-raising "extras" with their pages of crimes and comics. In an introduction to an article on Canada's pulp and paper industry, in the New York *Journal of Commerce*, J. Newell Stephenson tells interestingly the history of paper.

Referring to the stone obelisks of Egypt, the clay prisms and cylinders of Babylonia, and the barks and skins used by the Indians, as the first methods of recording thoughts and messages, he writes:

> All these had disadvantages of one kind or another, so that it became necessary to devise a writing material that could be produced at less expense and in any quantity, and be more convenient. The papyrus, a graceful reed growing in the shallow waters of the Nile, proved the magic wand which gave men and nations a substance on which to write their history, convey their thoughts, and make known their wants.
>
> The papyrus grows from six to ten feet above the water-level. The roots and stalks below water are dried and used for food and fuel. When used for making writing material the flowering top was cut off and the hard outer layer removed from the triangular-shaped stalk. Under the hard shell are several thin, yellowish layers from which the papyrus sheet was made. These were peeled off and sometimes bleached in the sun.
>
> To make the sheet of papyrus, the long strips were laid side by side until a width of eight to fifteen inches was reached. Then the shorter strips were laid crosswise, and the whole moistened with water and prest. The vegetable mucilage caused the pieces to stick together in a single sheet. After drying on a board in the sun the sheet was glazed by rubbing with a smooth shell or bone. The Romans further improved this material by sizing with starch. Unless bleached, the sheets were a yellowish white. A single sheet was eight to fifteen inches wide and about six feet long. Frequently these sheets were pasted end to end, making a strip sometimes as long as 130 feet, which was rolled.
>
> Parts of the Scriptures were written on papyrus, which was cut into squares and bound, making what was called a codex. The oldest known papyrus dates from 2400 B.C., altho probably used long before that time. Papyrus was largely used as late as the tenth century, at which period parchment was much used, and paper began to appear in Europe. It is from the Latin, Greek, and Egyptian names for this reed that our word "paper" is derived.

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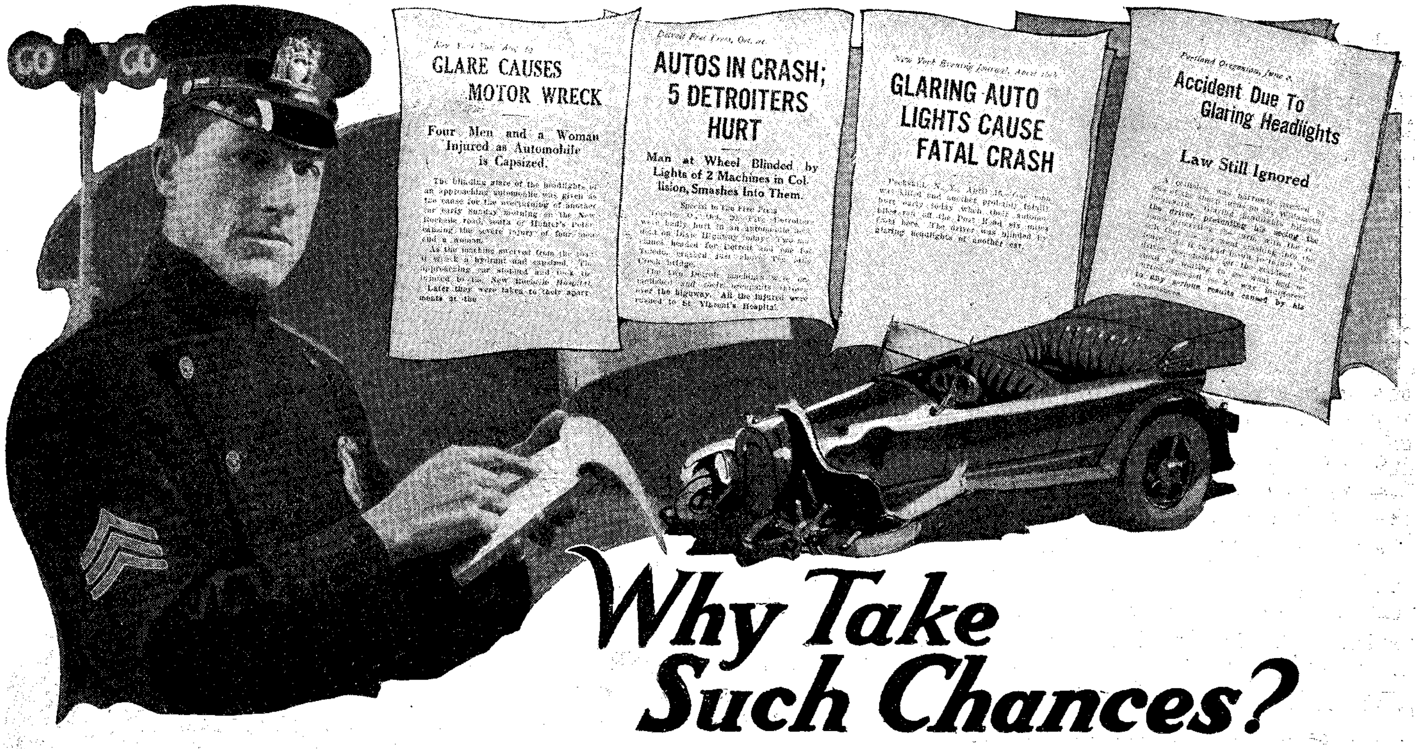
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Man at Wheel Blinded by Lights of 2 Machines in Collision, Smashes Into Them.
New York Evening Journal
GLARING AUTO LIGHTS CAUSE FATAL CRASH
Portland Oregonian
Accident Due To Glaring Headlights
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4-***"Signals of Safety and Courtesy"*** because the distinctive Noviol tint is instantly recognized at a distance by drivers, pedestrians and traffic officers.

5-***Obeys Law of Courtesy*** because Conaphores protect both the car driver and all others on the road equally well.

6-***Pierces Fog and Dust*** because Noviol glass eliminates the blue and violet rays chiefly responsible for "back-glare."

7-***Easiest Driving Light*** because the mellow Noviol beam is easiest for the eye to follow. For the same reason Noviol gives maximum range of vision when used in the goggles of an aviator or of a look-out at sea. *See Circular No. 28, U. S. Bureau of Standards, page 12.*

8-***Unique Quality of Noviol Glass*** because Noviol is entirely different from any ordinary yellow or amber glass. Its unique properties, known to all scientists, are the result of special skill in the art of glass making.

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10-***Legal in All States and Canada*** because all official tests have endorsed both clear and Noviol Conaphores.

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THE SCIENTIFIC HEADLIGHT GLASS
KILLS GLARE
500 FOOT RANGE
PIERCES FOG AND DUST

It is recorded that the Chinese made real paper from the pulp of wood fiber two hundred years before the Christian era, altho it is believed that the inner bark of the paper mulberry was used long before that. Of the early Celestial method of manufacture the writer says:

> The Chinese cut bamboo into short lengths, soaked them in pits until soft, then beat them to a pulp with stamps. The pulp was transferred to a vat, and the sheet was made by dipping out some of the pulp on to a mold. This mold was a shallow tray with a removable edge and a bottom made of reeds. When some of the pulp had been dipt out, the mold was shaken back and forth and sideways, causing the fibers to overlap one another, while most of the water drained off.
>
> On each side of the vat was a stove with an inclined top of clay. The workman put a sheet on the stove by removing the edge of his tray (the deckle) and laying the paper flat on the stove, to which it adhered. He then removed the sheet previously laid on the other stove and repeated the process. A smoother paper was obtained by brushing the sheet with a thin rice starch.
>
> The Chinese established a mill at Samarkand some time about the sixth century. In 704 the Arabs captured the city and learned the art of paper-making. They had a mill at Bagdad, where paper was made from 795 till the fifteenth century. Large quantities were also made at Damascus.
>
> Paper was not much used in Greece until the thirteenth century, altho it had been brought in by trade and thus introduced into Europe. We have no record of paper being made at this time in Greece.
>
> The Moors in Spain made the first paper manufactured in Europe. They had a mill at Toledo as early as 1085, one at Jativa (or Xativa) in 1154, and one at Valencia. The earliest European document on cotton paper is dated 1102 (Munsell mentions a manuscript dated 1049 in the British Museum). The Spaniards found cotton-cloth better than raw cotton. Linen was also used at this time, and there is record that old mummy-cloths were sold for paper-making. Among other materials used were hemp and flax.
>
> An important improvement credited to the Spaniards is the use of water-mills to run the stamps, in place of hand-power previously used. By this time wire had replaced the reeds of the Chinese for the molds.
>
> France had a mill at Essonnes in 1189. The great literary activity of the French about this time, especially a little later, led to great progress in the art of paper-making. For several centuries the French and Dutch made the best paper in Europe. Paper-making came into Italy from Sicily, whither it was brought by the Arabs. Genoa had a considerable trade in paper in 1235.

The first paper-mill in Germany was established at Cologne about 1300 and that at Mainz in 1320. The German mills were conducted by a master paper-maker and his journeymen and apprentices. The latter were required to be of respectable parentage and to spend four years and fourteen days learning the trade before they could become members of the paper-makers' gild. The ceremony of the

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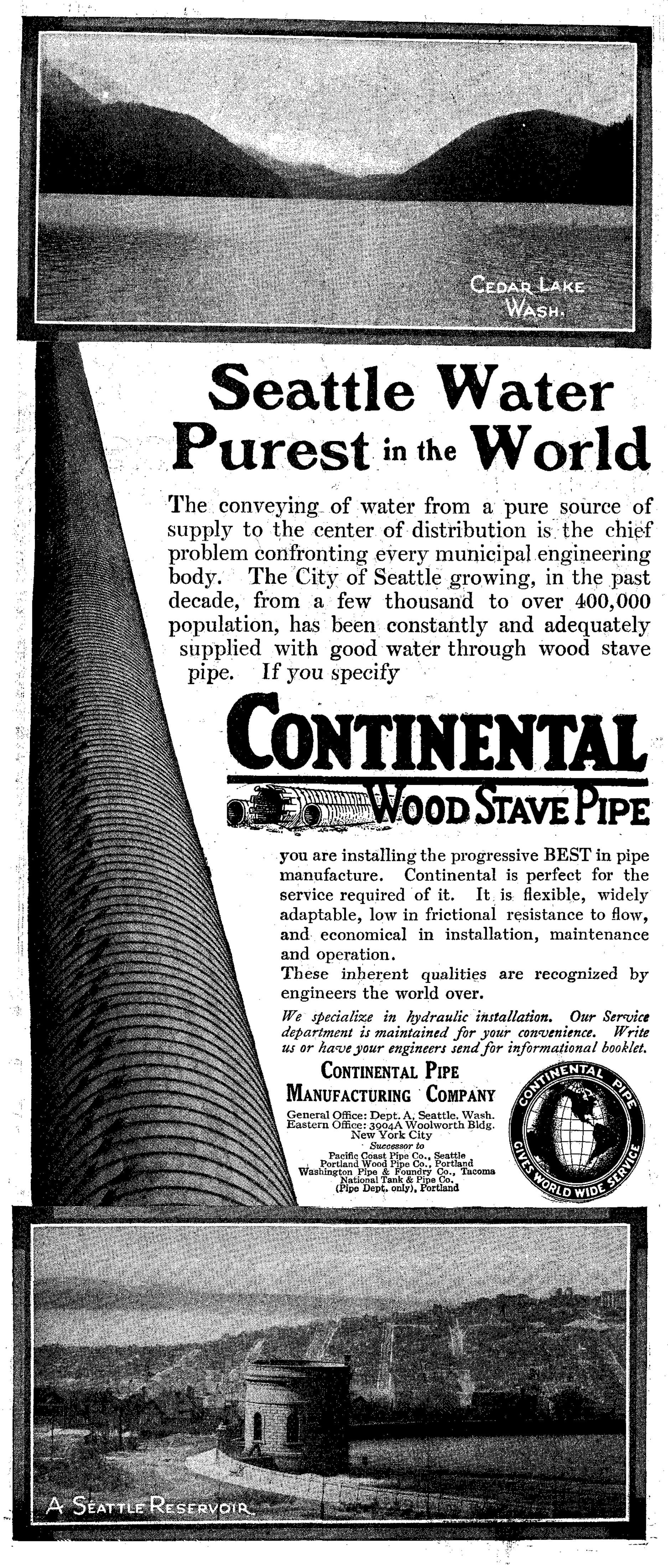

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admittance of an apprentice to the gild is thus described in *The Journal of Commerce:*

> At last his apprenticeship was over and he made ready to entertain the paper-makers of his town and neighborhood when they met to vote him into the gild.
>
> The party gathered around the table while his own master paper-maker answered questions as to his character and fitness. Meanwhile our apprentice waited by the door with a roast calf. When his credentials had been accepted he took in the roast and made a speech, beginning "With the favor and permission of my worthy masters and journeymen," continuing with a few verses praising the art of the paper-maker, thanking the company, and closing with: "With pleasure and the best of my skill, I present to you my roast of good will."
>
> Then the young man was subjected to an examination, with questions on the layout of the mill, operation of machinery, preparation of the stuff, etc., after which he was given a certificate. His old journeymen friends now drank in brotherhood with him. The ceremony lasted three days with speeches and music. But the new journeyman had to pay the bill, and as he usually did not have the means, his master would pay it and he would work it off.
>
> The new journeyman was then free to begin his year of travel, during which he visited many mills, working for his board as he went, till he found a permanent place or a girl to marry, often the daughter of a paper-maker, who would take him into partnership.
>
> In the fourteenth century these mills used rags, threads, old clothes, and new cotton. Much of the paper made from these materials is now as good as parchment, after five hundred years.

The study of the water-mark, which is supposed to have originated in Italy, is interesting. It is believed to have been first used as a center mark to show when the sheet was half filled. The first mark, which was a cross, appeared in 1282. In 1285 it was used with the letter "B," probably indicating the maker. In the fourteenth century a great number of marks appeared showing the maker, place, quality, to denote the size, or to commemorate some historical event.

In England paper which came from France or Spain was used as early as 1309, but a passage in Shakespeare's "Henry VII." indicates that parchment was used to some extent after 1450. Of the manufacture of paper in England the writer says:

> John Tate is said to have had a mill in Hertford before 1550. A mill at Dartford was described in a poem written in 1565. This mill was run by a German, Spielmann (later Spillman) in 1588.
>
> The first English patent on paper-making was granted to Hildegard in 1665, "for making blew paper used by sugar-bakers and others." In 1675 Barneby took out a patent on paper-making for "all sorts of white paper . . . a new manufacture and never practised in any of our kingdoms or dominions." Imports of paper in 1690 amounted to 100,000 pounds sterling a year. Hardly any paper, except brown, was made in England prior to 1688.

Mills that were established were not always successful, so that the industry barely had got on its feet in England before William Rittenhouse and William Bradford, a printer of Philadelphia, established the first paper-mill in America in 1690. The mill was at Wissahickon, known as Paper-Mill Run, where there was an abundance of water.

In 1724 we find the first mixing of paper and politics. Bradford tried to obtain the exclusive rights to the manufacture of paper in the Colony of New York—and failed. In 1728 he started the first mill in New Jersey.

On Chester Creek, Penn., there stands the original Ivy Mill, built in 1727 by Thomas Wilcox on land bought of William Penn. Paper is now made on the same land, but not in the old mill which was, however, in use in 1853, making paper by the same method as that used 140 years earlier.

Massachusetts seemed more interested in paper-making than New York, for in 1728 a patent was granted to Henchman, Philips, Faneuil, Hancock, and Deering for the sole manufacture of paper for ten years. This was at Milton on the Neponset. In modern phraseology this would be called a "respectable" firm and well connected. Daniel Henchman, the head of the firm, was a bookbinder and the leading bookseller of Boston at that time; he later became sales agent for a paper made in Maine, as this district was then a part of the Massachusetts Colony. Thomas Hancock was Colonel Henchman's son-in-law and uncle to John Hancock. Benjamin Faneuil was the father of Peter Faneuil, of Faneuil Hall memory. Gilman Philips was brother-in-law to Peter Faneuil.

When the Revolution broke out there were only three paper-mills running in New England, and fifty all told in the Colonies. Rags were scarce and unskilled workmen made poor paper. When the American Army entered Philadelphia in 1778 there was a great scarcity of paper for cartridges, and soldiers were sent out to search through the city. In an attic of a house in which Franklin had operated his printing-press they found 2,500 copies of a sermon by the Rev. Gilbert Tennant on "Defensive War."

"This sermon," says the writer in *The Journal of Commerce*, "was very effectively delivered at the battle of Trenton."

The paper made at that time was all produced with the hand-mold after the manner of the early Chinese paper-makers, and it was not until 1799 that the Foudrinier machine was invented by Louis Robert in France. In 1809 the cylinder machine was invented by Dickinson in Pennsylvania. These two machines were the basis of the machines in use at the present time.

After a review of the development of the industry in Canada—which dates from the establishment of a mill at St. Andrews, Quebec, in 1803—the writer says:

> Let us look at the industry now from the other side and see why it is necessary to our daily life, for this is not the day for unnecessary things. The fact that it assists, directly and indirectly, in the development of our natural resources and

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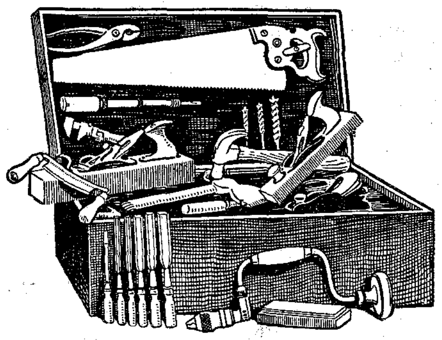

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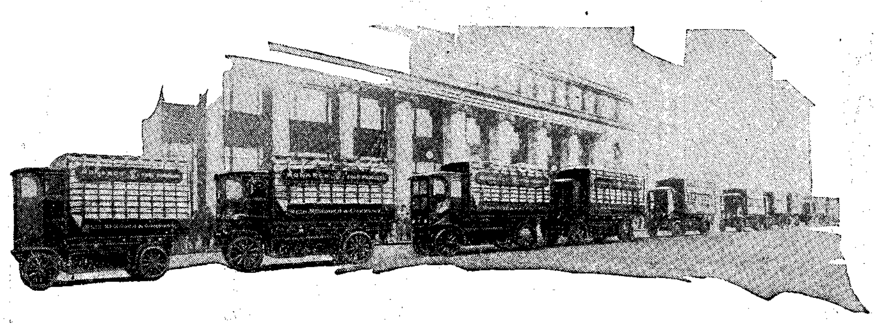

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that it employs 25,000 Canadians in mill and yard, and approximately as many more in the woods, and pays them more than $20,000,000 annually in wages, is not sufficient reason for its existence. It must, and does, serve the people. One can realize the importance of the industry in this respect by trying to imagine what life would be without the newspaper and the magazine, without books and printed music, without letters of friendship or business, without roofing-paper to keep rain from the settler and his stock, without building-paper to protect his home from the wintry blast and wall board and paper to make it attractive, without the paper-bag for coffee and sugar, wrappings, boxes and cartons for food and clothing and other things, or special papers that minister to numerous daily needs. It is impossible to conceive of such a condition, so we may safely assume that the paper-mill has a real place in our national life.

NOBODY LOVED THE "M. P.'S," BUT THEY HELPED A LOT

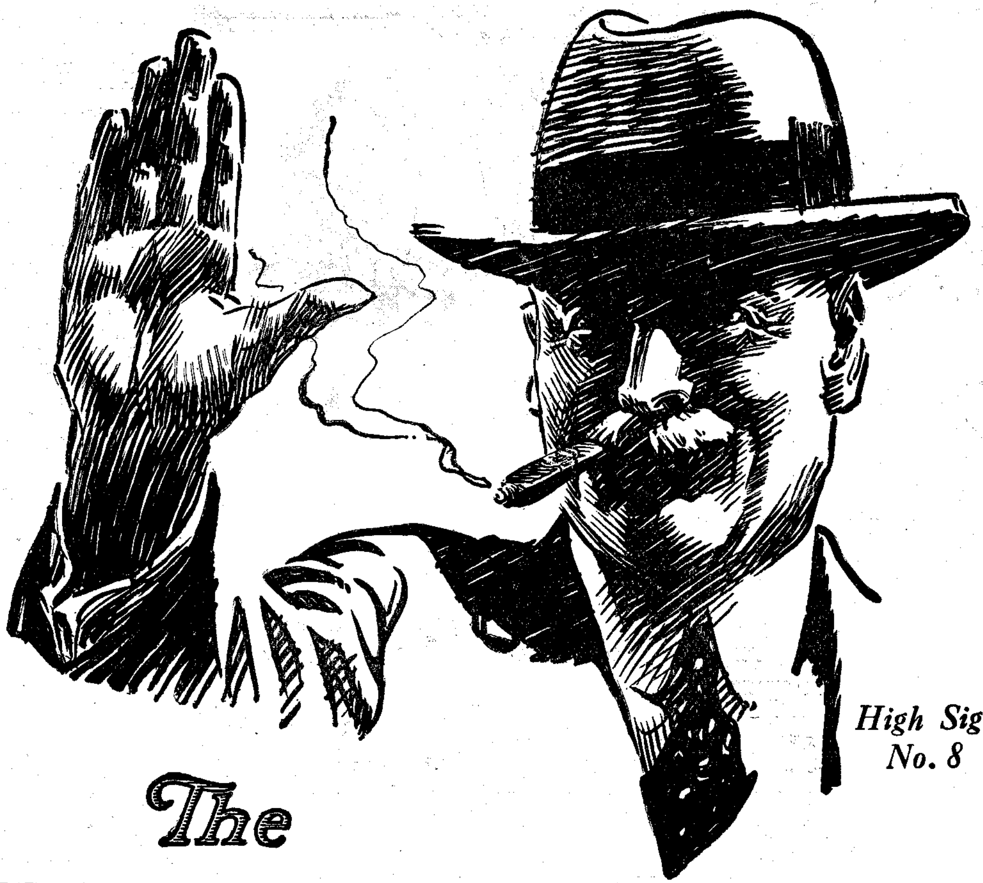
WHEN dough-boys fresh from the front meet those representatives of military law and order called Military Police, or commonly "M. P.'s," who mostly guard areas in the rear, one of the dough-boy group is almost certain to sing out:

"Who won the war?"

The answer rises in a roaring chorus: "The M. P.'s!"

This dialog is the height of dough-boy sarcasm. It formulates in a peculiarly biting way the ordinary private's "distaste for those meddlesome gentry who are ofttimes obliged to repress the overly ebullient frolicking of the fighting men," writes Lincoln Eyre from American General Headquarters, at Chaumont to the New York *World*, "and enforce the high standard of conduct enjoined by the Commander-in-Chief." Mr. Eyre sympathizes with the M. P.'s, and appreciates their services in these kind words:

> Maybe the M. P.'s didn't win the war all by themselves, but in the opinion of those familiar with the vast organization of which they form the major part they are certainly playing a major rôle in the tremendous business of keeping it won.
>
> There is no exaggeration in the statement that without the Military Police Corps and its affiliated bodies, America's share in the fruits of victory would be seriously imperiled.
>
> For upon the broad shoulders of the M. P.'s rests the mighty task of assuring orderliness and decent behavior among close upon two million American soldiers in Europe; friendly relations between the Army and the Allied peoples with whom it comes into contact; and tactful administration of the regulations governing the civilian population in the occupied districts of Germany.
>
> Save among those directly concerned there is scant knowledge of these things. Even here at G. H. Q. few individuals realize the superlative importance and extraordinary development of the Army's police system. Only General Pershing himself and his principal staff officers are fully aware of the work that is being done so efficiently and unostentatiously by the men with the "M. P." arm-band about



High Sign
No. 8

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It's the first degree in the Order of Orlando. They teach you to stop smoking promiscuously—stop spoiling a good tobacco taste and ruining your nerves without reason.

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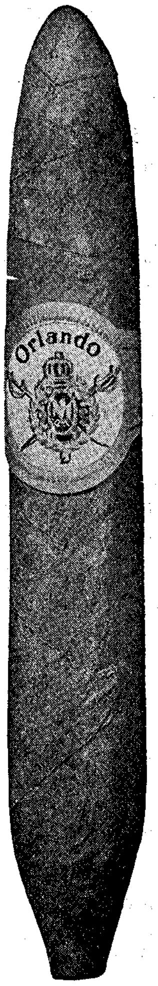
Stop at any United Cigar Store. Say "Orlando" to the clerk and be initiated into the mysteries of mildness, blandness, smoothness and rare, rich mellowness of this cigar.

Learn the "why-of-it," men—the reason for the power of Orlando popularity—the secret of Orlando goodness. Order Orlando and become one of the order.



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Orlando comes in ten sizes—10c to 15c. Little Orlando 6c. Ten sizes enable us to use a fine grade of tobacco without waste—the secret of high quality at low prices.

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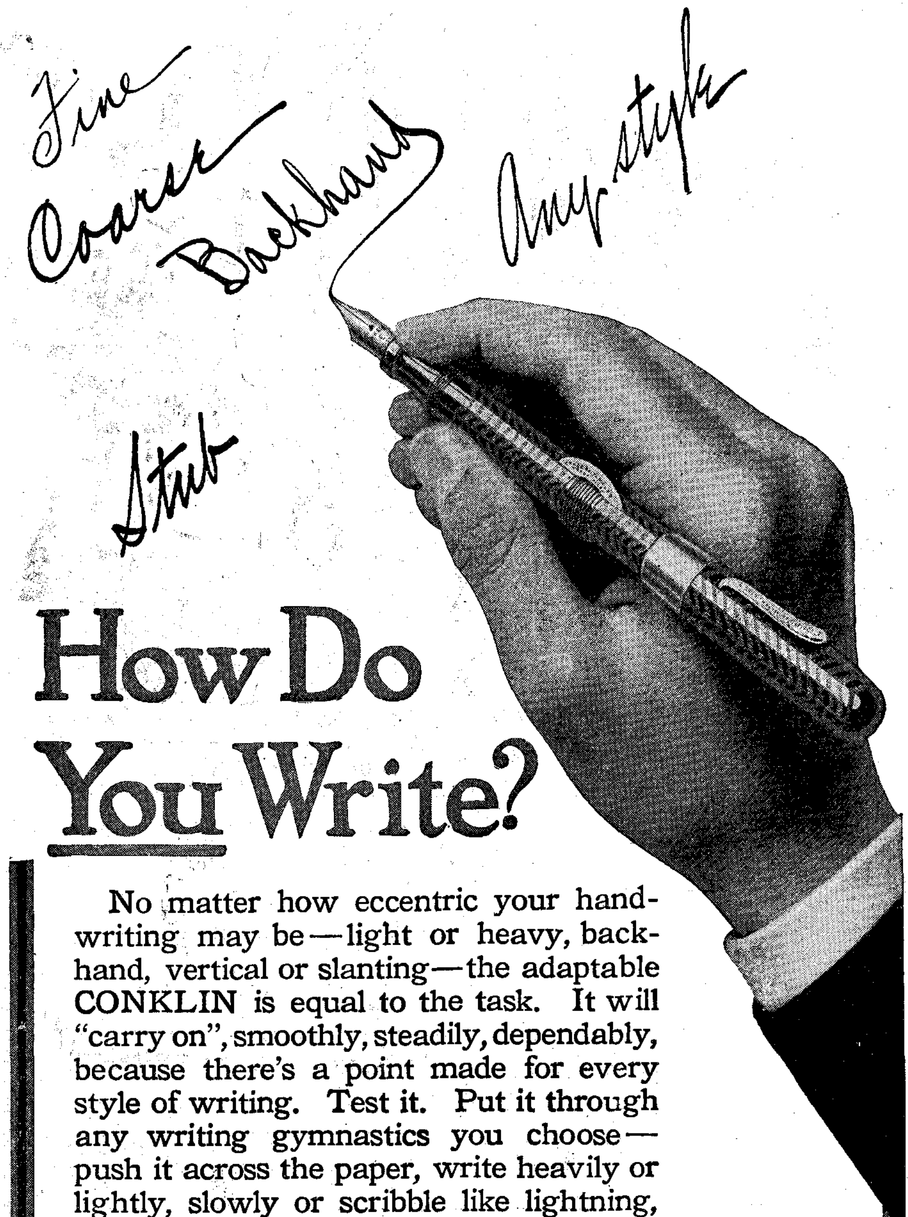

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their khaki sleeves. And yet, at the present stage, these men and those who lead them constitute the most important branch of the A. E. F.

All the police activities connected with our troops in Europe are controlled by the Provost Marshal-General's Department, under the command of Brig.-Gen. H. H. Bandholtz. Scattered through France, England, Italy, Belgium, Luxemburg, and parts of Germany and Austria, General Bandholtz's force, some 36,000 strong, keeps watch and ward on Uncle Sam's soldiers and the alien folk among whom they live. The Provost Marshal-General is also charged with the care of more than 48,000 prisoners of war captured by the United States Army, in itself a complex and colossal business.

While the war was on, says Mr. Eyre, the dough-boy's chief amusement as he plodded to and from the firing-line was to taunt the M. P. From the fighting man's point of view the M. P. was merely a "bonehead" encumbrance who stayed far in the rear of the battle and whose principal vocation was to tie up traffic tighter than before. Whenever rations failed to arrive or ammunition ran out, the M. P. got the blame. He continues, revealing another side of the picture:

Yet authentic instances of sagacity and heroism by military police that saved the skins of thousands of front-line troops are so numerous they form a thick chapter in Col. H. S. Howland's history of the P. M. G. Department. Here are a few incidents culled at random from the official records:

At Very, in the Argonne region, the roads were shelled heavily night and day. The N. C. O. in charge of traffic there placed his men so that when shells were striking near the crossroads the endless stream of transport could be stopt about a mile away and proceed when the range of fire was more favorable. In this way three complete divisions passed through Very without a single casualty. The M. P.'s, of course, were constantly exposed to bursting shells.

In the 32d Division area near the Meuse, a German shell struck a caisson loaded with gas-projectiles and exploded them, filling the road with the deadly fumes. An M. P. kept the traffic back from the dangerous spot, discovered an uncharted lane through the woods, and steered all wagons and gun-carriages around by that route, thus avoiding both casualties and disastrous delay.

M. P.'s stationed at Charpentry, just behind the lines in the Argonne area, ran a kitchen, helped dress and carry wounded, and generally attended to the dough-boys' needs under continuous bombardment, mostly with gas-shells. For hours at a time they carried on in gas-masks.

Guarding newly captured prisoners is at no time an enviable task. Military police sentries of the 91st Division were obliged to guard a batch of *Boches* in the divisional cage under so fierce a rain of shells that the prisoners built dugouts to protect themselves. Their jailers, however, had to stand upright so as not to lose sight of the captives. By good luck the M. P.'s escaped unscathed, tho five prisoners were killed and several wounded.

On one occasion in the Meuse fighting certain units of the 26th Division were driven back temporarily. Knowing this, Private Winslow J. Damon, an M. P., on his own initiative warned officers

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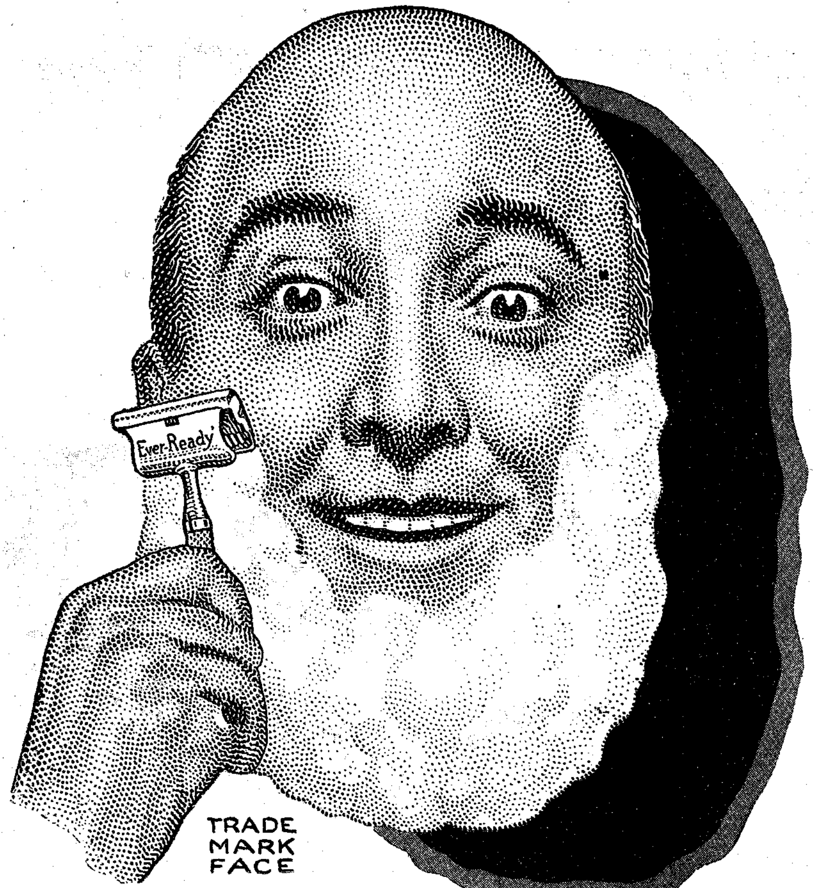
The Most Beautiful Car in America

Pride of ownership is an instinct. It is as old as the human race itself and to it we owe much of the inspiration and incentive that have created our present highly civilized life.

Pride of ownership is a constructive influence. It fixes definite standards of living and encourages the production of all utilities that are worthy of respect and confidence.

Pride of ownership is both the cause and effect of Paige ownership. It is, indeed, the only adequate expression of the Paige idea.

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN



'Ever-Ready'
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Swift, Smooth—and Soothing!

No matter how stiff your whiskers or how tender your skin, The Ever-Ready Razor floats through your beard and leaves your face gratefully cool and clean.

From the sturdy, scientifically balanced frame, especially designed to present the Radio Blade at the most efficient shaving angle, to the neat plush-lined case itself, the Ever-Ready Outfit is refined to the most minute detail.

Extra Ever-Ready Radio Blades—the keenest and most durable in the world—sell at 6 for 40c.

American Safety Razor Co., Inc.
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Sold everywhere.

Makers of the famous Ever-Ready Shaving Brush. 30c to $6.50.

$1.00 Complete

Ever-Ready Safety Razor
Ever-Ready
Blades
Blades

commanding supply-trains to turn back, and then enabled them to retire without tangling the traffic up by opening up a side road he had discovered by intelligent reconnoitering.

Initiative, a quality always encouraged in the American soldier, is particularly necessary to the M. P. It found high expression in the act of Corporal Joseph Gallant, on traffic control duty north of Château-Thierry. The corporal had direct orders that a certain road must be used only for vehicles moving toward the rear. He chanced to be aware on one occasion, however, that the batteries just beyond his post were short of ammunition.

So when a string of trucks loaded with precious shells came bumping along, Corporal Gallant unhesitatingly let them proceed frontward along the forbidden highway. Thereby he risked court martial, but assured artillery support to many hundreds of hard-prest infantrymen.

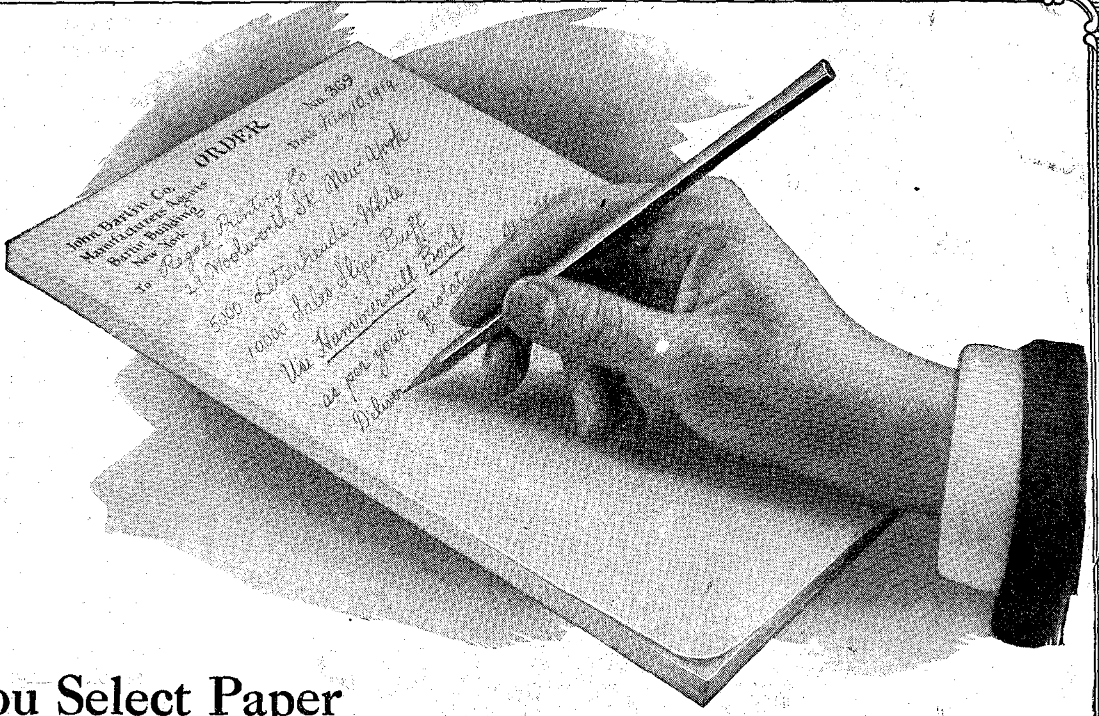
Military Police Private John J. O'Brien was stationed at a crossroads in the Meuse country which the enemy delighted in fairly plastering with high explosives. After shell-bursts had thrown him off his feet two or three times, O'Brien began to devote considerable thought to the disagreeable things. Finally he counted the seconds between explosions, found the missiles were falling at regular intervals, and used these data to get a whole regiment, in small detachments, past the unhealthy corner during brief periods when no shells were falling, without the loss of a man.

In battle areas a great problem is the stragglers, men who for one reason or another have become separated from their outfits. Only a minor portion of them are deliberate deserters, fleeing from the fray; the majority have simply got lost in the confusion attendant upon a big battle, and are eager to rejoin their comrades. Throughout the first months of our appearance in the fighting-zone stragglers were handled in haphazard fashion. There was no comprehensive plan for rounding them up. If they strayed beyond the territory covered by their divisions, they were likely to be many days, sometimes weeks, in getting back to their regiment, for no machinery existed to look after them and give them proper guidance.

In the last campaigns of the war the military police established "straggler lines" and "straggler posts" all over the battle-front. The former consisted of a cordon of military police who followed the infantry over the top and nipt in the bud any attempts at straggling toward the rear. The latter were small groups of M. P.'s placed at prearranged points, to which were directed all soldiers detached from their units.

At these posts the straggler was given the benefit of the doubt, made welcome, supplied with coffee and food, afforded opportunity to sleep if he needed it, and sent on his way back to his regiment rejoicing. Unless there was incontrovertible evidence to the contrary, a man was presumed to be innocent of the shameful crime of desertion, altho as one report quaintly puts it, "even the most persistent straggler can explain his conduct in purely logical and often quite pathetic detail."

The "straggler barrage" as it came to be called, functioned with noteworthy perfection in the final stages of the Argonne-Meuse drive. Through it many thousands of errant soldiers were swiftly returned to their place in the front line. Without it the fighting strength of the


John Bartin Co.
Manufacturers Agents
Bartin Building
New York
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No. 369
Date May 10, 1919
To Regal Printing Co
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5000 Letterheads White
10000 Sales Slips Buff
Use Hammermill Bond
as per your quotation
Deliver

Do You Select Paper the Sensible Way?

WHEN your office needs another typewriting machine, you don't spend any time shopping.

You simply order a typewriter of the make with which your office is equipped—the kind that has made good, in your judgment, above all others. The same custom commonly applies to filing cabinets, adding machines, all your office appliances and furniture. It saves you time and money.

Have you learned that there is just the same advantage in standardizing your business printing on one dependable, watermarked, established make of paper? When you specify Hammermill Bond, for instance, you know exactly what you are getting, far better than when you try to make a selection from a lot of paper samples.

Hammermill Bond is the lowest-priced standard bond paper on the market. It is made in a mill which was built expressly to turn out this "Utility Business Paper." Its twelve colors besides white enable you to give instant identification to forms, branch-office correspondence, etc. There are three Hammermill finishes — bond, ripple, and linen.

Write us today for a Hammermill Portfolio—the printed forms it contains will show you the quality and color scope of Hammermill Bond, and give you new ideas for simplifying and accelerating your office routine.

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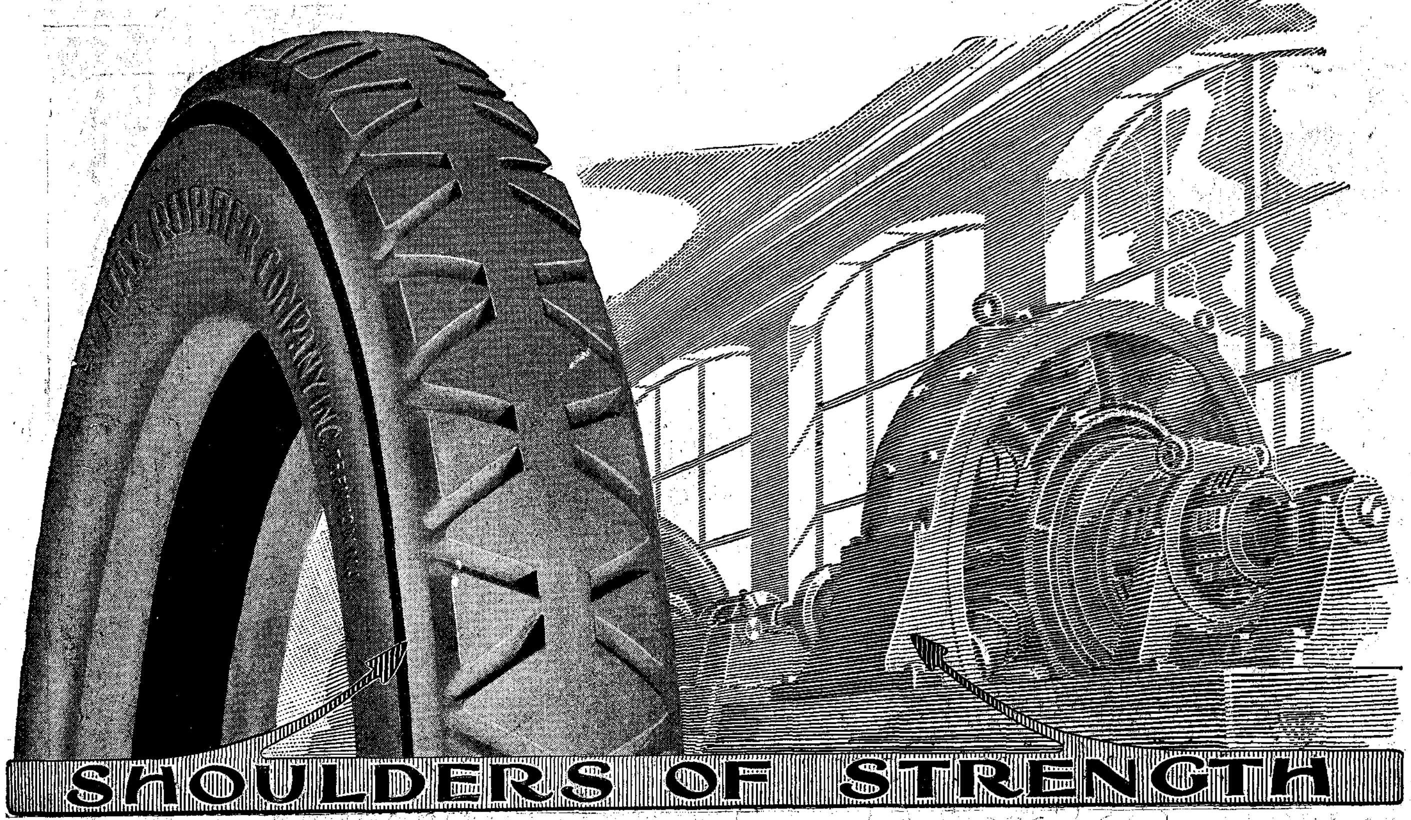


MAKE mental note of this, and remember it the next time you buy tires: Care for your tires as painstakingly as you will, you can only get as much mileage out of them as the manufacturer builds into them. This truth, which requires no supporting logic, is an important point to keep in mind.

Builders of Ajax Tires have striven to build the utmost mileage into their product. Their success may be measured by the conspicuous fact that Ajax users keep on using Ajax Tires. They almost never change.

AJAX ROAD KING

MORE TREAD ON THE ROAD

The Ajax Road King is the preferred tire among men who check up on their tire mileage. Pliant rubber buttresses—Ajax "Shoulders of Strength"—brace both sides of the Road King tread. They give greatest strength where the road strain comes. "Shoulders of Strength" re-inforce the Ajax Road King exactly as those bracing shoulders re-inforce the giant power generator. This structural principle, applied to tire construction, is an exclusive Ajax feature.

The Road King tread is scientifically designed. It gives perfect traction, forward or backward, and holds to the road. Note those triangle barbs—they're the reason.

Remember—Ajax Tires are 97% Owner's Choice. This big percentage of all Ajax Tires manufactured is sold, through Ajax dealers, direct to users themselves.

Buy Ajax Tires where you see the sign: Ajax Tire Supply Depot.

AJAX RUBBER CO. INC.

Ajax Tires Are Guaranteed in Writing 5000 Miles

AJAX RUBBER COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK

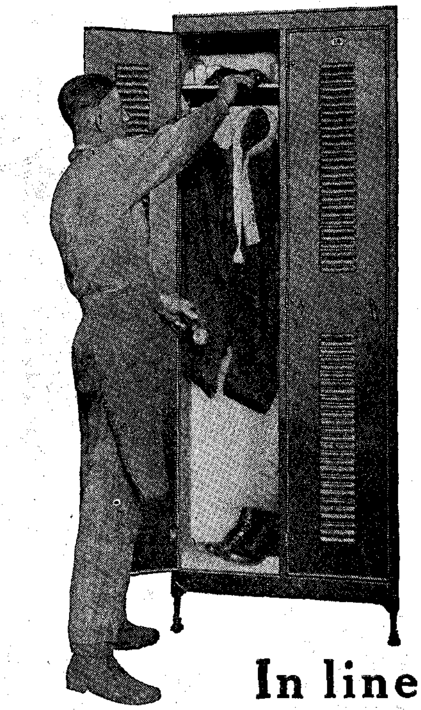
Factories: Trenton, N. J. **Branches in Leading Cities**

AJAX TIRES

First Army would have been very materially reduced.

With the cessation of hostilities the need for the military police increased by leaps and bounds in every A. E. F. area. There was relaxation of discipline, and the number of soldiers absent without leave swelled to a staggering total. Mr. Eyre tells of other troubles and of the measures that were taken to meet them:

> Coincidentally came an increase in the volume of crime attributable to Americans. The business of policing the occupied districts in Germany also required large bodies of M. P.'s.
>
> "A. W. O. L'ism" was checked, if not altogether overcome, by severe disciplinary measures. Incorrigible absentees were transferred to special penal battalions, carrying out unpleasant labor like road-mending. Outbreaks of crime were supprest first by augmenting the military police force wherever lawlessness prevailed, and secondly, through the skilled operatives of the Criminal Investigation Division of the P. M. G. Department.
>
> This division was created as far back as May, 1918, but the soldier detectives attached to it were few in number and for the most part unskilled. Splendid work was done in the early days by experienced investigators like Maj. Allan Pinkerton and Capt. Barney Flood, who had been one of the foremost sleuths in the New York Police Department. Not until the issuance of General Order No. 17, on November 27 last, however, was the C. I. D. organized on a really efficient basis.
>
> It now comprises eight companies of two hundred men each, one of which is stationed at Paris and the rest scattered in small detachments all over France, England, Belgium, Italy, Holland, and Germany. Its members are authorized to wear civilian clothes whenever necessary and cooperate with the European detective agencies. Scotland Yard, in London, has paid them a handsome tribute.
>
> From December, 1918, to date, the C. I. D. has handled no less than 4,500 cases, including thirty-two murders. Space forbids more than a brief summary of the extraordinary work done by the Army's detectives. To them is due the arrest of William Lustgarten, former president of the New York Tax Lien Company, who was "wanted" for the alleged embezzlement of $800,000 from that concern. Lustgarten had been drafted into the A. E. F. under another name.
>
> Soon after the armistice a gang of nearly two hundred soldiers, most of whom had criminal records, quartered themselves in a French town out of the American area. Some of them wore officers' uniforms, and the French supposed them to be an ordinary company. Very soon, however, all sorts of robberies and other crimes were reported in and about the town. A lieutenant belonging to the C. I. D. visited the place on his own initiative and single-handed took the whole band into custody, a few at a time, and without violence.
>
> Another notable example of C. I. D. resourcefulness is found in the case of a sergeant who, to solve the mystery of thefts from American mail-cars, had himself locked in a car and switched about until he reached the point at which the thefts had occurred. That night a dozen German prisoners who had managed to get out of a near-by internment camp broke into the car. The sergeant shot one and captured all the rest. The Germans, it was learned, had looted several other cars. Being supposedly caged up in their camp, they had never been suspected of having a hand in the robberies.
>
> The work of which the C. I. D. is most proud, however, is the breaking up of a big organization of crooks, both French and Americans, in Paris. These *apaches*, wearing American or French uniforms or civilian clothes indiscriminately, had been engaging in a perfect festival of crime. Among them were cutthroats, highwaymen, burglars, safe-blowers, freight-car and automobile thieves, and shoplifters. They were nabbed in small handfuls until finally their leader, a notorious gangster named Louis de Mar, was arrested after a pitched battle with C. I. D. operatives, in which de Mar's automatic was shot out of his hand just as he was about to fire at one of the police.
>
> At the present time the most conspicuous activity of our M. P.'s is, of course, the policing of the territory we occupy west and east of the Rhine in Germany. Over all this region from Luxemburg to the Coblenz bridge-head, there is spread a network of military police and C. I. D. operatives, functioning for the most part silently, but with remarkable efficiency. Besides its own regular quota—one company to a division, one to a corps, and a battalion of four companies to Army headquarters—the Army of Occupation has ten M. P. companies in its domain.
>
> "As few restrictions as possible, but all regulations rigidly enforced," is the formula followed by American Provost Marshals in Germany. Having once realized that the men with the red-and-black armband mean business, the Germans have given little trouble. In the city of Treves, where in December there were hundreds of arrests per week for such offenses as stealing or buying Government property, smuggling and violating liquor regulations, there are now less than seventy, and a little more than thirty convictions.
>
> American soldiers, according to Maj. Amos Thomas, Provost Marshal of Treves, are the best behaved men in the world. There are 16,000 of them in and about Treves, and yet only twelve arrests were made one week recently. Fraternization, in the official sense of the word—"intimate personal relationship"—is rare, tho obviously the good-natured dough-boy is prone to get on amicable terms with the German family in whose house he is billeted. Major Thomas has had considerable difficulty with political agitators of various kinds. Recently his detectives unearthed and suppress a Spartacan plot to blow up the City Treasury. Persons of Bolshevik tendencies are handled without gloves by the Major's force.
>
> At Coblenz Colonel Dodge rules the *Boche* firmly but fairly, as Provost Marshal of a large area. The Colonel reported much the same state of affairs as regards arrests of civilians as existed at Treves. Spartacan agitation has never gone far at Coblenz. Beyond breaking up a sparsely attended meeting in the railroad-yards and seizing a cellar full of grenades, cartridges, and other ammunition, the M. P.'s have had little trouble with the followers of Liebknecht.
>
> All through the occupied zone billeting comes under the jurisdiction of the Provost Marshals, as well as the administration of justice in the Superior and Inferior Provost Courts. These courts function with a swiftness that takes the leisurely German's



In line
with the times

The President in his last message to Congress pleads for greater consideration of the needs and welfare of employes. The first step in the new order of things is to provide each worker with an individual steel locker in which to keep his belongings during working hours.

MEDART
STEEL LOCKERS

In hundreds of leading industrial plants MEDART Steel Lockers are proving their efficiency and utility. They win loyalty and co-operation—encourage habits of neatness, order and discipline—eliminate petty thefts—and by enabling employes to get ready for work promptly they pay for themselves in actual value of the time they save.

Send for Booklet

It illustrates and describes all styles of MEDART Steel Lockers for offices, factories, stores, clubs, schools, etc. We make Steel Shelving, Racks and Bins for storage, stock-room or office. State if interested.

Fred Medart Mfg. Co.
3507 DeKalb St. St. Louis, Mo.
Also Manufacturers of Playground Equipment and Gymnasium Supplies.

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THE AGITATOR
Appreciative Biography by Dr. Martyn
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Form Letters
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Manufacturers, merchants, professional men, you can print from 20 to 1000 copies of any hand-written, typewritten or ruled form, quickly and perfectly with a

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Saves hundreds of dollars. Easy to operate. Write today for samples of work and *Free Trial Offer*

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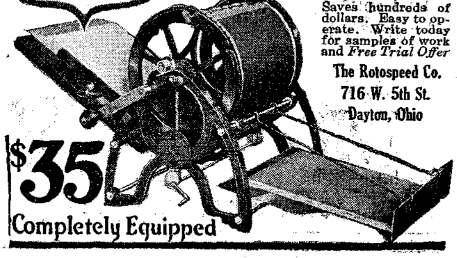


The Monroe Last Year Saved New York State $85,000 by Eliminating "Brain-Gaps"

"Brain-Gaps" in Your Office Waste Money

BRAIN-GAPS are chances for error. Every simple problem of multiplication, division, subtraction and addition bristles with "brain-gaps."

When decimals, fractions or other complexities incident to the figure-work in almost any office are introduced, your problem immediately becomes more dangerous—the error curve shoots upward.

What New York State Tax Commissioner Says:

Albany, Jan. 3, 1919.

"One man with a Monroe Calculating Machine can do as much work as seven men can without a machine.

"The investment of less than $3,000 in these machines made **a net saving in this department in one year of at least $85,000.**"

Very truly yours,
(*Signed*) JOHN J. MERRILL,
State Tax Commissioner.

The Monroe Ends "Brain-Gaps"

With the Visible Check of the Monroe Calculating Machine, you can see as you go, that you are right. No re-checking necessary. All factors of your problem are in plain view. For example, in multiplication, the multiplicand shows on the keyboard when you depress the keys and remains in plain sight; the multiplier registers in the upper dial as you proceed, and the result appears in the lower dial when you have finished. And if you go wrong, the machine enables you to at once detect the error.

The Monroe will do ALL your Figure-Work

In thousands of offices, Monroe Calculating Machines are used daily to extend invoices, figure payrolls, find costs, foot ledgers, compute interest, prove freight bills and allowances, convert foreign currency, make estimates, solve engineering formulae involving square and cube root—in fact, to do all kinds of figure-work. It is the short, sure, modern method of business calculating.

Why not get the full facts in front of you at once?

The Monroe not only adds, but Multiplies, Divides and Subtracts as easily as other machines Add. To add or multiply, you simply turn the crank forward; to subtract or divide, you turn it backwards.

MONROE
Calculating Machine

Monroe Calculating Machine Co.
Woolworth Bldg., 231 Broadway, New York City

Cut Out and Mail This Coupon TODAY

To Monroe Calculating Machine Co.
Woolworth Bldg., 231 Broadway, N. Y.

Without cost or obligation, send me further information concerning the Monroe Calculating Machine, and how it will save time in the figure-work of my business.

L. D. 6-14-19

(Use space below for your name and address)

breath away. An individual is arrested, tried, condemned, and sentenced, or acquitted, all within twenty-four hours.

To watch over the soldiers visiting the country on leave and prepare for the considerable bodies of troops that will pass through it when Antwerp becomes an American base port, General Bandholtz has stationed an M. P. company and a detachment of C. I. D. operatives in Belgium. For the present this force is concentrated in Brussels, where some two hundred officers and men arrive daily on leave.

Up to the end of March, when the M. P.'s got on the job, Belgium was the promised land for deserters. They poured across the French frontier by the score, figuring on comparative immunity in an M. P.-less nation. To-day most of them have been rounded up, including a resourceful swindler in khaki who by the simple process of forging requisitions for supplies on paper bearing the American mission letter-head and selling the food and other stuff thus acquired, had been living "on the top of the world" for many weeks. The Belgian authorities hailed the coming of our M. P.'s with delight, their uninvited American guests having been a good deal of a problem to them before.

MYSTERIES OF THE INDIAN ROPE-TRICK BAFFLE MAGICIANS

WHILE the world was worrying over the problems of reconstruction, the professional and amateur conjurers of England gathered in solemn conclave and debated the vexed question of the Indian rope-trick. And after grave deliberation they failed to come to any satisfactory agreement on the subject. Some were skeptical, and inclined to believe that the trick had never been performed. Some attributed it to hypnotism, while others insisted it would be impossible to hypnotize an entire audience. For once, in fact, the mystifiers admitted themselves mystified, says the London *Times* in describing the meeting.

The history of the trick was interestingly traced by S. W. Clarke, editor of *The Magic Circular*, who said that it was the "most elusive trick in the world, with the peculiarity that nobody who wanted to see it had ever seen it." This statement, however, was later controverted by other speakers who claimed to have seen a version of the trick performed.

Mr. Clarke traced reference to the illusion as far back as 1355, when Ibu Batuta, an Arab, described the trick as performed by one Hang Chua. Batuta wrote, according to the records of the time:

> I was entertained by the Emir in his own house in a most splendid manner. At the banquet were present the Khan's jugglers, the chief of whom took a wooden sphere, in which there were holes, and in these long straps, and threw it up into the air till it went out of sight, while the strap remained in his hand. He then commanded one of his disciples to take hold of and to ascend by this strap, which he did until he also went out of sight. His master then called him three times, but no answer came; he then took a knife in his hand, apparently in anger, laid hold of the strap

What is meant by the New Kissel being "Custom-built"

By George A. Kissel

How the Idea Originated

It all came about by our metropolitan distributors suggesting that we meet the growing demand for a custom-built motor car of those aristocratic motorists who find it necessary to own an automobile with the individual appeal of the made-to-order job, without the importer's price tag attached to it—a car that would match their social standing and meet their ideals of the ultra in appearance—a motor car that would prove equal to a "bit of sport" without taking the other fellow's dust.

In other words, they desired an automobile possessing all the made-to-order features and specifications they would demand if they were building it.

How It Was Consummated

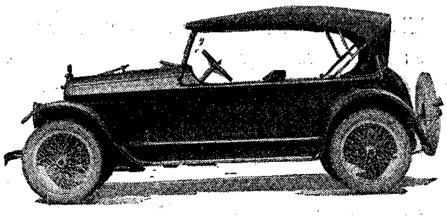
The **Kissel Custom-built Six** came into being as if made to order for one individual of extremely good taste and judgment—an individual who typified America's automobile critics.

The Kissel designers and engineers moulded the first **Custom-built Six** into one of individuality, thoroughly original in design, of special units of the highest quality and superior in workmanship to any of a like nature—

A car prominent in its exclusive richness of refinement with that well-bred aloofness of the custom-built motor car that graces the Champs Elysees, Park Lane, Riverside Drive, Lake Shore Drive.

Custom-built Chassis Features

Only those standard units not made in our own shops and which have been used on the highest grade automobiles for years and have proven their superiority over all other units of every kind, were adopted.



A Car Prominent In Its Exclusive Richness and Refinements

Take our brakes which are decidedly a custom-built feature. On any other car, regardless of price, it is a common practice to have to inspect the internal brake for lack of efficiency and find after removing the wheel, that it was rendered inefficient from oil leaking over the differential case on the brake and lining. On the **Kissel Custom-built Six** this is eliminated by making both our brakes of the double external contracting type, the most powerful and sturdy brakes made.

Still another important custom-built feature is the chassis oiling system. On the **Kissel Custom-built Six** we have replaced grease cups as far as is practical with oil cups, using only two grease cups which are located on the water pump, where they are very accessible.

Custom-built Motor Features

The **Kissel Custom-built Motor** is designed and built at the Kissel factory especially to provide a proper power and speed range for a car of its size, weight and capacity—

An exclusive custom-built feature of this motor that will add to its leadership in the gas engine field is that of the perfection of the new Kissel Automatic Oil Control.

Absolute control of the oil supply in order to have a sufficient amount of oil under the most strenuous conditions and still not too much oil when using too little power, has been the result of continuous study by the Kissel engineers in perfecting the new Kissel Automatic Oil Control, which accomplishes the following results:—

A—When the motor is pulling a maximum load or using its full horse power with the throttle wide open, it provides the maximum oil pressure needed.

B—When the motor load is reduced and its throttle closed, it reduces the oil pressure as well as oil supply.

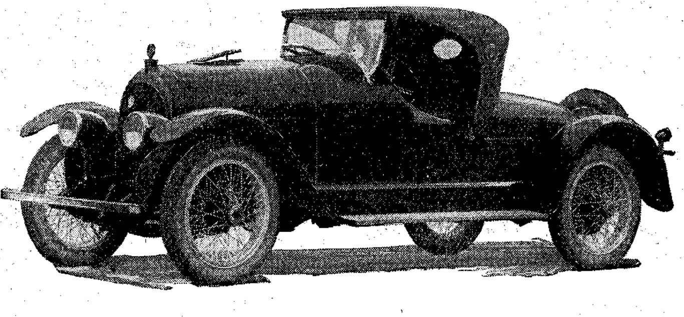
C—It prevents the piling up of oil at ends of oil basin when going either up or down grade.

D—It distributes the correct amount of oil in the oil pockets for each cylinder regardless of the grade, load or condition of the speed.

The importance of the above is fully appreciated by engineers and owners who have occasion to subject the motors of their cars to every maximum pull.

Custom-built Body Features

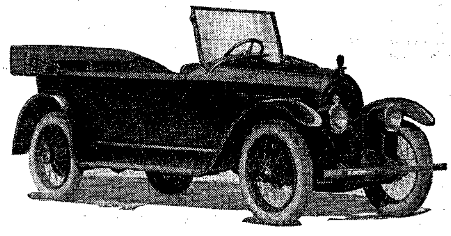
And then we came to the body that was to clothe this custom-built chassis—that too, must be hand made. So the custom shops here at the factory, with their small army of skilled wood-workers from many foreign countries, were put to work under the supervision of our staff of body engineers and builders.



Fleetness and Power Combined with Rakishness and Style

Among the features which depart from the beaten path and which produce an exquisite harmony of body refinements, and artistic assemble of comfort accoutrements, are a modish low-hung effect; original body lines; long tall hood; extra wide fenders shaped to the body; imported top design and material; tailored upholstery on body-moulded seats; a slanting windshield fastened directly to cowl, eliminating glare and mirror effects; hood and dash ventilators; sun-glow bullet-shaped head lights; special design hand-made radiator; all giving an air of rakishness and speedy appearance without departing from that of dignity.

The under-the-surface custom-built body features which indicate its substantial construction are those of specially seasoned hard woods for frames; a heavy solid pillar and sill construction for one of the main parts of the body; each joint and tenon connection united by wood screws; body units of 18 to 20 galvanized sheet steel of metal construction, doing away with all moulding and sharp angles; separate dash board frame built into the body keeps the cowl in permanent shape, and an aluminum hood arch moulding which is united to the front of the body gives added appearance to the car.



Its Counterpart Graces the Champs Elysees, Park Lane, Riverside Drive

Standardizing the Custom-built Idea

Here, then, was a car built to individual specifications from head-light to tail-light and from the ground up, custom-built in every detail, but as the function of an automobile factory is not to build cars to every man's idea, the question remained whether there were enough critical individuals of the same mind regarding motor cars to keep the wheels of the big Kissel plants busy on a single standardized Custom-built job with the same specifications.

This question has already been answered by the overwhelming demand for **Kissel Custom-built Sixes**, which at the present time exceeds the production ability of the Kissel factories.

The results have demonstrated that after all there are a lot of people who think, reason and act the same, which has made it possible to standardize the custom-built idea.

In all principal cities Kissel distributors are displaying the results of this Kissel Custom-built idea — the 4-passenger Tourster; 2-passenger Speedster and very shortly the 7-passenger Touring Model — all three mounted on the Custom-built chassis, which possesses the countless Custom-built features that have been the subject of this story.

Catalog on request. **KISSEL MOTOR CAR CO., Hartford, Wis., U. S. A.**

A man that loves kiddies an' dogs an' good tobacco may not be a saint, but I'll take a chance on him.
Velvet Joe

SOMEHOW, *good* tobacco seems to tie up with good humor, good nature, friendly ways.

VELVET owes much of its friendliness to the "ripening" it gets from Nature. Every leaf of the fine, silky Burley grown for VELVET is aged and mellowed two years in wooden hogsheads.

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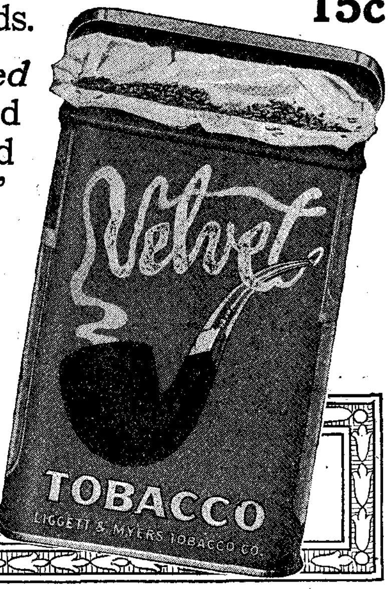

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and also went quite out of sight. He then threw the hand of the boy upon the ground, then his foot, then his other hand, then his other foot, then his body, then his head. He then came down, panting for breath, and his clothes stained with blood. . . . The juggler then took the limbs of the boy and applied them one to another; he then stamped upon them, and it stood up complete and erect. I was astonished, and was seized in consequence by a palpitation at the heart; but they gave me some drink and I recovered. The judge of the Mohammedans was sitting by my side, who swore that there was neither ascent, descent, nor cutting away of limbs, but the whole was mere juggling.

Mr. Clarke was inclined to think that the writer had mixed up the rope-trick with the decapitation trick, which, he said, was being performed when the Great Pyramids were being built. He quoted another account of the illusion from a German source in 1550, which, of course, added little to its authenticity. This version stated:

> At Magdeburg a certain magical juggler declared that he could get but little money among men, and would therefore go up to heaven. Whereupon he would throw a cord up in the air and his little horse would go up it; he himself, taking hold of the horse's tail, would follow him; his wife, taking hold of him, would follow also, and a maid servant would follow her, and so mount up on the air, as it were linked together, the spectators standing in great admiration.

There happened to be an unbeliever in the audience who declared that he had seen the juggler go into an inn in the street. "Therefore," says the account, "finding themselves deluded, the spectators went away."

Here is the third record which Mr. Clarke quoted from the memoirs of the Emperor Jahangier:

> They produced a chain fifty cubits in length, and in my presence threw one end of it toward the sky, where it remained as if fastened to something in the air. A dog was then brought foward, and being placed at the lower end of the chain, immediately ran up and, reaching the other end, disappeared in the air. In the same manner a hog, a panther, a lion, and a tiger were successively sent up the chain, and all disappeared at the upper end. At last they took down the chain and put it into a bag, no one ever discerning in what way the animals were made to vanish into the air in the mysterious manner described.

Other interesting contributions to the debate are thus described by *The Times:*

> Lieut. F. W. Holmes, V. C., said that he had seen a version of the trick on two or three occasions. On the last occasion, in 1917, he was able to take a snap shot of the trick, which he produced. This showed the faker, with a taut rope or pole and the boy balanced at the top of it. Lieutenant Holmes declared emphatically that the boy never disappeared from sight, and his own theory was that the faker substituted for the coil of rope a telescopic bamboo pole.
>
> Mr. A. Yurif Ali, C.B.E., declared that as a boy of seven he saw the rope-trick performed, but never since, and he also saw the conjurer cut his own tongue out,

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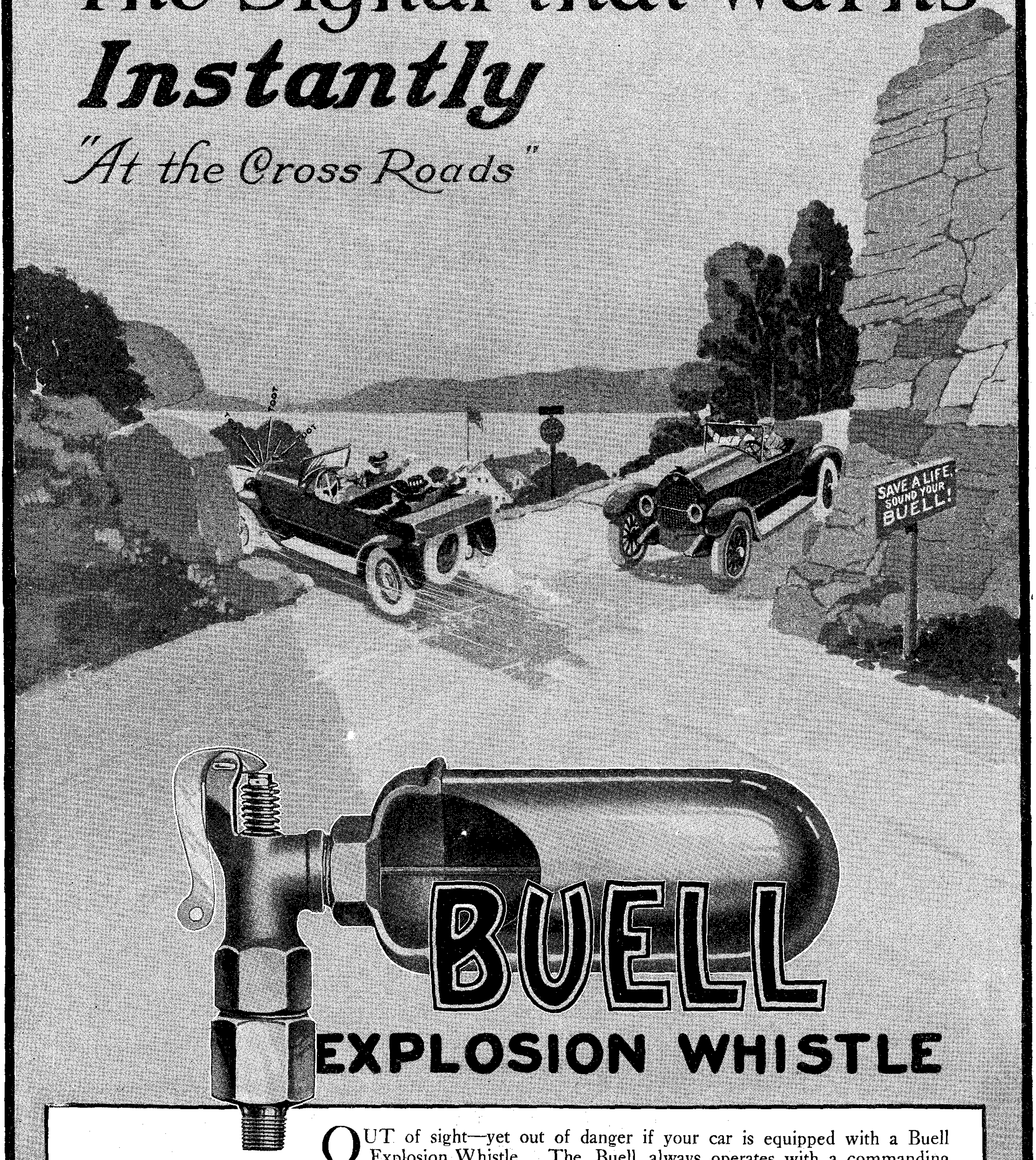
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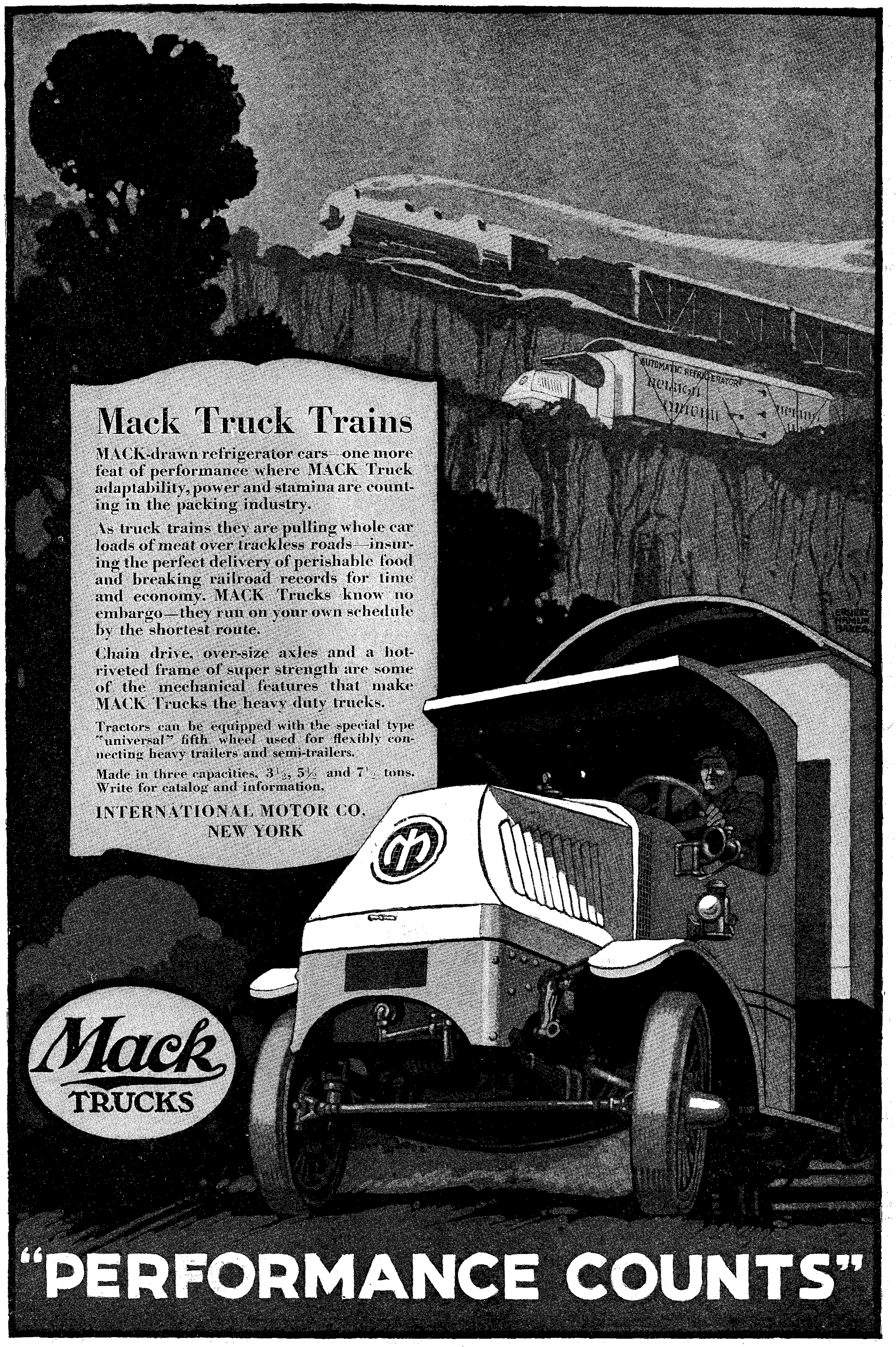

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chop it up, and replace it. In the rope-trick he is convinced that the boy disappeared entirely.

Major Branson, with twenty years' service in the Indian Army, said that he had offered a reward of 205 rupees to any native soldier who could give him the name of anybody who could do the trick, but the reward had never been claimed. In all his travels in Persia, India, China, and Arabia he had never seen a trick done by a native which he could not repeat himself.

Mr. Chris Van Bern narrated some extraordinary feats which had been performed by a Yogi in Liverpool, including his ability to throw a rope into the air, where it remained absolutely rigid only as long as the Yogi held his breath, while Capt. Leon Berreley gave an explanation of the trick which he believes to be absolutely feasible.

However, declares *The Times*, the assembled magicians were unable to conjure up mystic Bagdad carpets with which to defy the strikers, and were forced to disperse in search of tram-cars and omnibuses to take them home without solving the mysteries of the rope-trick.

TIDYING UP THE BATTLE-FIELDS IS A HARD JOB, BUT PROFITABLE

FIGHTING is one of mankind's most ancient diversions, and also one of the messiest. Be it a domestic squabble, a neighborhood brawl, a saloon fight, a strike riot, or a raging conflict between the armed forces of contending nations, when it's all over, the surroundings always are mussed up and have to be set to rights. Naturally, the bigger the disturbance, the greater the disorder. Hence, as is to be expected, the biggest job of cleaning up after a fight which a weary set of humans ever faced is that which began soon after the signing of the armistice in the sections where the battles of the recent European fracas took place. William G. Shepherd, in the New York *Evening Post*, gives a brief description of the clean-up operations that are being conducted on the Argonne-Meuse battle-field in France. He says that for three days he has been living with the men who are doing the work. They are the colored soldiers of the 805th, under command of Col. Jerry Humphrey. There are 7,500 of them and they have been at it for seven months. Of course, the space they have had to go over is considerable, consisting of 480 square miles, and it was pretty badly littered up when they started in on it. Says Mr. Shepherd:

An utter desolation covered the scene, and out on to this desert of misery and destruction Colonel Humphrey sent his squads of men with orders to pick up every weapon of war they found, broken or whole, usable or unusable, and place the material in heaps along the nearest roadside for collection in trucks.

Special instructions were issued that whenever the colored men came across an unexploded shell they were not to touch it, but were to put up a little stick beside it and fasten to the stick a bit of white paper so that the munition-salvagers belonging to another unit of the Army might find it.

The engineers and their men made some terrific "finds" for weeks after they began their work. The early drive of the American troops on the morning of September 26 was so intense that the Germans fled like frightened animals, leaving everything behind them; or they rushed forward and surrendered. There were many little groves and hillsides and even dugouts past which the "dough-boys" in that first giant rush speeded without notice.

The Germans came out of such hiding-places and hunted for "dough-boys" to whom they might surrender. They left behind them, unknown to the Americans, machine guns and even huge pieces of artillery which the Americans in their hurry had not even glimpsed, and which will not appear in the regimental or company histories because the commanders of the American units themselves did not know how many guns they had silenced. It remained for the engineers who were cleaning up the battle-fields, weeks later, to come across these "great finds."

"How many machine guns did you find in Bossignol Wood?" I heard Col. H. S. Howland, of the 138th Regiment, Thirty-fifth Division, ask Colonel Humphrey seven months after the battle. Colonel Howland and his men had swept past Bossignol Wood, got behind it, and the Germans fled back to the American rear without even demanding that the Americans enter the wood to overpower them.

"Why, we didn't count them by the pieces," said Colonel Humphrey. "We got out several box-car loads."

It happens that the 138th Regiment is the crack St. Louis outfit. Shortly after the battle the officers of the regiment took a count of all the booty of which they could find record, but the woods behind them, which they had passed and emptied of Germans, were full of artillery and machine guns of which the 138th's officers had no record and which were discovered only some weeks later by the engineers.

Since the clean-up operations of the Americans have been carried on, it has developed that the battle-field area contains a great deal more material than was at first reported. Owing to the hurry with which the Germans departed or surrendered and the rush of the Americans to take possession of the field, the first reports of the booty taken were highly inaccurate. Mr. Shepherd thinks it a safe estimate that the Germans left two hundred per cent. more booty on the field than the American fighters first reported captured:

The Americans, in other words—and this fact develops after seven months of battle-field cleaning—captured three times as much booty as they thought.

It is estimated that over $5,000,000 worth of abandoned material has been removed from a district comprising one-third of the battle-field. Most of this has been sold to the French Government to be used as raw material.

In one town in the rear of the battle-field there is a pile of brass shell-cases a block and a half long, a third of a block wide, and as high as a three-story house. In bulk it would more than fill a huge liner. There are about 900,000 shell-cases in the heap. They were sold to the French, I was told, for seven cents a pound.

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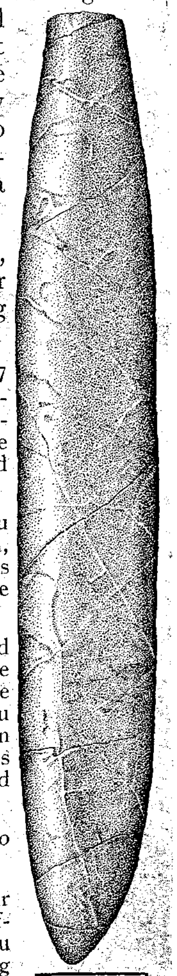

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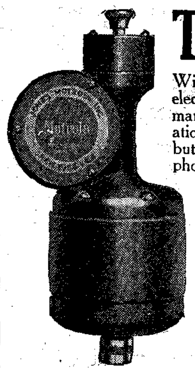

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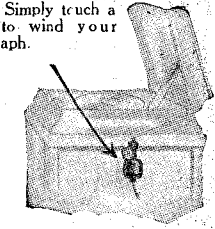

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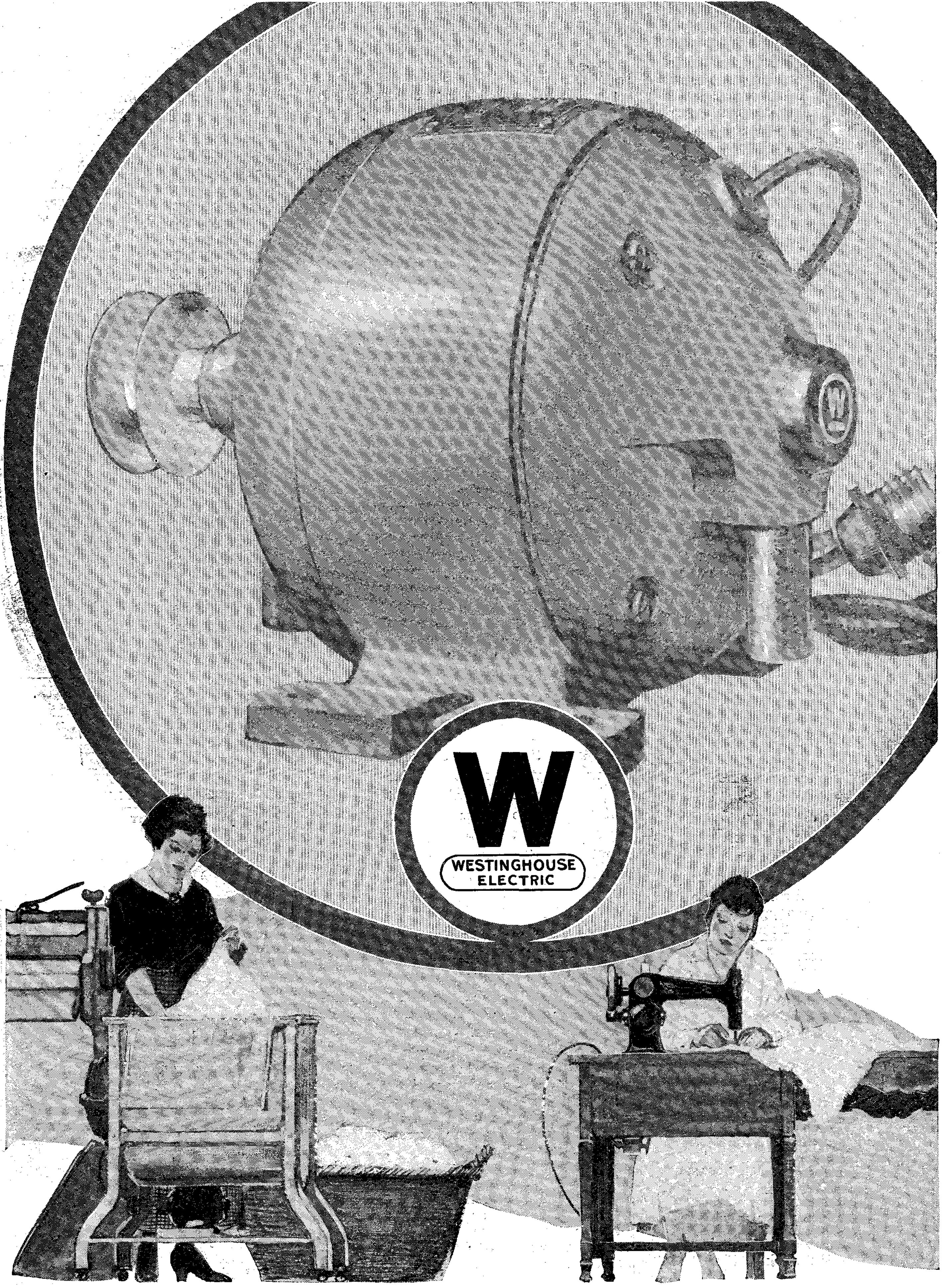

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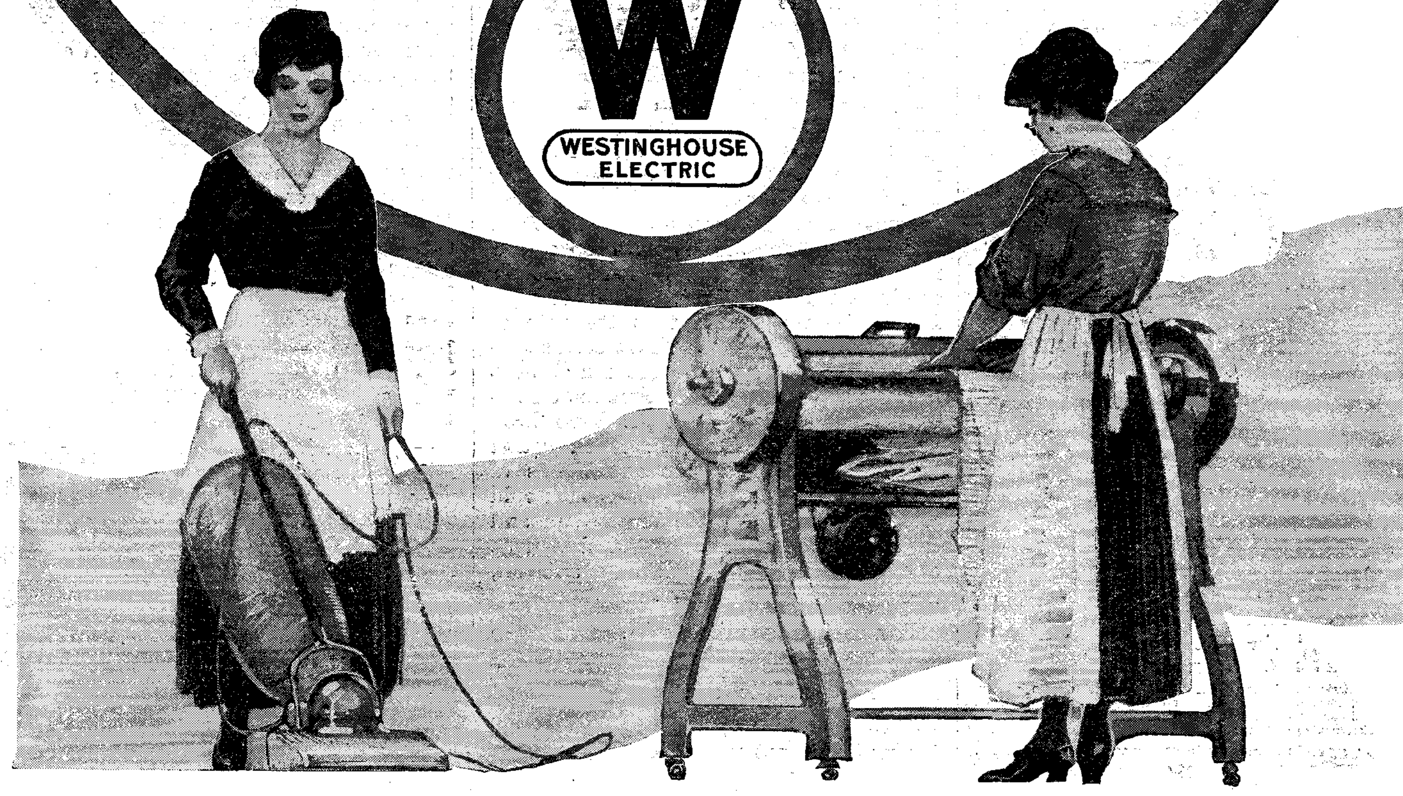

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

HOW OLD IS THE EARTH?

IS our planet 1,600 million years old? Or only ten million? That depends on how you figure it out. The one thing that comes out clearly from all methods is that many millions of years have elapsed since our atmosphere first cooled off sufficiently to make life possible on the globe. Dr. William Harvey McNairn, of McMaster University, Toronto, who writes in *The Scientific American Supplement* (New York, April 19), tells us that there are three principal ways of approaching this problem. The one that gives the smallest answer is the oldest and depends on an attempt to find out how fast the sun is cooling. The largest answer is the result of the newest method, based on radioactivity; while midway between are the attempts to calculate the time taken to deposit the successive geological strata. To summarize Dr. McNairn's article:

"Our star, the sun, is not eternal. Sooner or later its fierce heat will all have been dissipated into space, and it will become cold and dead. And the life of our planet is bound up with that of its parent sun. It necessarily follows that the age of the sun is a measure of the maximum life of the earth. Is it, then, possible to measure in years the length of time during which our sun could continue to radiate heat at approximately the same rate as we now experience, neither too hot nor too cold for the existence of life? Lord Kelvin's affirmative answer to this question in 1862 was so incisive and so surprizing that the scientific world was at once roused to vigorous argument.

"It is evident that if we know the temperature of the sun and the rate at which its heat is being dissipated into space, we have a means of determining how long the atmosphere of the earth has been cool enough for the existence of living things. But it is not so simple a matter as this statement of the case would indicate. It is believed that the cooling of the sun is accompanied by a corresponding shrinkage. Paradoxical as it may seem, this, in turn, gives rise to additional heat, and so the rate of cooling is retarded. Now, taking this into consideration, and putting the present temperature of the sun at 6,000° F., Kelvin concluded that it has been only a matter of about 18,300,000 years that the sun has been at its present degree of heat. It has been conceded that the rate of radiation in the past may have been somewhat different, which might result in a possible lengthening of the time to 30,000,000 years. Many attempts have been made to discredit this result, and many and ingenious have been the suggestions of possible sources of energy which would serve to extend the life of the sun and earth, but it must be confessed that none of them stand the test of rigid analysis, and this result still stands unshaken."

But even these millions do not give the geologists the time which they insist has been necessary to accumulate the vast deposits on which we live, and to develop the present great variety of living forms. Since Lord Kelvin's results were first published, their voices and those of their successors have been constantly raised in protest against the inadequacy of the time allowed them by the physicists. To quote again:

"In order to attain some measurable representation of the extent of geological time, recourse was had to two different geological processes: the formation of stratified rock and the accumulation of salt in the oceans, and both of these have been studied with the greatest care and with results of steadily increasing accuracy.

"The calculation of age from the thickness of sedimentary rocks is based upon the fact that the material of which they are composed was carried down by the rivers and deposited under the shallow water which surrounds the continents. If we could measure the total depth of all such accumulations, and if we could gage the average load of mud and sand and gravel that goes down to the sea with each year's quota of river water, the problem that we are trying to solve would resolve itself into one of simple division.

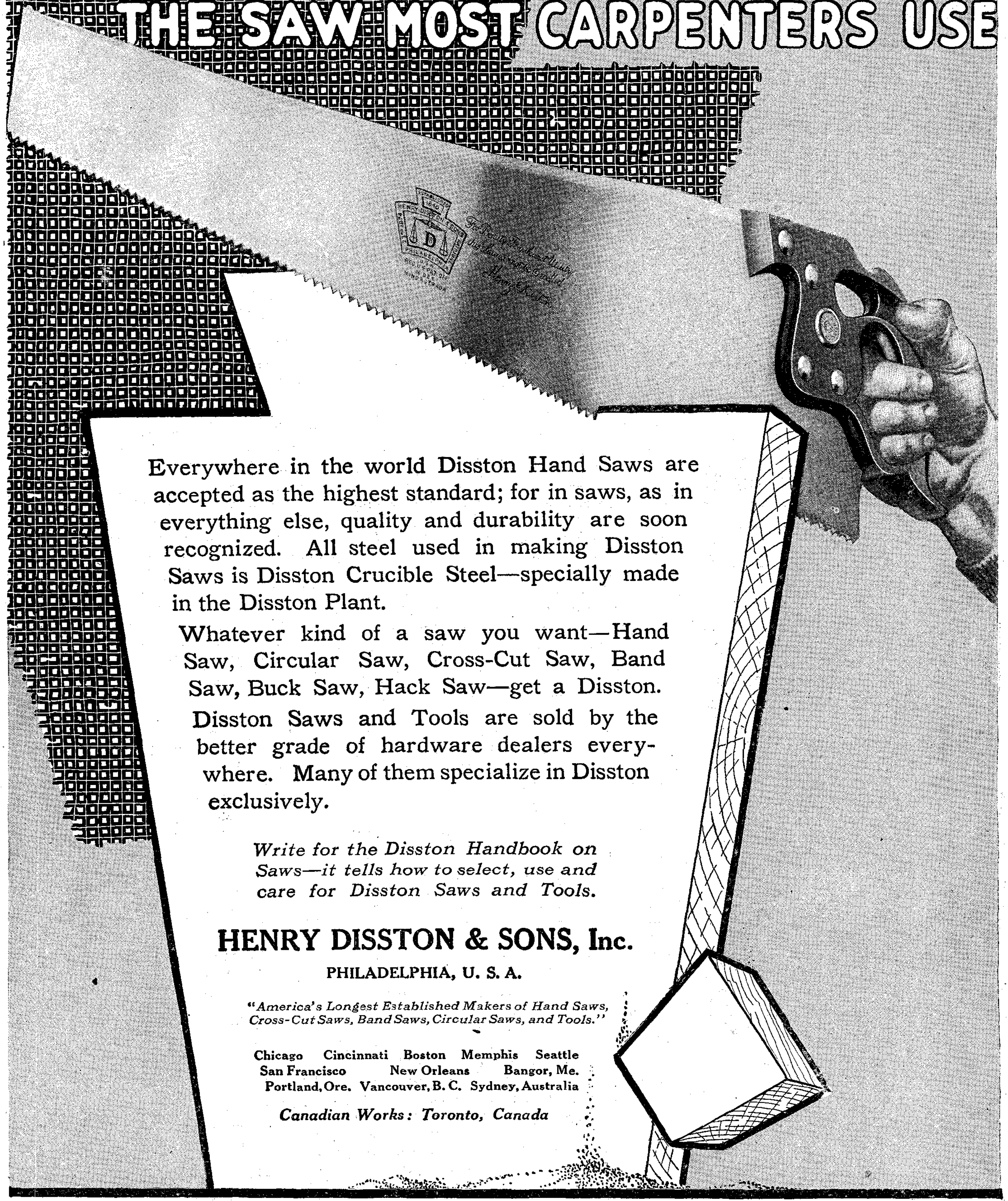
"No such simple measurement is at our disposal. The observations of innumerable small sections must be laboriously fitted together to construct one comprehensive whole, and thus the total accumulation of sediments determined. The latest and best figures available put it at 335,000 feet, or about sixty-four miles.

"We have now to determine the rate at which these sediments are accumulated. This has been set by some observers at three inches per century, which would make the time requisite to form the total 134,000,000 years; by others it has been placed at four inches per century, which would give us 100,000,000, and by others still at five inches, with a consequent reduction of time to 80,000,000 of years.

"The other method, a most ingenious one, first made use of by Professor Joly, of Dublin University, is based upon the theory that the saltness of the sea is due to the fact that ever since they began to flow the rivers have been carrying salt in solution down to the oceans, the bulk of the salt still remains, and so the sea ever becomes salter. It is evident that if we knew the amount of salt now in the ocean, and the rate at which the rivers have been delivering it, the length of the time occupied by the process is a matter of very simple calculation. Unfortunately, however, the initial figures are most difficult of attainment. The best measurements at present available set the amount of sodium in the seas at 14,130 billion tons, and each year the 6,500 cubic miles of water which the rivers contribute have dissolved in them 175,000,000 tons. After all necessary corrections have been made, the final result gives a period somewhere between 80,000,000 and 150,000,000 years, with the weight of evidence tending rather toward the smaller figure."

Now we come to the newest, and perhaps most interesting method—that based on radioactivity. Says Dr. McNairn:

"Among those elements which are known to undergo the mysterious change due to disintegration of the atom is uranium. By giving off particles of helium at a constant and definite rate, uranium is believed to pass over into radium and lead. If in any given uranium-bearing mineral we can determine the relative proportions of uranium, radium, and helium, and lead if it is present, knowing



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SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

the rate at which these changes take place, we should be able to determine the age of the mineral itself.

"This method, first suggested by Sir Ernest Rutherford, in 1906, was subsequently made good by the Honorable R. J. Strutt. His results were somewhat startling in the unexpectedly great periods of time which they indicated. For instance, he allotted the very respectable antiquity of 141,000,000 years to some rocks which were found about half-way down to the earliest fossiliferous deposits. However, these first figures were not uniform. Of recent years these have been tabulated and indicate a certain amount of consistency, particularly in their unanimity in extending the reach of geological time to an extent undreamed of by the geologists. Who, for example, would have dared to suggest, from geological evidence alone, that we have to do with periods of from 800 to 1,600 million years?"

Of our three schools of investigators as to the extent of geological time, one thus tells us from 10,000,000 to 30,000,000 years; the second, about 100,000,000, and the third, anything up to 1,600,000,000. We must admit, says Dr. McNairn, that we have not advanced very far. The mean of 10, 100, and 1,000 is a figure of little value. But there is a sense in which these figures are approximately the same—that is, when they are compared with infinity. He concludes:

> "The number of the years of time and space and force we believe is infinite. In the great abyss there has floated for 100 or 1,000 millions of years, perhaps even more, the minute speck of matter which we call the earth, but in the light of infinity this is but a momentary phase. 'The created world is but a small parenthesis in eternity.'"

OUR 370,000,000 IDLE ACRES

THE United States has approximately 850,000,000 acres of land—45 per cent. of the country's land area—in crops or available for crop-production, according to recent estimates of Department of Agriculture specialists. Of this only 480,000,000 acres were improved land in 1910, the remainder consisting of 200,000,000 acres of potentially arable forest and cut-over land, 60,000,000 acres of swamps and other wet lands needing drainage, 30,000,000 acres of potentially irrigable land, and about 80,000,000 acres of unimproved land other than woodland. Why so much idle land? The reasons are thus stated in *The Weekly News Letter* of the Department of Agriculture (Washington, April 23), where we read:

> "Over 1,000,000,000 acres of land in the United States are not adapted to cultivation, of which at least 360,000,000 acres may be used for forests and about 600,000,000 acres for grazing. Most of the grazing land is located in the Western States. In addition there are about 40,000,000 acres of desert land, and

G. PATRICK NELSON

Williams Shaving Cream

Wherever you go

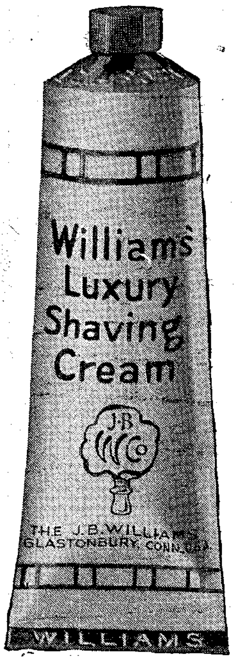
WITH many a man vacation time is shave-shirking time. But the man who takes Williams' with him gets a comfortable, velvety shave every day just as easily as at home.

No matter what the conditions—hard water, cold water, sunburn, chapped skin—the rich, creamy Williams' lather smooths them away.

The chief reason why Williams' became a favorite in every climate, in every section of the country, and has remained a favorite for more than seventy-five years, is that it is scientifically made to meet all shaving conditions.

Wherever you go, take Williams' with you.

The cream in the big tube is just one of the four handy ways to get "the lather that won't dry on the face." Wet your brush and squeeze a small bit between the bristles, or apply the cream directly to your face if you prefer. Use plenty of water.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Send 20c. in stamps for trial sizes of the four forms of shaving soap — Cream, Stick, Powder and Liquid. Or send 6c. in stamps for any one.

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Stick **Powder**

How Duplex Process Safeguards Tire Quality

McGRAW CLEVELAND, OHIO

McGRAW CORD

THE Duplex Process builds a perfect tire structure. It eliminates at the source those minor defects which often arise in tire making. This process also retains the full vitality of the best materials throughout every stage of manufacture.

The McGraw emerges a flawless casing, with the natural vigor of rubber and the tensile strength of cotton unimpaired by heat or pressure.

What this means in uniform, prolonged tire service can be appreciated when you consider that the life of a tire, properly used, depends upon these two things: life of the materials in it, and a perfectly equalized structure of them, so that no weak spots develop under the searching strain of ordinary service.

McGraw Tires have the *Quality* in them, safeguarded and maintained at its best by the Duplex Process. You can depend upon their mileage.

5,000 Mile Guarantee

THE McGRAW TIRE & RUBBER CO.
Manufacturers McGraw Cord and Fabric Tires,
Regular and HiTread Truck Tires, Inner Tubes
CLEVELAND, OHIO
Factories, East Palestine, Ohio
Established 1909
"That We May Ride In Comfort"

Curing in the McGraw Plant

McGRAW TIRES

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

40,000,000 acres of land in cities, rural highways, and railroad rights of way, an amount which will gradually increase with increasing population.

"Much of the non-arable land within he domain of Uncle Sam consists of land nce farmed and now abandoned, as well s areas which no one has thought it worth vhile trying to make into farms. Topographic and climatic conditions are of rimary importance in explaining why so arge an area remains unimproved. Nearly ne-fifth of the United States is too hilly or ough for the successful production of rops. This mountainous or stony land, here rainfall is sufficient, is adapted to forsts, and where the rainfall is light is grazed y roving flocks of sheep or by cattle. nsufficient rain accounts for the absence f crops in nearly a third of the country.

"There is also much land where the soil too sandy or infertile for the profitable roduction of crops. Such soils are better dapted to forests, and when cleared for gricultural use are generally soon allowed grow up again in brush and trees.

"About one-fifth of a billion acres of the t-over land and woodland in the United tates might be cleared up and the stumps moved so that the land would be available r productive farming. However, this ork would involve heavy expenditures, d on this account clearing is slow, as rmers usually prefer to locate on land hich does not involve so much pioneering. all this agriculturally suitable forest and t-over land could be made into farms eraging 160 acres, it would provide 250,000 farms, an increase of about 20 r cent. over the present number. It is lieved unlikely that more than 50,000,000 res, or enough for perhaps 300,000 farms, ll be cleared by the present generon unless the Government assumes ponsibility.

"Another undeveloped agricultural reurce consists of swamps and overflow ds that may be drained. It is estited that there are some 60,000,000 res of such land suitable for the proction of crops after reclamation, or ough to make 1,000,000 farms of sixty es. Most of this land, located largely the Mississippi River bottoms and other er-bottoms of the southern coastal plain d in the peat-bogs and muck lands of the e States and Northeastern States, is tentially fertile, but as drainage is ensive it will probably be at least other half-century before all or even ch of this area is reclaimed.

'The irrigated sections of the Western tes have approximately 30,000,000 es of land still available for farming poses if complete utilization is made of potential water-supply. This is double present area of the irrigated land and uld provide 340,000 farms averaging hty-seven acres, which is the average m acreage of irrigated land shown by 1910 census. However, construction of gation dams and canals is so expensive t it will be many years before much of land is put in crops.

'In the Eastern States and in the Great ins region much waste land is classified the census reports as 'unimproved land er than woodland.' It consists of y upland pastures in hilly regions other parcels of waste land in Eastern ns and of grazing land in Western ches, aggregating in all about 50,000,000 acres. Some of this land in the East at one time was cropped and now constitutes in part the so-called abandoned farms. If prices of farm products continue high and farm labor again becomes comparatively cheap, a portion of this land will undoubtedly be reclaimed for crop production. The further development of dry farming may also make room for a few more farmers in the West. Under the 640-acre grazing homestead act passed in 1916 more than 45,000 applications had been made and approved by October 1, 1916. In the opinion of department specialists, however, most of the grazing homesteads offering promise of supporting a family have been applied for."

THE SAHARA AS A FARM REGION

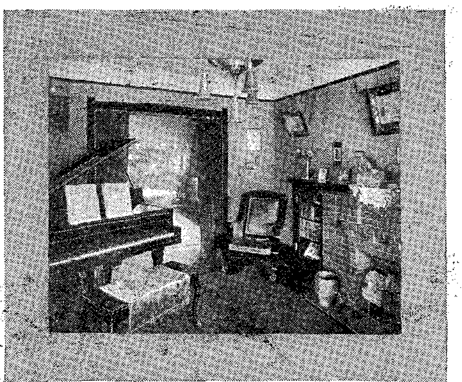
CONTRARY to popular belief, it rains in the Sahara, plants grow there, and animals live there. J. Nicholas Brusse, writing in *La Nation* (Paris), tells us that this vast region would have been developed long ago but for the anarchy and lack of safety that prevail. Oases may be enlarged, and even created, advantage may be taken of underground streams, and when there is no longer fear of spoliation by nomadic robbers, the most favorable places will become settled, as has already happened in some localities protected by the French. Then there will not only be agriculture in the Sahara, as there is to-day in the former deserts of our own Southwest, but mines and industries. In other words, the Sahara is to be rehabilitated. We quote from a translation and abstract of Mr. Brusse's article in *The Scientific American Supplement* (New York, May 10):

"As far back as 1893 Henri Schirmer, whose ideas on the geography of the Sahara and its climate are to-day accepted by all the world and no longer inspire criticism, proved that the Sahara is not entirely lacking in rain altho the regimen of the winds occasions its present sterility; he has explained that the Sahara is not absolutely unfit for life, either for plant life or for animal life; but that Saharan agriculture has but little resemblance to that of other countries; that the European can not suppress a desert as some of them dream of doing, and that a strategic road could be constructed across it as far as the Sudan; that its oases should be developed, and 'that land long left barren should be restored to cultivation.' The surface of the Sahara is estimated at 2,394,200 square kilometers, and its population at 450,000 inhabitants. It is incorrect to believe that this expanse is a recently emerged bottom of the ocean. It consists of a vast series of plateaux with a few groups of mountains.

"The Sahara has been incorrectly represented as an immense expanse composed of shifting sands, receiving no rain whatever, and entirely destitute of vegetation.

"The Sahara is, to be sure, a very dry region; but it does rain there. It also contains a number of wells or pools of water—without mentioning the numerous *Ghedirs*, 'temporary ponds or water-holes, spots where rain-water stands for a certain length of time.' But for many centuries these wells have received no attention and no care.

"Another legend which does injustice to the Sahara is that this immense expanse is entirely deprived of vegetation; but the



To *Know* Is to Choose Wisely

Your doors, window-frames, mantels, sideboard, floors—what wood shall they be made of?

You can't, you mustn't make a mistake in the part of the house you *live with* and see most of. What is more vexatious than a mistake—your own mistake—staring you out of countenance day after day!

"Beautiful **birch**" is indeed beautiful; but so are some other fine woods. Are they as hard, dent resisting, durable as **birch**? Do they take stains, paints and enamels as well and in as wide a variety as "Beautiful **birch**"? Are they as economical? Can you get them in handsome panels for interior woodwork?

On the whole, probably you had better send for the FREE BOOK.

It is called "Beautiful Birch for Beautiful Woodwork" and is a regular text book on interior beautification. Shall we send it?

The Birch Manufacturers
212 F. R. A. Bldg. Oshkosh, Wis.

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Beautiful
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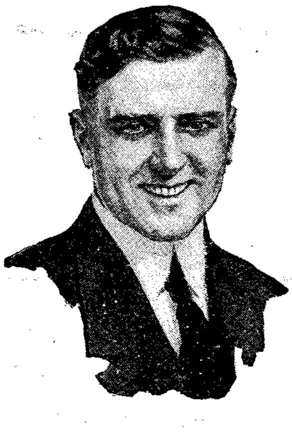
All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities



That's the Tooth-Destroyer

Millions know that well-brushed teeth still discolor and decay. Tartar forms on them, pyorrhea starts. The tooth brush has proved itself inadequate. Statistics show that tooth troubles have constantly increased.

Dentists long have known the reason, but not a home way to combat it. The trouble lies in a film—that slimy film which you feel with your tongue. It clings to the teeth, gets into crevices, hardens and stays. And that film causes most tooth troubles.

The film is what discolors, not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

One great dental question for years has been, how to combat that film. A dental cleaning removes it, but the great need is to fight it day by day.

Science has now found the way. Able authorities have amply proved it by convincing clinical tests. Leading dentists all over America have proved it and adopted it. Now that method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And we let everybody prove it by a ten-day home test free.

See What Clean Teeth Mean

Teeth in general, though brushed daily, are not clean. That's why tooth troubles come. Use a 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent and see the difference for yourself. It will be a revelation.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to constantly combat it.

That seems a simple method. But pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. So pepsin long seemed forbidden. What science now has done is to find a harmless activating method. Five governments have already granted patents. It is that method, used in Pepsodent, which has solved this great tooth problem.

The proof is quick and easy. Within ten days you will gain a new light on teeth cleaning, and that's important both to you and yours.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Use like any tooth paste. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

Compare this method with your present method. Look at your teeth in ten days. Then let the evident results tell you what to do. There will be no need for argument.

Cut out the coupon now.

Ten-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT CO.,
Dept. 543, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail Ten-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Name..

Address..

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U. S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific tooth paste based on activated pepsin. An efficient film combatant, now endorsed by dentists everywhere and sold by druggists in large tubes.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

largest portion of this immense surfac
proclaimed as a desert in reality possesse
a plant life which is quite various and ofte
very abundant. It contains numerou
pastures and some pieces of woodland
even outside the oases.

"Besides the palm-tree, which require
rather a large sheet of water, various othe
sorts of trees are found in the Sahar
(aside from numerous shrubs and tama
risks); principally the rubber-tree and th
ethel, a variety of the tamarisk. In th
southern Sahara the Doumor Egyptia
palm is found; it does not bear fruit, bu
the trunk and branches serve various pu
poses. The Apir possesses other arborescen
species—notably mimosas of all sorts; i
the most unpromising regions, Fourea
believes that wooded plateaux still exist.

"The Sahara contains a number c
forage plants and shrubs. It was upo
these that the caravans pastured, and tha
even the twelve or thirteen hundre
camels of the Foureau-Lamy expeditio
and its auxiliary convoys succeeded i
sustaining themselves.

"It must not be forgotten that we a
speaking here of spontaneous vegetatio
which grows without demanding help
labor from man. It is, therefore, an inco
testable fact that these pasture-lands a
capable of a certain degree of improvemen
provided there is an initial establishment
roads of communication. This improv
ment can be attained by the selection
the best grasses, forage-plants, and arborc
cent species. According to Messrs.
Trabut and R. Mares, the Saharan plan
are very remarkable in their adaptation
a dry climate and a salty earth. The da
tree is adapted to those Saharan regio
which are well provided with water; b
neath the date-trees cultivation to kitche
gardens is very well developed. In t
oases are found the fig-tree, the apric
the peach, and the grape. Agricult
succeeds well in the oases of the north,
at Biskra. The cultivated cereals a
barley, wheat, sorghum, and millet; lucer
is the forage-plant of the oasis. It is o
very beautiful variety, with wide leav
and seems very resistant to salt."

Industrial cultivation is confined to
few plants, such as madder and a varic
of tobacco used for snuff. The fauna
quite numerous and various; in the so
are guinea-fowl and zebus; in the no
gazelles and antelopes; and everywh
camels, goats, sheep, and asses. Ga
also breeds abundantly. In the so
there are found, besides giraffes, ostrich
monkeys, jackals, hyenas, and even lio
The writer goes on:

"This varied flora and fauna imply t
even in the central Sahara there are per
nent populations destined to become den
with an increase of safety, of steady la
of roads, of communication, and facili
of transport. One must admit that th
data are very encouraging. It should
added, moreover, that if some of the
plorers who have made bold excursi
into various countries of the Sahara
gions have met death by assassination,
Flatters and Lieutenant Pallat, on
other hand, not a single one has b
heard of who has died of thirst, fam
or maladies due to the climate, or who
been swallowed up by sand."

Do You Remember
The Old Corn Doctor?

© B & B 1919

He stood on the street in the olden days and offered a "magic corn cure."

It was harsh and it caused soreness, but it did not end the corn. Nearly everybody had corns in those days.

That same method, harsh and inefficient, is offered you in countless forms today.

Grandmother's Way

Another method, older still, was to pare and pad a corn. That was grandmother's way.

Folks did not know the danger, for they did not know of germs.

But they knew its uselessness. The corns remained. Paring brought but brief relief. Pads made the foot unsightly.

Ten-year-old corns by the millions existed in those days.

Then Came Blue-jay

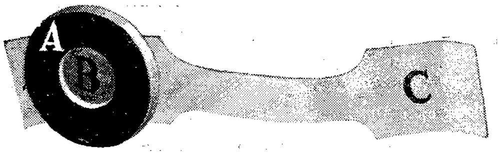
Then scientific men in the Bauer & Black laboratories invented the Blue-jay plaster. It was based on research, on knowledge, on many a clinical test.

People began to use it. They found that a jiffy applied it. They found it snug and comfortable.

They found that the pain stopped instantly, and it never came back. They found that the corn completely disappeared, and usually in 48 hours. Only one corn in ten needed a second application.

These users told others, and now millions use Blue-jay. They apply it as soon as a corn appears. Now at least one-half the people never suffer corns.

You can, like them, keep free from corns forever in this easy, simple way. One test will prove this, and tonight. In these scientific days it is folly to have corns.



How Blue-jay Acts

A is a thin, soft, protecting ring which stops the pain by relieving the pressure.

B is the B & B wax centered on the corn to gently undermine it.

C is rubber adhesive. It wraps around the toe and makes the plaster snug and comfortable.

B&B **Blue-jay**

The Scientific Corn Ender

Stops Pain Instantly—Ends Corns Completely
25 Cents—At Druggists

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Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

(988)

ST. NICHOLAS

The Magazine for Youth

"ONE of the wonderful things about having St. Nicholas in our home is the bond it has made between my girl and boy and me," said a successful business man. "We read the stories together and are partners in all the thrills. We discuss the articles on travel and sports. They bring to me the drawings, photographs and verses they prepare for the St. Nicholas League competitions. Thus I see just what St. Nicholas is doing for them; how it is helping form right tastes and stimulating ambition. St. Nicholas is giving them a great start toward success."

For more than 40 years, St. Nicholas has been this kind of influence in the foremost families of the nation. Presidents and senators, congressmen, college presidents, writers, artists, publishers, manufacturers have all testified to the value of St. Nicholas to youth. They have subscribed to it for their own boys and girls.

Does St. Nicholas come to your home? If not, subscribe for it now.

St. Nicholas is a real magazine, better to-day than any time in its history. Give your boys and girls a magazine of their own, written and edited for youth. The cost is but $3 per year—less than a cent a day.

Write a check and mail it today to St. Nicholas Magazine, Subscription Department F-1, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

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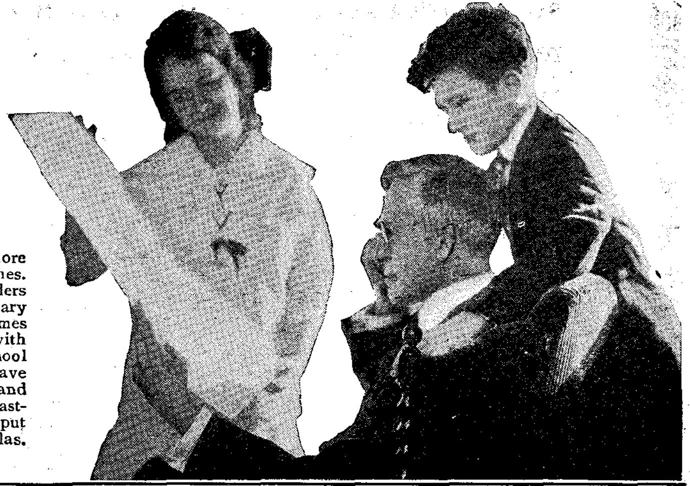
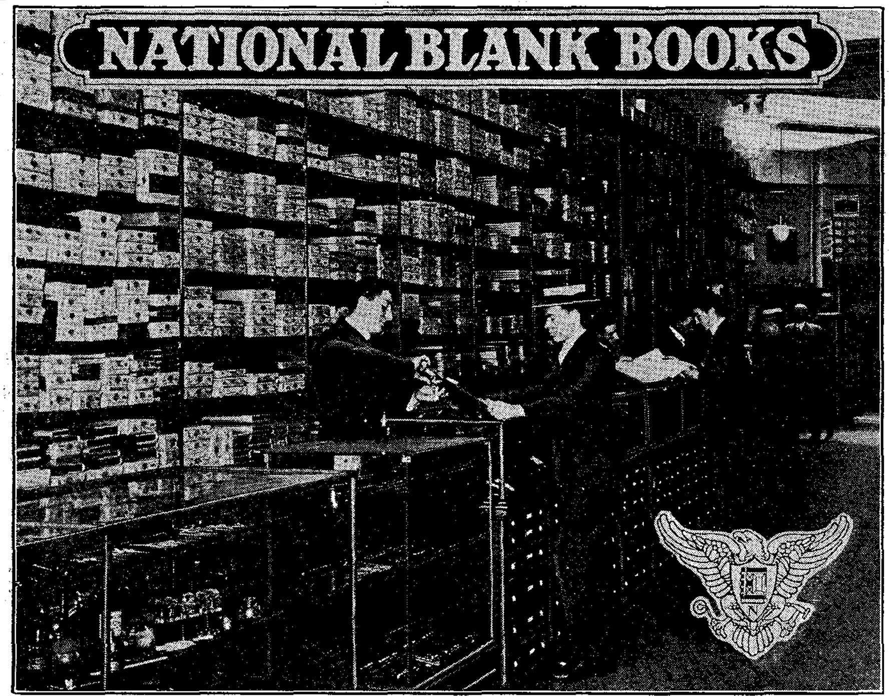
goes straight to the heart of more than 75,000 worth-while homes. It is seen by far more readers per copy than the ordinary magazine. St. Nicholas homes are live homes, usually with boys and girls of high school and prep. school age, who have a voice in family purchases and good memories. To make a lasting, valuable impression — put your advertising in St. Nicholas.





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THE SPICE OF LIFE

Real Musical Criticism.—THE GIRL—"I admire that pianist's finish. Don't you?"

THE MAN—"Yes, but I always dread his beginning."—*Boston Transcript.*

Counting the Cost.—PROSPECTIVE BRIDEGROOM (in furniture shop)—"These prices make me give up all thoughts of marriage. I now realize it'll be cheaper to let her sue me for breach of promise."—*London Opinion.*

The Unkindest Cut.—"It's four years now since he left me," said the deserted wife. "I remember it just as well as yesterday—how he stood at the door, holding it open till six flies got into the house."—*Boston Transcript.*

How She Rises.—"Truth crusht to earth will rise again," said the hopeful person.

"Yes," replied the cynic; "but it's liable to have to go with a crutch for some time after."—*Washington Star.*

Joshing Joshua

That Joshua was a wonder!
He not only stopt the sun,
But he hadn't any parents,
For he was the son of Nun.
—*Boston Transcript.*

Past *vs.* Present.—"Strange Edith should invite that horrid grass-widow to her wedding; she has such a disagreeable past."

"Yes, my dear, but she's rich enough to furnish a very agreeable present."—*Boston Transcript.*

Lowered Percentage.—DONALD—"D'ye ken Mac fell in the river on his way hame last nicht?"

WILLIE—"Ye dinna mean tae say he was drooned?"

DONALD—"Not drooned, but badly diluted."—*London Ideas.*

Who's Got It?—"What is worrying you now?"

"Oh, nothing much," replied the man who is perpetually pensive. "I am merely trying to figure out what has become of all the daylight I saved since we set the clocks forward."—*Washington Star.*

Safety First.—EDITH—"When it comes to love, I wouldn't give a thought to how much a man is making."

MAUD—"Neither would I, dear. What would primarily interest me would be how much he had already made. There's no use taking chances."—*Boston Transcript.*

Patron Saints.—Two sailors, an Irishman and a Scotchman, could never agree, and the rest of the crew had become adepts in starting them on an argument. One day "patron saints" was the subject, of which the Scotchman knew nothing and the Irishman just a little.

"Who was the patron saint of Ireland?" said Jock.

"Do you mean to say you don't know?" said Pat. "Why, the holy St. Patrick."

"Well," said Jock in deliberate tones, "hang your St. Patrick."

In a towering rage the Irishman hesitated a second while he thought of something equally offensive, and then burst out with, "And hang your Harry Lauder!"—*London Tit-Bits.*

Always.—" Edith is one of those girls whose interest in a man is governed by his wealth."

" I see; the greater the principal the greater the interest."—*Boston Transcript.*

Where Change Was Needed.—" Do you think Miss Oldgirl will ever change her mind and marry? "

" No. If she marries it will be because some man of her acquaintance changes his mind."—*London Tit-Bits.*

What Does a Mendicant Mend?—MAID—" There's a mendicant at the door, madam."

MRS. NEWRICH—" Well, tell him we haven't anything to mend just at present."—*Boston Transcript.*

No Disqualification.—SHE—"And hasn't the awful life of destruction and war spoiled you for a peaceful, harmless existence? "

HE—" Well, you see, I happen to be a lawyer."—*Sydney Bulletin.*

An Honor of Peace.—" What are your impressions of No Man's Land? "

" I didn't get into the war," answered the morose citizen. " My only vivid idea of No Man's Land is home while spring housecleaning is going on."—*Washington Star.*

Reasoning from Kittens.—Little Edward's twin sisters were being christened. All went well until Edward saw the water in the font. Then he anxiously turned to his mother and exclaimed: " Ma, which one are you going to keep? "—*Blighty* (*London*).

Thoughtful Landlord. — LANDLORD— " I'm sorry, Mr. Harduppe, to have to call and say I am compelled to raise your rent."

HARDUPPE—" Oh, that's all right! I was afraid you were going to ask *me* to! " —*The Passing Show* (*London*).

Right!—The teacher was giving the class a natural-history lecture on Australia.

" There is one animal," she said, " none of you have mentioned. It does not stand up on its legs all the time. It does not walk like other animals, but takes funny little skips. What is it? "

And the class yelled with one voice: " Charlie Chaplin."—*London Tit-Bits.*

The Judge's Busy Day.—A discouraged counselor remarked to the court, " My poor client is little likely to get justice done her until the judgment-day."

" Well, counselor," said the judge, " if I have an opportunity I'll plead for the poor woman myself on that day."

" Your honor," replied the other, " will have troubles of your own upon that day." —*Boston Transcript.*

Probably Dogfish.—Blank had had a day off, and when he returned to the office the following morning his pals wanted to know why he looked so disgruntled.

" Everything went wrong! " grumbled Blank.

" How was that? " one asked.

" Ever go fishing with a girl? "

" Once."

" Did she protest against hurting the fish? "

" No. She said she was sure they were perfectly happy, because they were all wagging their tails."—*London Tit-Bits.*

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S. B.
COUGH DROPS.
S. B. Stamped on each Drop
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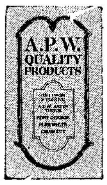

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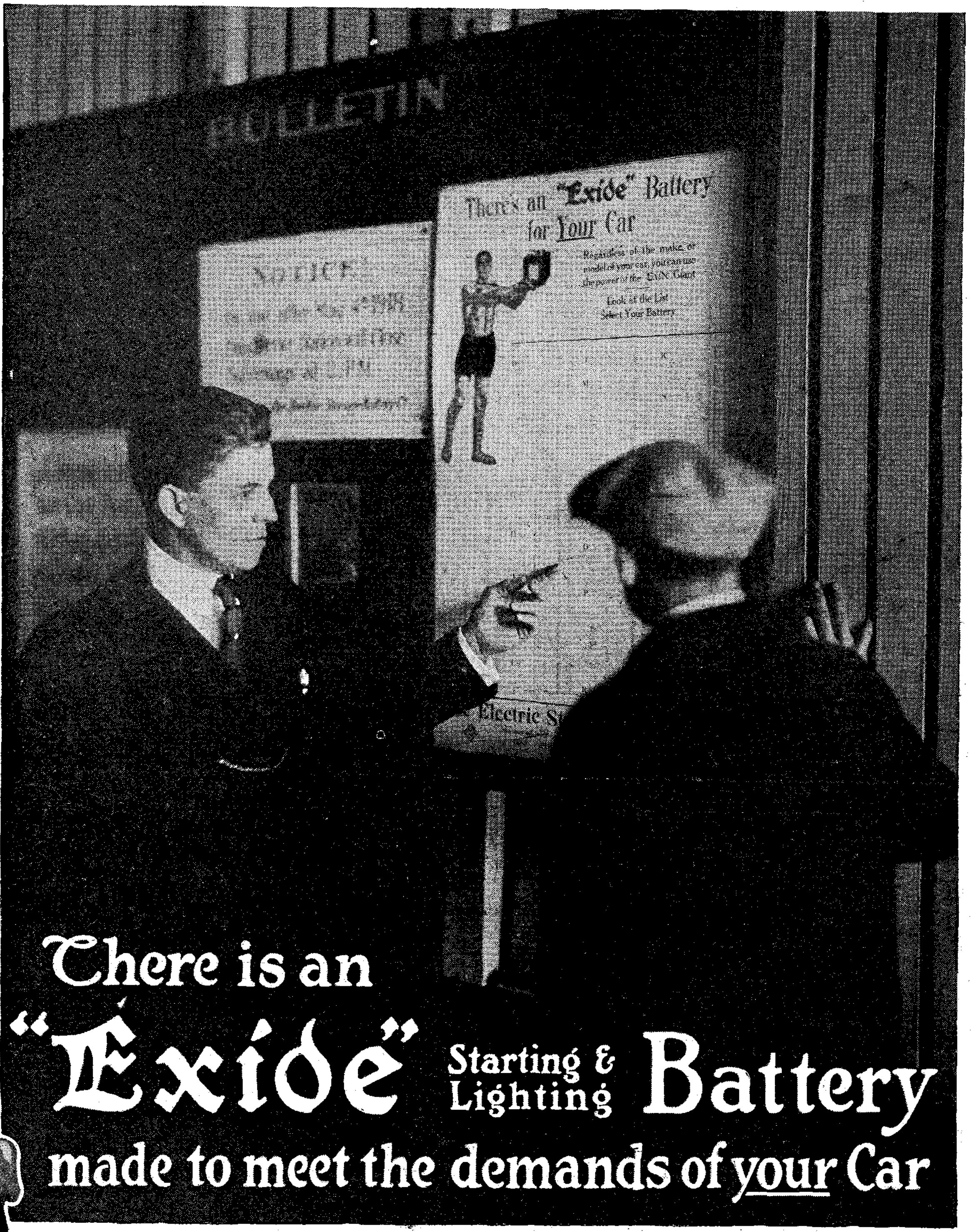
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CURRENT EVENTS

PEACE PRELIMINARIES

May 28.—All arrangements have been completed for blockading Germany in case the German delegates refuse to sign the Peace Treaty. If Germany does not sign, she will be given seventy-two hours' notice of the termination of the armistice, on the expiration of which period the British, French, and Americans will advance into Germany.

May 29.—The German delegation's counter-proposals to the Peace Treaty are delivered to the secretariat of the Peace Conference. They include among other things a claim by Germany for $3,212,500,000 for damage by the Allied blockade; an offer by Germany to disarm all her battle-ships, provided a part of her mercantile fleet is restored; rejection of the cession of upper Silesia and of the claims to East Prussia and West Prussia; a stipulation that Danzig shall become a free port; and an offer by Germany to pay an indemnity of $25,000,000,000 in gold, five billion of which is to be paid by 1926.

An agreement is reported on the Adriatic question under which Fiume is made an independent state under the protection of the League of Nations. The cities of Zara and Sebenico are given to Italy, which renounces all claim to the rest of the Dalmatian coast and the hinterland.

May 31.—The German delegation has been notified by the Allies that no more notes regarding the terms will be received by the Peace Conference.

June 1.—The Rhine Republic is proclaimed in various Rhine cities. The new government is headed by Dr. Dorten. Wiesbaden has been made the provisional capital.

It is reported that the entire Council of Four is willing to make concessions to Germany, President Wilson apparently standing for the greatest and Premier Clemenceau for the least modification of the Treaty. Among the concessions seriously considered is the one relating to the German demand for a plebiscite in upper Silesia; also the demand that the city of Danzig should have a voice in determining its own destiny; further, the immediate inclusion of Germany in the League of Nations.

une 2.—Austria's peace terms are handed to her delegates. They provide among other things for the reduction of the Austrian empire from 240,935 square miles to between 40,000 and 50,000 square miles; for the recognition by Austria of the independence of Hungary, Czecho-Slovakia, and Jugo-Slavia; and for the demobilization of all Austrian naval and aerial forces.

une 3.—Two changes in the German peace terms are being considered by the Council of Four, it is reported from Paris. One is the possibility of the acceptance of the German proposal to pay an indemnity of $25,000,000,000, the other is the proposal for a plebiscite in Silesia.

Sweden and Denmark notify the Peace Conference that they will not join in a blockade of Germany in the event of a German refusal to sign the treaty. A similar decision has already been announced by Norway and Switzerland.

AFFAIRS IN RUSSIA

May 28.—Siberian troops of the Kolchak government storm Orenberg, one of the last Bolshevik strongholds in southeastern Russia, according to advices from Omsk to London.

There has been an uprising against the *Soviet* in the district around Lake Onega, northwest of Petrograd, London reports. It is further reported that Bolshevik troops continue to retire in the Petrograd region before the Esthonians.

May 30.—Bolsheviki before quitting Riga shot thirty persons in the central prison, according to official reports received by the American Peace Delegates in Paris. The anti-Bolshevik troops captured Riga with slight fighting. In the various prisons in the captured city sixteen hundred hostages were found.

A large force of Bolsheviki is reported mobilizing at Jazanka, an important mining district near Vladivostok, in preparation for an attack on the Allied mine guards.

June 3.—Esthonian and Finnish forces have taken Petrograd, according to an unconfirmed telegram to Copenhagen.

A Russian Bolshevik plot on a wide scale has been discovered in Finland. Many arrests have been made.

FOREIGN

May 28.—Revolutionary outbreaks are reported in advices from Mexico City. A force of forty-five men, including a number of officers, were killed by rebel troops on the Tehuantepec railway. Block-houses built for protection along other railway lines are being destroyed by the rebels as fast as they are built, it is reported.

May 29.—A general strike in sympathy with the metal-workers goes into effect in Toronto, fifteen thousand men going out.

A mob of several hundred rioting Chinese attack the shops and homes of the Japanese at Wuhu on the Yangtse, according to a special cable from Tokyo to San Francisco.

May 31.—The anti-Japanese agitation and riots among the Chinese people are extending from the north China districts to a large portion of the southern provinces, says a cable from Tokyo.

Mexican rebels under the command of Gen. Felipe Angeles, recently proclaimed provisional President of Mexico by the Villistas, are preparing to attack three cities in northern Mexico with a force said to total 13,000 men. It is reported that all foreigners are leaving the section where the Villistas are concentrating.

June 1.—According to advices from Ottawa, the Canadian Government is fighting the strikes on the basis of their being a part of a deliberate revolutionary movement for the purpose of starting a *Soviet* Government in Winnipeg and throughout the four western provinces of Canada.

June 2.—A crowd of strikers, strike sympathizers, and returned soldiers take possession of the provisional legislative chamber at Winnipeg, demanding the resignation of the Premier and his cabinet on the ground of incompetency in handling the strike situation.

It is reported from Toronto that the Reds in the local trades and labor councils are meeting rebuffs at every turn, and it is almost generally conceded that the sympathetic strike at present is a failure.

The first representative of the new Polish Government to come to the United States arrives, in the person of Consul-General Konstantin Buszczynski.

Reports from reliable sources are that

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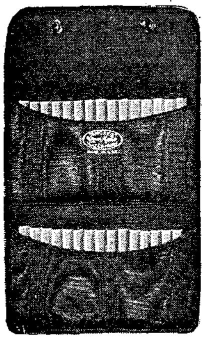

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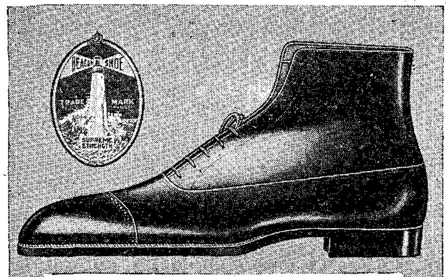

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Chihuahua City, Mexico, is attacked in force by Villa and Angeles. All communications are cut off between Juarez and Chihuahua. Many residents of Juarez are sending their belongings and their families across the international bridge into American territory.

June 3.—Counter-revolutionary uprisings occur in many towns of western Hungary, say reports to Berlin. A recent dispatch from Vienna states that the Bolshevik régime in Hungary has been overthrown.

The new Rhine republic is repudiated by the German Government, all its acts being declared void. Chancellor Philipp Scheidemann has ordered the prosecution of Dr. Dorten, the President of the new republic.

DOMESTIC

May 28.—Secretary Glass reports that the fifth loan total was $5,249,908,300, the loan being oversubscribed to the amount of $749,908,300. The total number of subscribers is given as 12,000,000.

In the first nine months of the present fiscal year 100,000 more persons of all descriptions departed from than came into the United States, according to official figures of the Department of Labor.

May 31.—The American naval seaplane *NC-4*, under command of Lieut.-Com. A. C. Read, reaches Plymouth, England, in completion of its flight across the Atlantic Ocean.

June 2.—Bombs supposed to have been planted by Reds in an attempt to inaugurate a reign of terror are set off in eight cities of the East, shortly after midnight. Two lives were lost, tho all the persons for whom the bombs evidently were intended escaped without injury.

Increased railroad-, telephone-, and telegraph-rates, ordered by the Railroad Administration and the Postmaster-General respectively, are sustained by the Supreme Court of the United States, in an opinion holding that the war powers conferred by Congress upon the President included the right to fix intrastate rates.

June 3.—A nation-wide search for the persons responsible for the bomb explosions in the principal Eastern cities begins. Several suspects have already been arrested.

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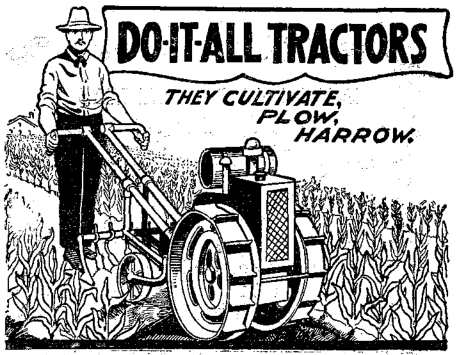

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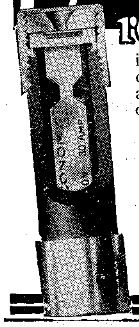

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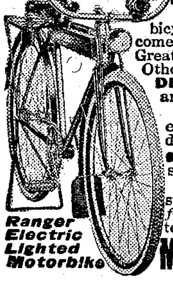

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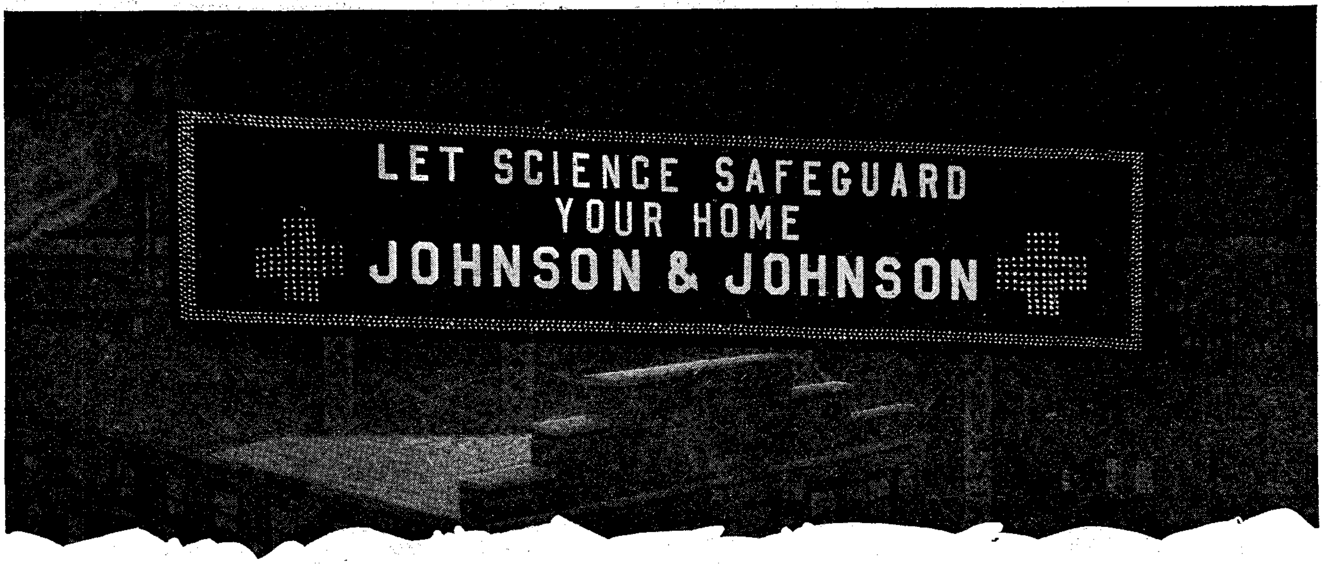

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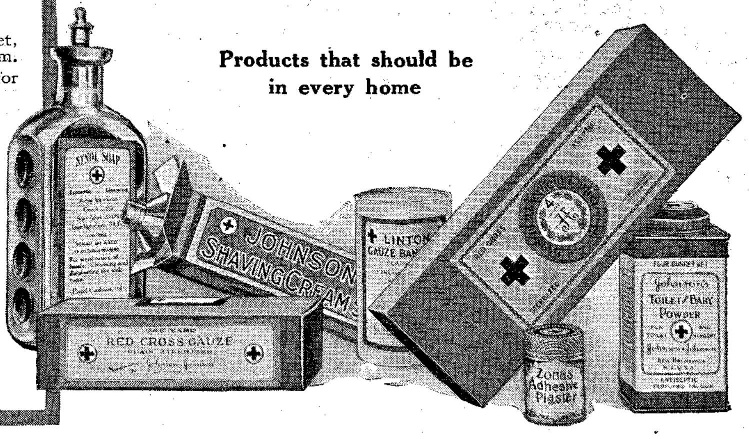

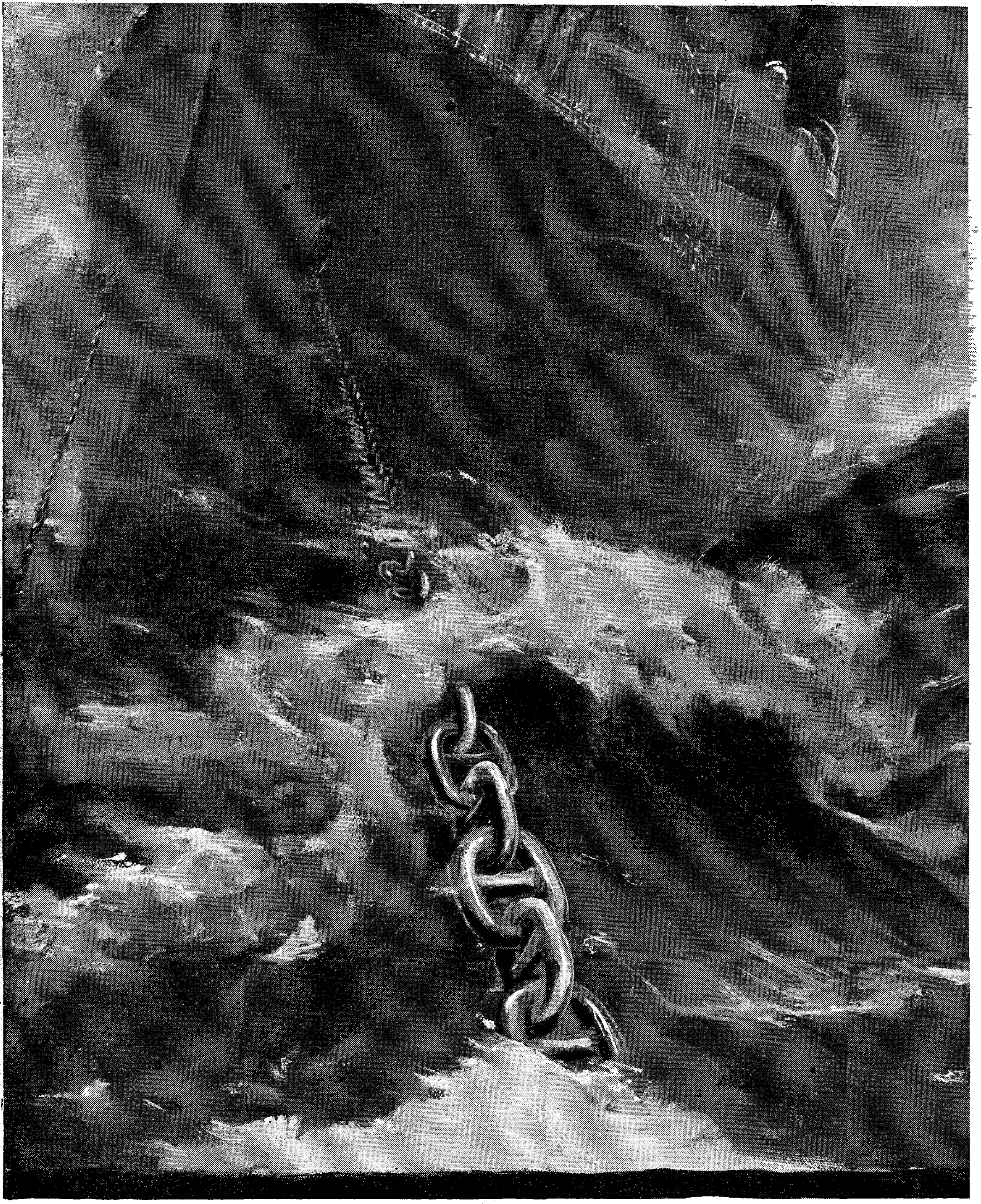

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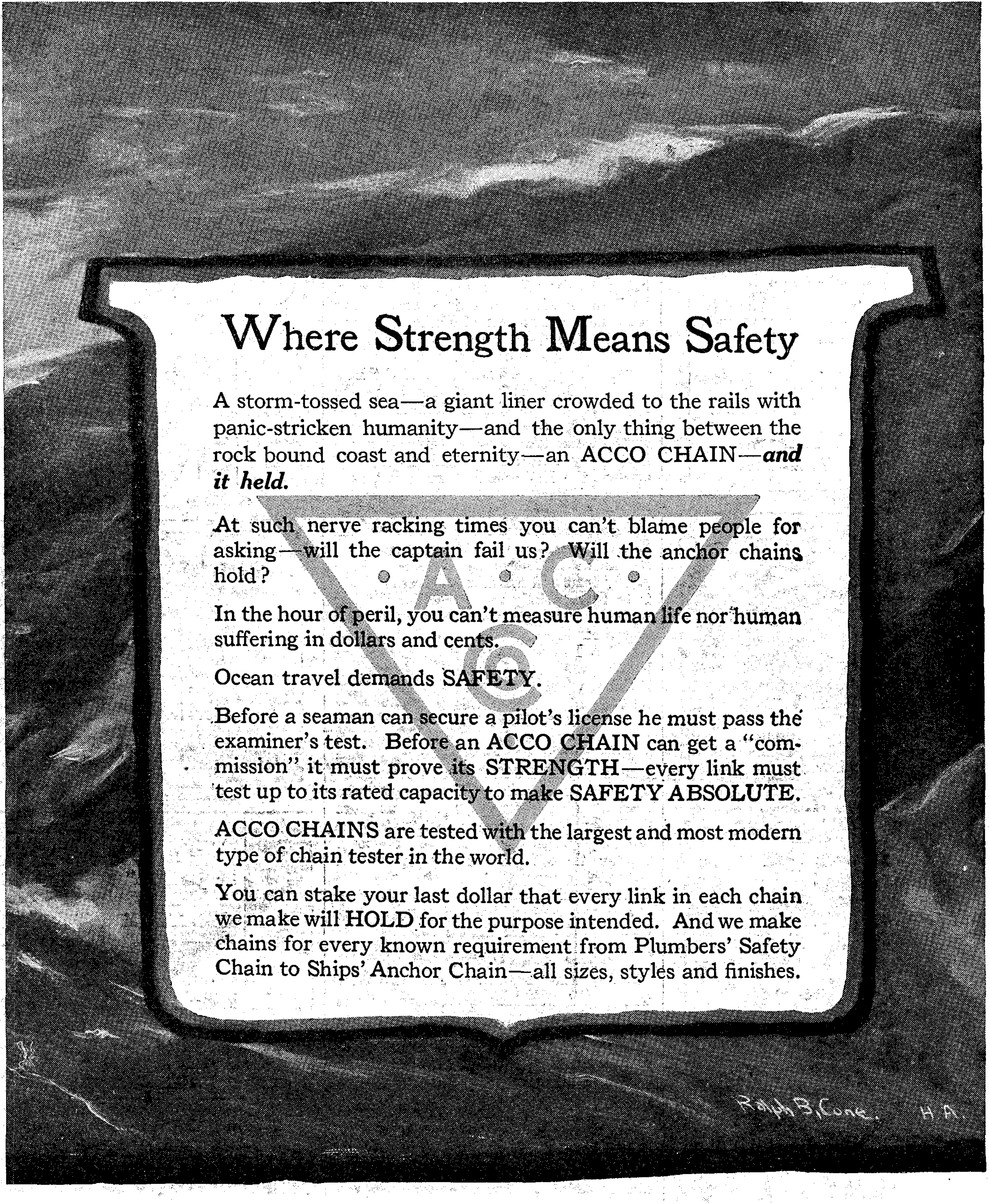
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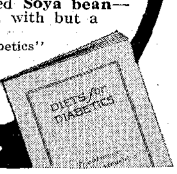

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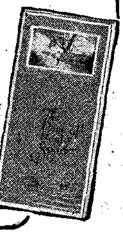

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ESTHONIA

(Continued from page 34)

republic, whose sovereignty lies in the National Council, which is qualified in accordance with international law to act for the country and the nation through its diplomatic representatives.

"After the victory of the Allies a new development took form in the political status of the Esthonian people. This change was signified by the war against the Russian Bolsheviki. On November 11, 1918, the Provisional Esthonian Government became a government **de facto**. On November 19 an agreement was reached between the Esthonian and German authorities with the object of securing immediate evacuation of Esthonian territory by the Germans and the sovereign power of the Esthonian Government.

"Then began the war against the Bolsheviki. In the face of the enormous difficulties due to violent German opposition, despite the lack of arms and munitions, despite the lack of a regularly organized army and an established financial system, the Esthonian Government held its own. It entered into negotiations with the Allied governments and with neighboring governments in order to secure military and economic assistance. The Allies responded to Esthonia's appeal by supplying arms and munitions. Great Britain is to be especially mentioned for sending war-ships to Esthonia, which arrived on December 1.

"The defense of the new republic then began, greatly aided by the Government of Finland, which furnished arms, munitions, a loan, and authorized a levy of voluntary troops in its territory who supported the cause of Esthonia. Two destroyers, captured by the British Navy, were lent temporarily to the Esthonian Government by consent of Great Britain through Admiral Alexander Sinclair. Thus were the Esthonians enabled in part to rid their territory completely of Bolshevik troops. To-day there is no supreme power in Esthonia except that exercised by the Esthonian Provisional Government. It can not be contested without suppressing all authority."

INTERNAL RECONSTRUCTION—The upset of war-conditions did not interfere with the internal reorganization of the country, we learn from another report in *La Revue Baltique*. The machinery of the new government had to be kept in running order at the same time that military expenses had to be met. Finland, we are told, is the only country that responded to Esthonia's request for financial aid. The first landmark in the rebirth of Esthonia was recorded on February 24 last, the first anniversary of the nation's independence. The day was celebrated with general enthusiasm, in which it is especially to be noted that the German element of the population participated. They made the frank avowal that formerly they were "blinded by theories of the Pan-Germans" and did not clearly see the import of Esthonia's act of independence. Dear also to the notice of Esthonians is the recognition by the British Lloyd's that all ships claimed as Esthonian have been so registered and have the right to fly the Esthonian flag, which consists of three horizontal stripes as follows: blue, black, white.

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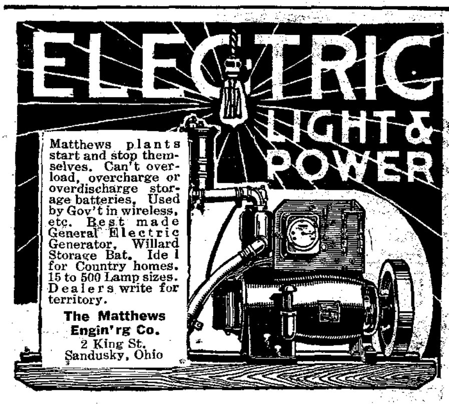

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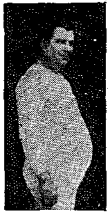

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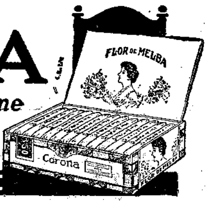

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INVESTMENTS - AND - FINANCE

GERMAN ECONOMIC CONDITIONS AS AFFECTED BY THE PEACE TREATY

BRADSTREET'S is of opinion that perhaps "the most generally interesting exchanges that have taken place between the German delegates at Versailles and the representatives of the Allied and Associated Powers are those embodied in the notes relative to economic provisions" which were made public late in May. The German note set forth that in the course of the last two generations Germany had become transformed from an agricultural state capable of feeding 40,000,000 people into an industrial state able to insure the nourishment of a population of 67,000,000. It was then pointed out that, according to the terms of the Treaty, Germany would have to surrender her merchant tonnage and ships in course of construction suitable for overseas trade; that her shipyards would have to build for five years tonnage destined for the Allied governments, and renounce her overseas possessions, and that her interests and securities in Allied countries and their colonies and protectorates would be subject to liquidation as a part of the reparation demanded by the Entente. The German note further urged that by putting into force the territorial clauses Germany would lose in the East her most important regions for the production of cereals and potatoes, which would be equivalent to a loss of twenty-one per cent. of the total crops of those food products, while the intensity of her agricultural production "would be diminished considerably."

In addition, the note, as *Bradstreet's* outlines it, complains that Germany's importation of certain raw material indispensable for the production of manure, such as phosphates, would be hindered; her industries would suffer from lack of coal, the treaty providing for the loss of almost a third of the production of her coal-mines and the delivery of large quantities of coal to Allied countries, and, furthermore, that Germany "must concede to her neighbors nearly three-quarters of her mineral production, including more than three-fifths of her zinc product." The note then argues that after the diminution of her products and the loss of her merchant fleet and of her possessions abroad Germany "would not be in a position to import from abroad a sufficient quantity of raw materials, so that a great part of her industry would be doomed to destruction, while at the same time the necessity of importing foodstuffs would increase and the possibility of satisfying the demand therefor would decrease in a like proportion." As a result, Germany would not be able to give bread and work to millions of her inhabitants, who would be "reduced to earn their livelihood by navigation and by trade." These persons, it was argued, would have to emigrate, this being difficult, "because the most important countries are opposed to German immigration, while others, expelled from Allied territories, would return to their native land."

In reply it was set forth that the German note appeared to the Entente to contain "a very inadequate presentation of the facts of the case, to be marked in parts by great exaggeration, and to ignore the fundamental considerations arising both out of the incidents and the results of the war which explain and justify the terms of the Treaty." In the first place, the Allies pointed out that Germany would not have to feed 67,000,000 of people because she would lose about 6,000,000 in the non-German territories which it was proposed to transfer. As the Allied reply has been accepted as a remarkable presentation of the case against Germany, several extracts from it deserve reprinting here:

"Complaint is made in the German note that Germany is required to surrender her merchant tonnage, existing or in course of construction, and that a prior claim is made upon her ship-building capacity for a limited term of years. No mention, however, is made of the fact that a considerable portion of the smaller tonnage of Germany is left to her unimpaired, and it seems to have entirely escaped the notice of her spokesman that the sacrifice of her larger shipping is the inevitable and necessary penalty imposed upon her for the ruthless campaign which, in defiance of all laws and precedent, she waged during the last two years of the war upon the mercantile shipping of the world.

"As a partial offset against the twelve and three-fourths million tons of shipping sunk, it is proposed to transfer four million tons of German shipping. In other words, the shipping which it is proposed to take from Germany constitutes less than one-third of that which was thus wantonly destroyed. The universal shortage of merchant shipping is the result, not of the terms of peace, but of the action of Germany, and no surprize can reasonably be felt if she is called upon to bear a share—and it is a very moderate share—of a loss for which her own criminal deeds have been responsible.

"Great stress is laid on the proposal that on the eastern side Germany shall be deprived of the regions specially devoted to the production of wheat and potatoes. This is true. But the note fails altogether to observe that there is nothing in the Peace Treaty to prevent either the continued production of those commodities in the areas in question, or their importation into Germany.

"On the contrary, the free admission of these products of the eastern districts is provided for during a period of three years. Moreover, it is fortunate for Germany that those regions have lost none of their productivity owing to the ravages of war. They have escaped the shocking fate which was dealt out by the German armies to the corresponding territories in Belgium and France in the west, and Poland, Russia, Roumania, and Servia on the east. There appears to be no reason why their produce should not continue to find a market on German soil.

"The German note makes special complaint of the deprivation of coal and asserts that nearly one-third of the production of the existing coal-mines will be lost. But should not the coal situation be viewed from a different and wider standpoint? It can not be forgotten that among the most wanton acts perpetrated by the German armies during the war was the almost complete destruction by her of the coal-supplies of northern France.

"An entire industry was obliterated with a calculation and a savagery which it will take many years to repair. The result has been a grave and prolonged shortage of coal in Western Europe. There can be no reason in equity why the effect of this shortage should be borne exclusively by the Allied nations who were its victims, or why Germany, who deliberately made herself responsible for the

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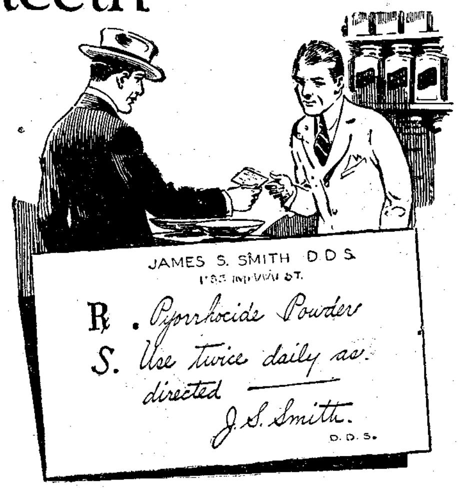
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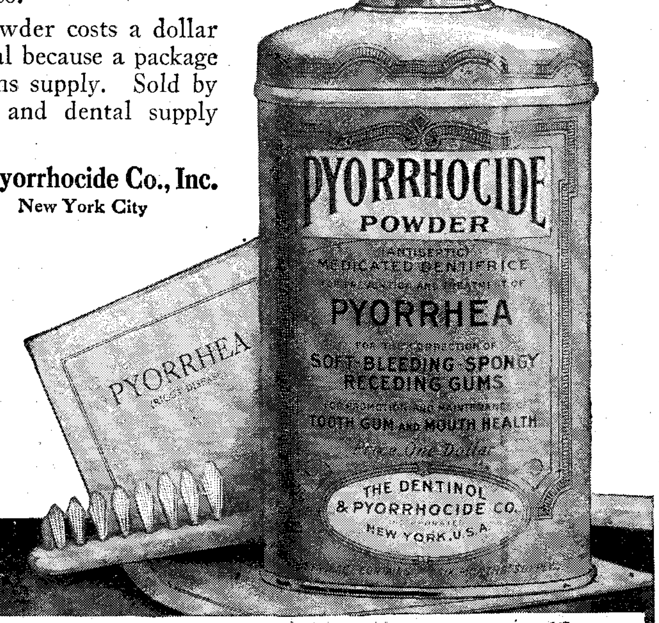

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President

deficiency, should not, to the full limit of her capacity, make it good.

"Stress is also laid upon the hardships alleged to be inflicted upon Germany by the necessity of importing in future iron ores and zinc. It is not understood why Germany should be supposed to suffer from conditions to which other countries contentedly submit. It would appear to be a fundamental fallacy that the political control of a country is essential in order to procure a reasonable share of its products. Such a proposal finds no foundation in economic law or in history.

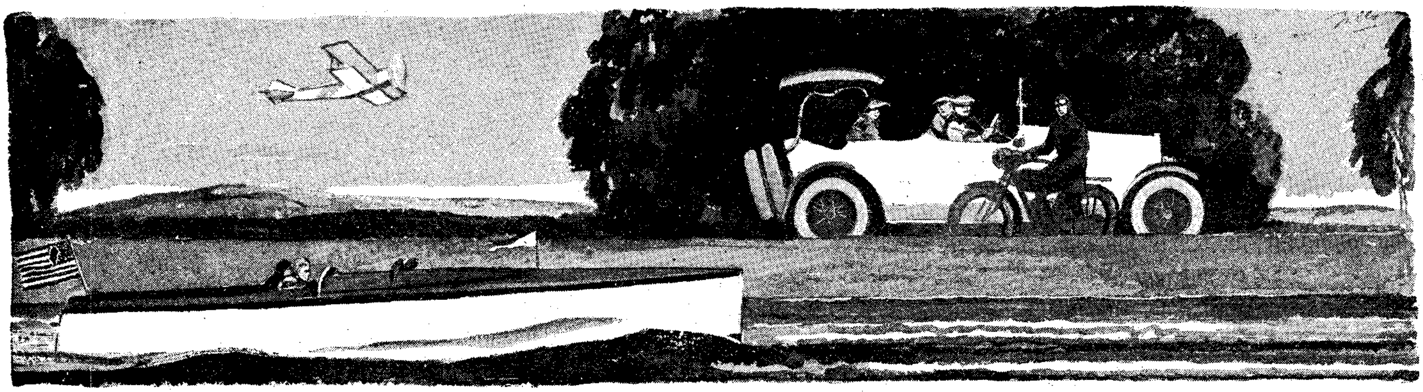
"The Allied and Associated Powers can not accept the speculative estimate presented to them in the German note on the future conditions of German industry as a whole. This estimate appears to them to be characterized and vitalized by palpable exaggerations. No note is taken of the fact that the economic disaster produced by the war is wide-spread and indeed universal. Every country is called upon to suffer. There is no reason why Germany, which was responsible for the war, should not suffer also.

"Similarly, as regards the population of the future, no reliance can be placed on the data which are contained in the German note. On the one hand it is sought to prove that emigration from Germany will be necessary, but that few countries will receive the intending immigrants. On the other hand, it is sought to show that there will be a flood of Germans *returning to their native* land and live under the conditions which have already been described as intolerable. It would be unwise to attach too much weight to either speculation.

"Finally, the German note rashly asserts that the peace conditions will logically bring about the destruction ('loss' in original) of several millions of persons in Germany, in addition to those who have perished in the war or who are alleged to have lost their lives in consequence of the blockade. Against the war-losses of Germany *might* very fairly be placed the far greater losses which he initiative and conduct of the war have inflicted upon the Allied countries and which have left an ineffaceable mark upon the manhood of Europe. On the othe hand, the figures and the losses allege to have been caused by the blockade ar purely hypothetical. The German estimate of future losses could be accepte only if the premises upon which it is presumed to rest are accepted also.

"But they are entirely fallacious. Ther is not the slightest reason to believe tha a population is destined to be permanentl disabled because it will be called upon i future to trade across its frontiers instea of producing what it requires from within A country can both become and can continue to be a great manufacturing countr without producing the raw materials of it main industries. Such is the case, fo instance, with Great Britain, which imports at least one-half of her food-supplie and the great preponderance of her ra materials from abroad. There is n reason whatever why Germany, under th new conditions, should not build up fo herself a position both of stability an prosperity in the European world. He territories have suffered less than those o any other Continental belligerent stat during the war. Indeed, so far as pillag or devastation is concerned, they hav not suffered at all. Their remainin and untouched resources, supplemente by the volume of import trade, should b adequate for recovery and development.

"The German reply also ignores th immense relief that will be caused to h people in the struggle for recovery by th enforced reduction of her military arma ments in future. Hundreds of thousand of her inhabitants who have hitherto bee engaged either in training for armies o in producing instruments of destructio will henceforward be available for peacef avocations and for increasing the industri productiveness of the nation. No resu



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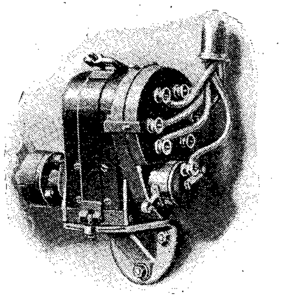

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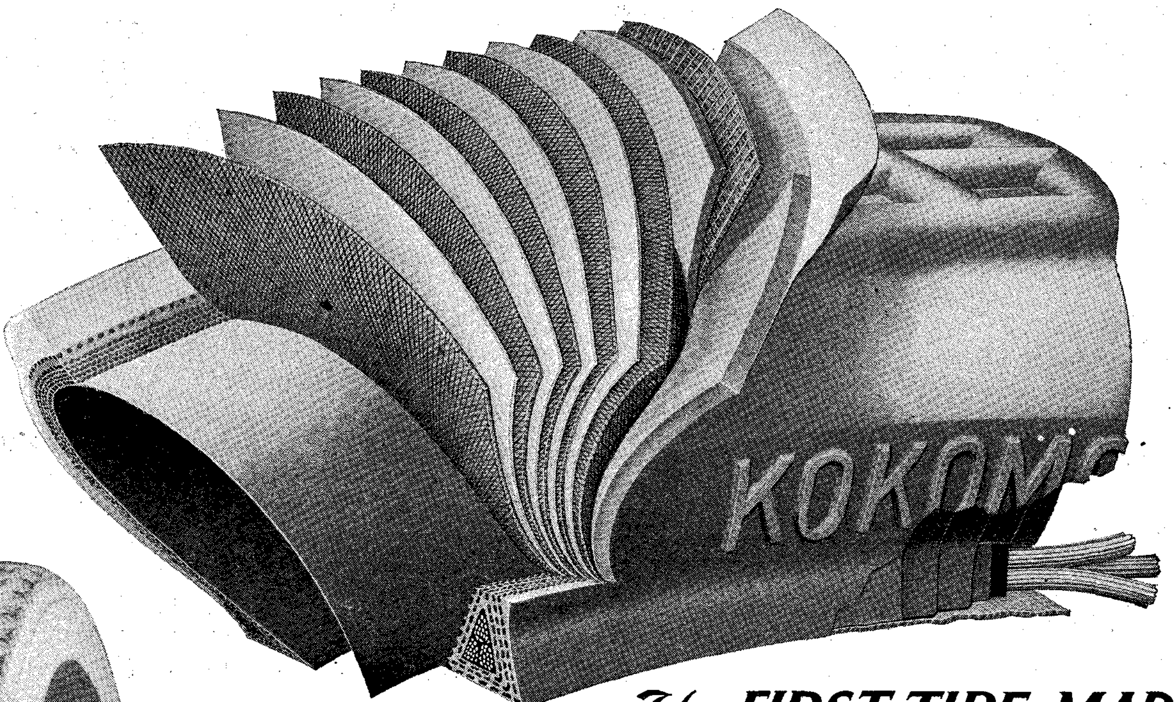

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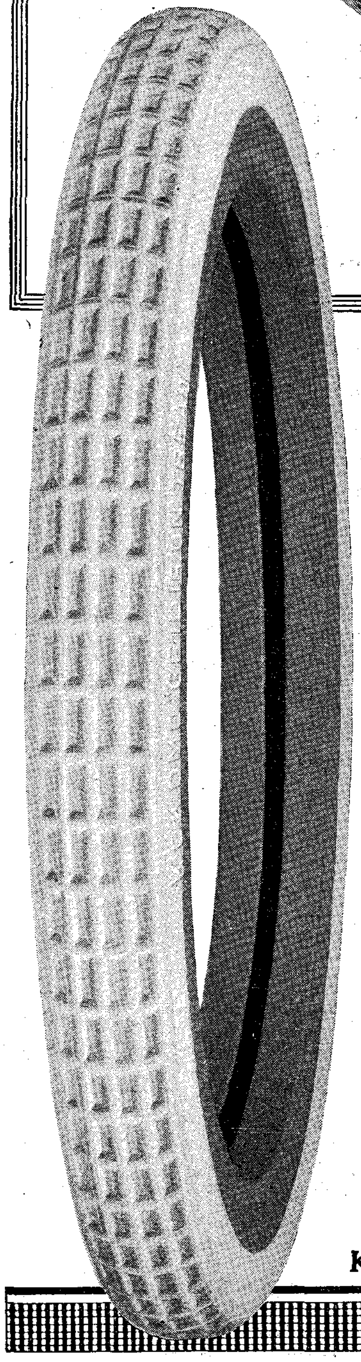

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should be more satisfactory to the German people.

"But the first condition of any such recuperation would appear to be that Germany should recognize the facts of the present state of the world, which she has been mainly instrumental in creating, and realize that she can not escape unscathed. The share which she is being called upon to bear of the enormous calamity that has befallen the world has been apportioned by the victorious Powers, not to her deserts, but solely to her ability to bear it.

"All the nations of Europe are suffering from losses, and are bearing, and will continue to bear, burdens which are almost more than they can carry. These burdens and losses have been forced upon them by the aggression of Germany. It is right that Germany, which is responsible for the origin of these calamities, should make them good to the utmost of her capacity. Her hardship will arise, not from the conditions of peace, but from the acts of those who provoked and prolonged the war. Those who were responsible for the war can not escape its just consequences."

AS TO NEW TARIFF ISSUES FOR WOOL, COTTON, AND SILK

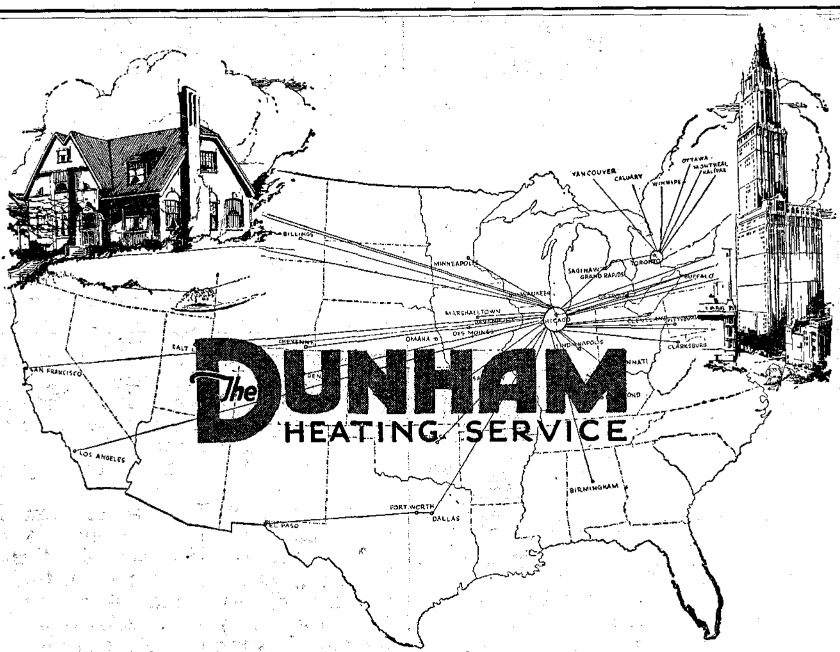
It appears from a recent article in *The Journal of Commerce* that certain industries have become alive to a new tariff issue as affecting their interests. Among these industries are the woolen ones, which foresee higher schedules, the cotton ones, which are not eager for any immediate legislation—and the silk men, who favor protection as against Japanese competition. As for the woolen men, it is said that they will approach the problem scientifically, and "it seems unlikely that any requests will be made not well backed by statistics on comparative labor-costs." The two associations in the industry, the American and the National, each have their tariff committees "and it is expected that their work will occupy at least ten to eighteen months." Their purpose will be to arrive at costs of production here and abroad. Foreign costs will concern chiefly Great Britain, tho other parts of Europe as well as Japan are to be factors. In detail, the writer says as to wool, cotton, and silk:

"Schedules will shortly be sent to topmakers, spinners, and weavers in the form of questionnaires, and data will be sought from them on each step in production, so that semimanufactured and finished goods may be properly classified and each given the proper protection against foreign costs for the same process. Woolen-goods men are confident that when all the data are gathered together it will show the need for a higher tariff-rate than that now prevailing. It is not believed in the trade that foreign-labor costs, lower in the beginning, have advanced to the extent that they have advanced in this country.

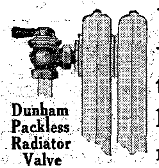
"Anything in the way of actual figures depends also on what action is taken on raw wool. Manufacturers as a class are believed to favor leaving the raw material as enterable duty free but they know that this conflicts sharply with the desires of the Western sheep-grower.

"The sheep-grower has all along shown desire for a tariff on wool, and mill men are of the belief that if upward tariff revision is instituted their desire for free wool will be overruled and that the principle of protection will be extended to the grower.

"What Great Britain will do is also a matter of prime importance, say woolgoods men, and must be considered in any tariff revision here. England and other manufacturing countries may establish tariffs for revenue and their effects must be considered by the statisticians who are figuring for the trade on what is necessary. Great Britain holds



Across the Continent



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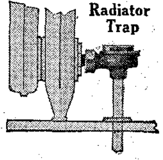

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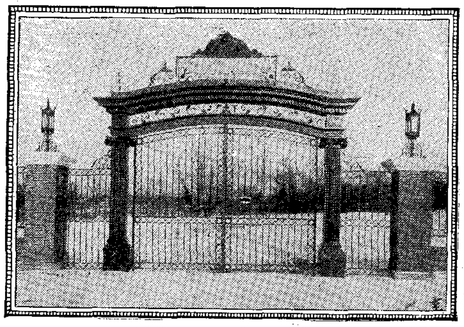

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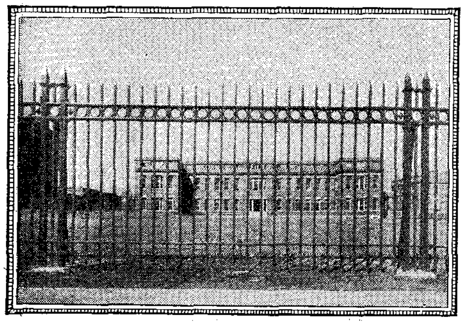

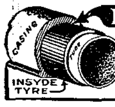

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On the Market 10 years

the future of the Australian wool market in its hand, and on developments there, after war-time control is relaxed next year, will rest other details of the woolen trade's final tariff recommendations.

"Strong as this trade has always been for protection, it is apparent by what has lately been said by manufacturers and agents that nothing precipitate will be undertaken, and that when tariff revision seems possible well-established data will be presented and fair protection urged.

"Cotton-manufacturers look upon the low-revenue era under Democratic auspices as ended, but it can not be said that they are keen for any immediate legislation on all tariff matters. Some are even less keen than they used to be for a high tariff that will shut the country out of foreign trade.

"Their immediate solicitation is for some kind of an arrangement that will protect the dye industry in this country in a satisfactory way without permitting dye-manufacturers to mulct them by high prices. At the same time they are less prone to consider high prices for dyes an obstacle to a tariff on them, as they believe conditions show the public here to be willing to pay for anything they want, whether the cost is high or low. They have been taking action in cooperation with various chemical companies to arrange for some sort of a licensing system permitting foreign dyes to come in here in a limited way until the dye industry is well established, and this action is being taken quite independent of what may be done in the matter of tariff rates on dyes later on.

It has been shown to the satisfaction of the cotton-manufacturers generally, that the Underwood tariff permits foreign cottons to come in more freely than the old tariff laws did. But the war has been the factor in creating a dearth of imports to an extent that has made imported cottons of little consequence.

"If, by any turn of the political wheel, there should be a possibility of the tariff becoming an unsettled question in business, manufacturers say they would be against it at this time. This view is held because they do not see what can come in the way of business advancement from a political discussion of tariff matters that will be vetoed by a Democratic President.

"The few dry-goods merchants who were asked about the tariff said they hoped that little would be said of a political nature at this time as they feel they have all the troubles they can handle in trying to hold down prices now. They were not keenly interested in the subject from any angle. One said he had talked with a number of his manufacturers who were here a short time ago in attendance at a convention and he did not hear one of them say that he wanted any special favors in the way of tariff. Several of them said they hoped that they had seen the last of Government intervention in business matters to the end of their days.

The possibility of Japanese competition is foremost in the minds of the silk trade, and there seems to be a feeling gathering that some sort of real protection for the industry is advisable. The trip of the raw-silk reelers to this country a short time back brought this possible competition to the front, and the remark of President Cheney of the Silk Association of America at the banquet given in honor of the visit of these delegates, namely, that 'we want your raw silk, but we do not want your broad silk,' seems to express the consensus of trade opinion.

"While wages have advanced in Japan they are still below the par of American labor, and the purchases of considerable American textile-machinery within the past few months is felt to mark the beginning of the Japanese drive on this country. Already there is a large sale of Japanese Habutai, and Japanese satins

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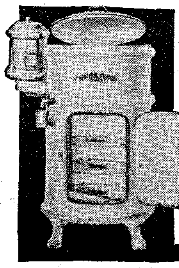

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Dept. K-8 Jackson, Mich.

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STERLING Super-Size Tires are all cured on air-bags. The Cord (or regular woven fabric) is thoroughly impregnated and coated with pure rubber of highest quality. We use much more rubber in and between the layers, and more layers, than is usual. The plies (or layers) are built up one by one on iron cores; the pure gum cushion is added; then the "breaker strip"; then more "cushion"; then the super-tough, long-wear Vacuum Bar Tread. When built, the tire is transferred to an air-bag of our own construction, placed in a mold and the bag forced full of highly compressed air. The molds go into steam vulcanizers for the long three and four hour "cure." Heat further expands the air in the bag inside the mold and the resulting tremendous pressure completely amalgamates all the layers.

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STERLING Tires are guaranteed 5000 miles, but double and triple that mileage is not at all surprising.

If your dealer does not handle STERLINGS, he can get them for you from our nearest branch, or you can communicate direct with that branch.

To Dealers

THE STERLING proposition to dealers has been simplified and broadened, and our co-operation with our dealers greatly strengthened. Territory is being rapidly closed up and those who would like to add to their lines a sturdy, husky QUALITY tire and a pre-eminently superior tube, are invited to send for our Trade List and terms. Those not rated in Dun's or Bradstreet's, are requested to save time, by sending references with the inquiry. Please address the nearest branch.

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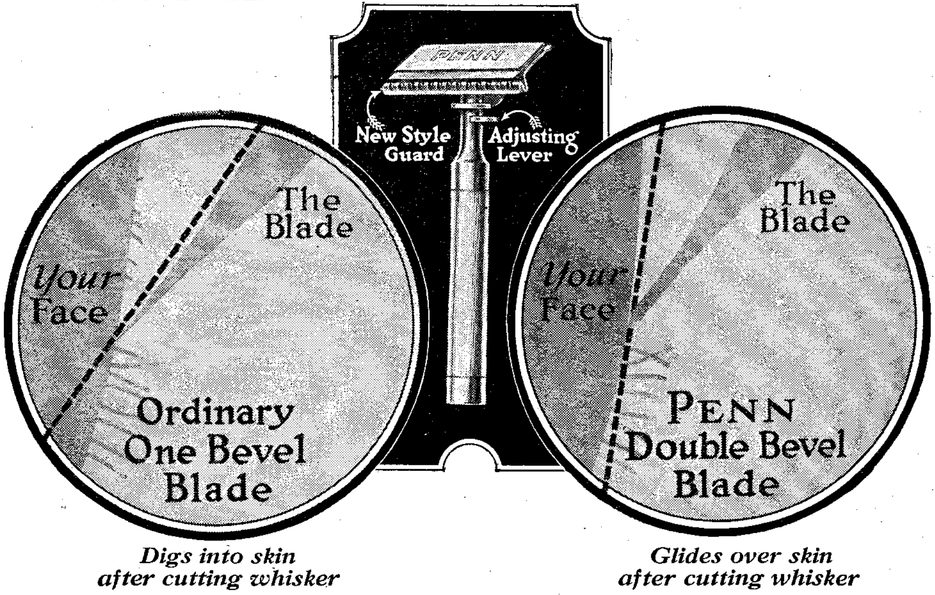

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MENZIES & CO., Toronto

Penn ADJUSTABLE Razor
With the Double Bevel Blades

which have been introduced in this country during the past year or two are meeting with fair favor. They are attracting attention on a price basis, but it is a price competition that the American trade fears. On the other hand, there are some who feel that American progress has taken the industry beyond the stage where they need fear foreign competition.

"Knit-goods manufacturers, including underwear, hosiery, sweaters, and fancy articles, feel fairly secure in their position. The trend to quality goods is felt to mean that American mills are in a position to obtain much of the world's trade and at the same time hold the domestic markets. The progress that Japan was making before the war is being considered by some who feel that there is a possibility of some real competition from this quarter. The fact that her productions heretofore have been of a poor quality is taken into consideration, but it is pointed out that as soon as the business begins to show signs of falling off, she will change her manner of production and raise the quality of her output so as to keep the business. The major part of the trade, however, feels that Japanese competition is not as greatly to be feared as might be supposed and that it will be a long time before they offer real competition to the superior-made American merchandise.

"From Europe it is felt that it will be some time before they will be able to begin to produce, so it is felt that for quite a period there will be a large demand coming from that quarter. After this period their resurrected industries will begin to produce for their own consumption so that for a long time to come little fear is entertained about competition from Europe. As a result the trade feels fairly secure as the producer of the world's knit goods and as a result is not considering any particular tariff changes.

"The floor-covering trade is carefully considering the possibility of competition from two sources. The manufacturers of wood-floor coverings see Great Britain and possibly other European countries as competitors, and feel that some real tariff protection should be given the industry. They realized this during the war, but met with little if any response on their trips to Washington, the promise being made each time that when the war was over something would be done. Now that it is over they are interested in getting some sort of real protection. It is claimed that England can land rugs and carpets in this country at a lower cost than she can in Canada, a British colony with a preferential tariff. This state of affairs the rug and carpet industry seeks to change.

"On the other hand, manufacturers of grass rugs are finding the Japanese competition one of the keenest that they have ever encountered. It is admitted that a large volume of business is being taken each year by Japanese grass rugs, which apparently look as well as the American-made but which offer only a small portion of American service."

The Way It Felt.—THE DENTIST—"Thought you said this tooth hadn't been stopt before?"

THE PATIENT (feebly)—"No, it hasn't."

THE DENTIST—"Well, there are traces of gold on my instrument."

THE PATIENT (more feebly)—"Perhaps you've struck my back collar-stud!"—*The Passing Show* (London).

A Tale and a Hint.—"Yes, sir; an' the las' time I was wounded, they was in such a 'urry ter sew me up they went and left a sponge inside me—and it's there now."

"Good gracious! Doesn't it hurt you?"

"No, sir, thank you. But it do make me most uncommon thirsty!"—*The Passing Show* (London).

THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

"L. E.," Richmond, Va.—"To what races do the following people belong—German, Spanish, French, and Italian?"

The German people belong to the Teutonic race; the Spanish, French, and Italian to the Latin.

"C. K.," Ladysmith, Wis.—"Who is the author of the following quotation, 'Only waiting till the shadows are a little longer drawn'?"

The quotation is from "Only Waiting," by Mrs. Frances Parker Mace.

"E. M. F.," Boston, Mass.—"Kindly tell me the derivation and meaning of the word *cleofan*."

The word *cleofan* is Anglo-Saxon and means "cleave" or "split." Our modern word *cleave* is derived from *cleofan*.

"G. O. T.," Los Angeles, Cal.—"Which is the correct or preferable preposition to use following the expression 'in respect'? Is it 'in respect *of*' or 'in respect *to*'?"

Both are in good use. The phrase "in respect of" means "with reference to (something)," or "as relates to or regards (something)." With these meanings "in respect of" is in good use to-day, but used to mean "in comparison with," it is obsolete English of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. "With respect to," meaning "with reference or regard to (something)," is also in good use.

"M. H. B.," Wapello, Iowa.—"How did the word *kettledrum* originate as regard to a *kettledrum* dinner?"

The dictionary defines the word *kettledrum* in the sense to which you refer as—"A somewhat informal ladies' afternoon tea: originally applied to social parties in India where drumheads served for tables."

"J. W. T.," Pittsburg, Pa.—"Please give me the name of the author of the lines beginning: 'When Homer smote his bloomin' lyre.'"

The lines to which you refer are by Rudyard Kipling, and are as follows:

> "When 'Omer smote 'is blooming lyre,
> He'd 'eard men sing by land an' sea;
> An' what he thought 'e might require,
> 'E went an' took—the same as we!"
> —*Barrack-Room Ballads. Introduction.*

"W. H. D.," Selma, Ala.—"Please inform me as to the correct quotation of some lines which run as below, and as to the author—

> 'What I gave, I have;
> What I spent, I saved;
> What I saved, I lost.'"

Bartlett, in his "Familiar Quotations," gives the following: "We read of a certain Roman emperor who built a magnificent palace. In digging the foundation, the workmen discovered a golden sarcophagus ornamented with three circlets, on which were inscribed, 'I have expended; I have given; I have kept; I have possessed; I do possess; I have lost; I am punished. What I formerly expended, I have; what I gave away, I have.'—*Gesta Romanorum, Tale XVI.*"

The "Gesta Romanorum" is a collection of one hundred and eighty-one stories, first printed about 1473. The first English version appeared in 1824, translated by the Rev. C. Swan. (Bohn's Standard Library.)

In the same work, Bartlett adds as a footnote: "Richard Gough, in the 'Sepulchral Monuments of Great Britain,' gives this epitaph of Robert Byrkes, which is to be found in Doncaster Church, 'new cut' upon his tomb in Roman capitals:

> "'Howe: Howe: who is heare:
> I, Robin of Doncaster, and Margaret my feare.
> That I spent, that I had;
> That I gave, that I have;
> That I left, that I lost.'
> —A.D. 1579."

The following is an epitaph on Edward Courtenay, Earl of Devon, who died in 1419,

> "What wee gave, wee have;
> What wee spent, wee had;
> What wee left, wee lost."

Epitaphs in almost identical words may be found in many old English churches.

"M. B.," Louisville, Ky.—"Kindly tell me where the expression 'Uncle Sam' originated."

Uncle Sam is defined as "The government or typical representative or citizen of the United States; a jocular explanation of the initials,

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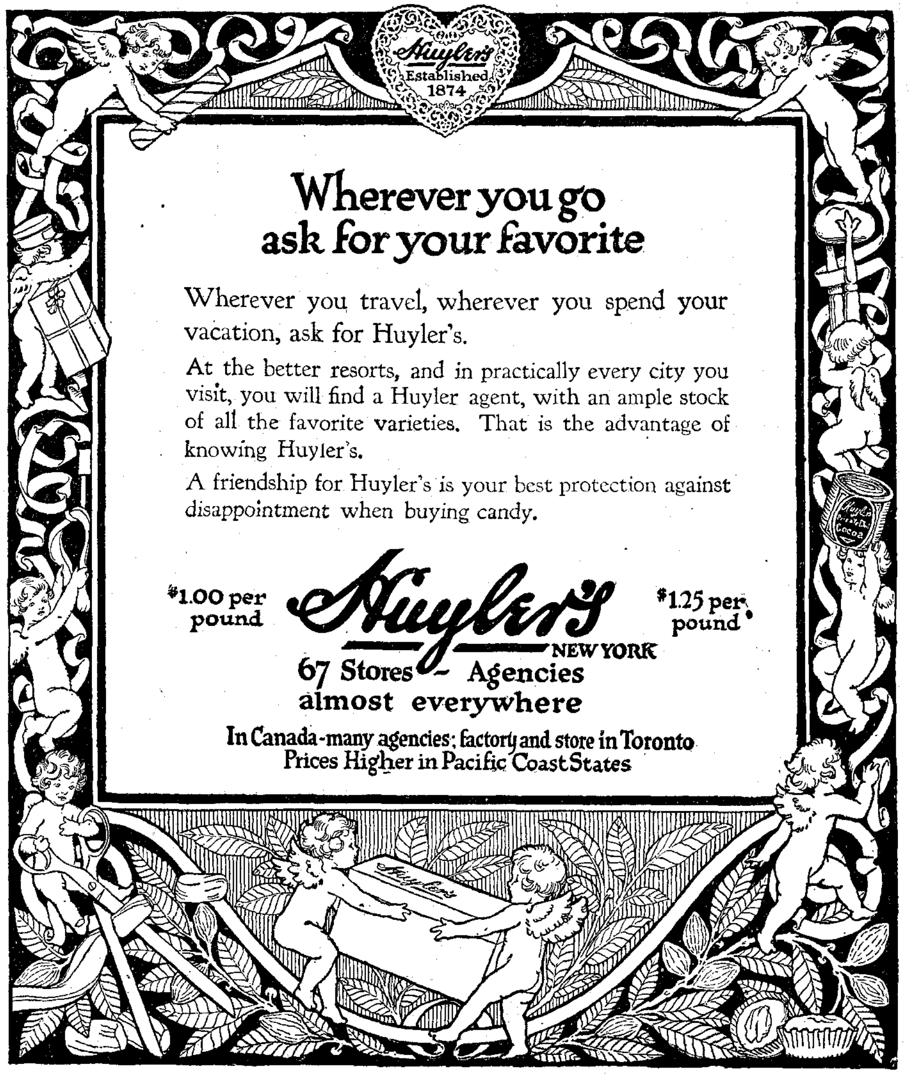

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"P. McG.," Aurora, Neb.—"Please tell me if it is correct to write, 'Thursday *prox.* Sept. 28th.' May *prox.* be used in this sense? I am aware it properly refers to the following month but can my use of it be justified?"

The use of the word *proximo* in such a connection as submitted is not according to usage, and as usage establishes that which is correct in matters of this kind, it is incorrect. *Proximo* is always used in connection with the following month just as *ultimo* for the month before. *Proximo* means "in the nearest (month, Latin *mense*, understood)"; *ultimo* "in the last (month, Latin *mense*, understood)."

"E. B. M.," Van Buren, Ohio.—"What is the proper pronunciation of the name *Montague?*"

The name *Montague* is correctly pronounced *mon'ta-giu*—*o* as in *not*, *a* as in *final*, *iu* as *eu* in *feud*.

"R. C. S.," Detroit, Mich.—"Which of the two following expressions is correct—'For some reason or other,' or 'For some reason or another'?"

The first is good; the second can be bettered by substituting "one" for "some."

"R. S. R.," Pittsburg, Pa.—"Is it correct when referring to a straight piece of wood for measuring and drawing straight lines to refer to such an instrument as a *rule* or *ruler?* If one is preferable, please state why."

The words *rule* and *ruler* are interchangeable, but in general colloquial speech a *rule* indicates a foot rule, that is to say, one that is marked off in inches and their subdivisions, and a *ruler* designates a plain unmarked implement for ruling lines. The fact that the two words are interchangeable in the United States arises from the manufacture in this country of an article that serves both purposes, that is to say, being plain on one side and marked off in inches and their subdivisions on the other. The distinction formerly made still survives in the expressions *two-foot rule, three-foot rule*, etc., and *ruler* for the implement by which one rules lines.

"E. H. F.," Colorado, Texas.—"What is the correct pronunciation of the word *pergola?*"

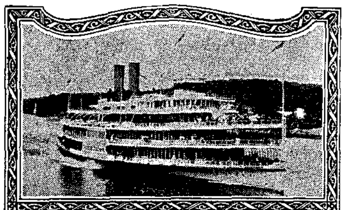
The word *pergola* is correctly pronounced *pur'go-la*—*u* as in *burn*, *o* as in *obey*, *a* as in *final*.

"C. E. T.," Chippewa Falls, Wis.—"In speaking to a person on the telephone, should one say, 'Who is that?' or 'Who is this?'"

Neither. Ask, "Who is speaking?"

Travel and Resort Directory

Travel and Resort Directory



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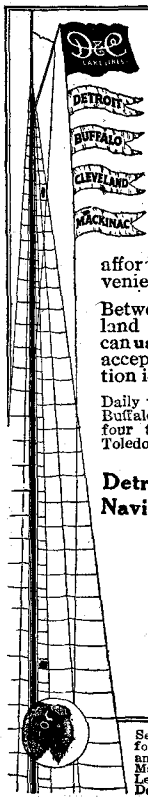

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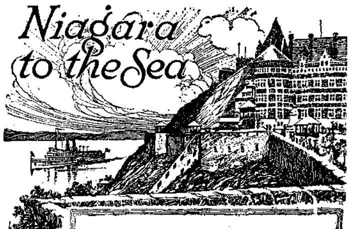

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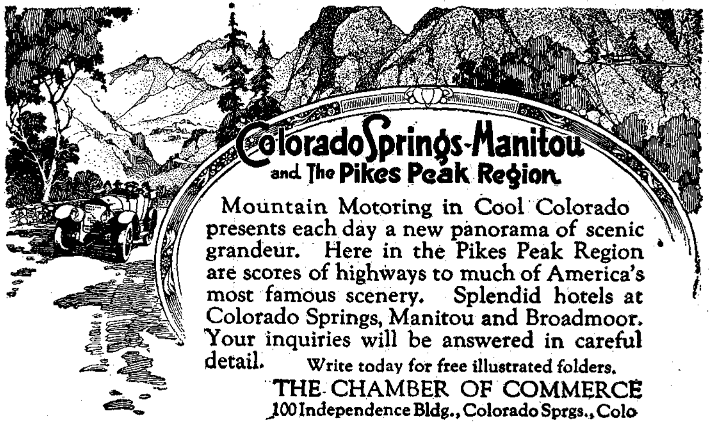
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